Life on a Dying Lake, by Peter Schrag

Saturday Review

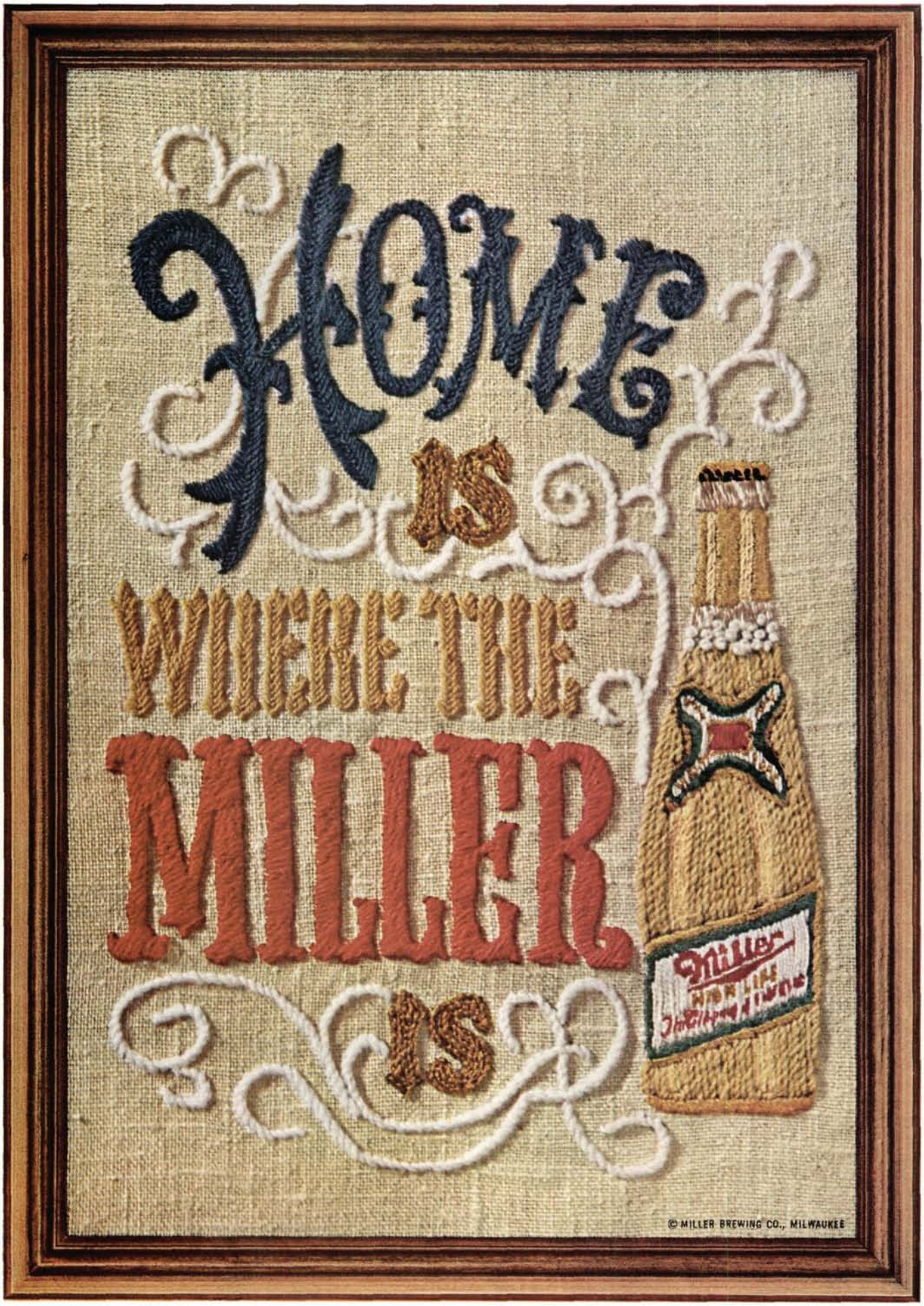
September 20, 1969 50¢

COOL MAN IN A HOT SEAT
by Richard H. de Lone

U.S. Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr.

430 R75755080H AMBA9522SEP70
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For a printed facsimile of this *sentimental* message send 30¢ to:
M & A Co., Dept. SR69, P.O. Box 333, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Offer void in states where prohibited by law.

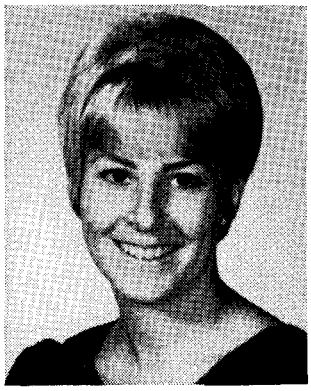
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our man in Southeast Asia is a seventh grader.

He's part of an interesting teaching project being conducted by Karen Langton, seventh grade teacher at the Ida Price Intermediate School in San Jose, California.

"All my students are foreign correspondents"

"I wanted to have my students become more personally involved with the news around the world. So, this semester, I decided that each student would cover an area of the globe. He'd have to read the papers, magazines and watch TV news to keep current on what's happening in his location. Then he'd have to come up with a report and analysis.



Mrs. Langton *Ida Price School*
San Jose, California

"Our own newsweekly"

"Having students report on areas of the world is a nice idea, but it's not really different from previous assignments. So we decided to *publish* their reports! I told the students that their news stories would be compiled into a magazine called WORLD. And did *that* get them interested!

"Reporters make wonderful students"

"When they realized their work would be 'published', the students became enthusiastic about their assignments. Some stayed late to help me type their reports on masters, which I then ran off on our duplicator. We put the 9 or 10 duplicated sheets together, and *voilà* we had a magazine.

"WORLD really worked"

"It turned out that analyzing current events is a lot easier to do with a room full of foreign correspondents (even if they're in the seventh grade) than it was with an uninvolved group of students. My WORLD reporters worked hard to contribute by-lined news reports they could be proud to see in print. And that helped them study and absorb current events."

If you would like to receive a copy of the students' WORLD magazine, please write to A. B. Dick Company 5700 W. Touhy Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60648

A·B·DICK®

A duplicator is not a machine. It's a creative teaching resource.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

A question asked occasionally of all editors is: Where do you get the ideas for the books you publish?

There are as many answers as there are editors. Among them are: from reading reviews and the headlines, from talking with book salesmen and booksellers, from watching bestseller lists for trends, from teachers and librarians, from (I'll admit it) television programs and, best of all, from those incandescent moments (usually in the small hours of the morning) when an idea springs into being full-grown, like Athene from the head of Zeus.

One of the best sources of book ideas is magazines. Most book editors read many magazines, looking for the article that can be developed into a whole book. For instance, last year one of our Anchor Book editors read a series of articles in the *Nation*. It was called "The Making of a Counter Culture," by Theodore Roszak. Roszak, who teaches history at California State College at Hayward, has expanded these articles into a full-length book which is an exciting and revealing introduction to the younger generation, what they believe in, where they get these beliefs, where they are going, and just possibly, where they are taking us.

Roszak reminds us of "a handful of scruffy malcontents" who, some 2000 years ago, must have seemed "an absurdity to Greco-Roman orthodoxy." And he suggests that in today's young we may be seeing their modern counterparts who, while undermining the foundations of today's technocracy, are paving the way for a new culture.

We're bringing the book out simultaneously in hardcover (larger type for the older generation) and Anchor paperback (smaller print for the younger); and when you go to a bookstore, look for the cover without any type—just three young men and a guitar. We think the cover is exciting and different and lives up to the book, and we suspect you'll think so, too.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE by Theodore Roszak ($7.95 hardcover, $1.95 in Anchor paperback) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10017. Copies may be obtained from any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 190 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108.

Saturday Review

Cover Story, page 67

Cool Man in a Hot Seat

by Richard H. de Lone

Cover: Dennis Brack, Black Star

IDEAS

19 Life on a Dying Lake by Peter Schrag

22 Letter from a Vietnam Veteran by Gordon S. Livingston, M.D.

EDITORIAL

24 A Nigerian Debate on Man

BOOKS

31 Index of Books Reviewed

31 France as Faulted by an Ambivalent Son by Lewis Galantiere

34 Book Forum

35 The Publishing Scene by David Dempsey

EDUCATION

57 Tax Reform and Education by James Cass

58 The Politics of Resegregation by Gary Orfield

67 Cool Man In a Hot Seat by Richard H. de Lone

70 Bristol Township Schools: Strategy for Change by Thomas J. Cottle

72 The Dream of the Kibbutz by Urie Bronfenbrenner

THE ARTS

THEATER

26 Henry Hewes at the Victoria Fair.

MOVIES

30 Roland Gelatt reviews "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "The Italian Job."

DANCE

53 Walter Terry in Wichita for Ballet West.

TRAVEL

49 Horace Sutton on One Morning in Corsica.

COLUMNS

6 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

8 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

16 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

51 Al Horowitz: Chess Corner

52 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking

WORD GAMES

32 Your Literary I.Q.

41 Literary Crypt

83 Wit Twister

90 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1850

Photo Credits on page 80

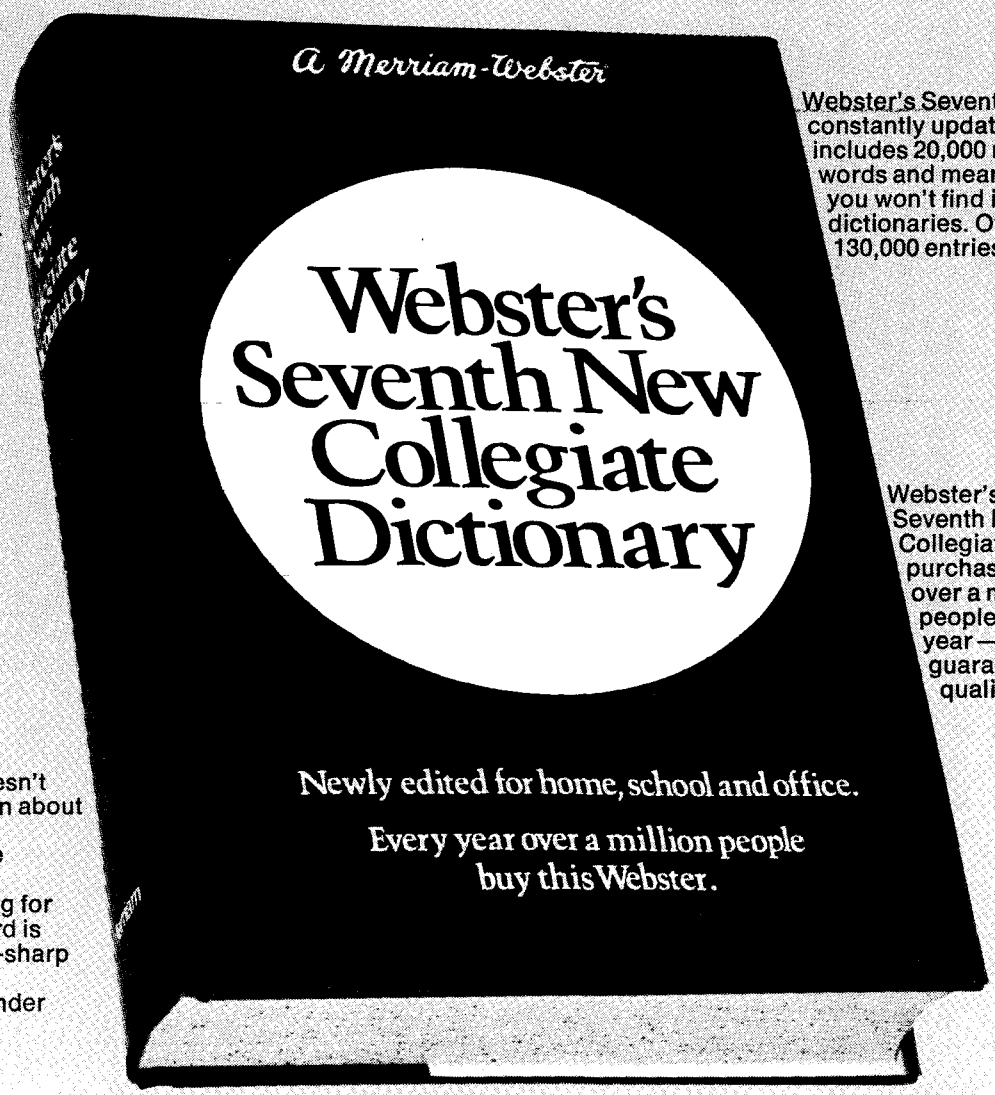
Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 38, September 20, 1969. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1969 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. For SR's branch offices see page 50.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More students buy this Answer Book because the $6.95 investment pays off.

Webster's Seventh is the only desk dictionary based entirely on the unabridged Webster's Third New International, the ultimate in dictionary ownership. The "Unabridged" is used by courts, libraries, universities and the U. S. Government Printing Office as the word authority of the English Language.

Webster's Seventh answers more kinds of questions. It has rules for spelling and punctuation, pronunciation, synonym articles, abbreviations, even scientific names for plants and animals, plus many separate sections of special information.


A Merriam-Webster
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary
Newly edited for home, school and office.
Every year over a million people buy this Webster.

Webster's Seventh is constantly updated and includes 20,000 new words and meanings you won't find in older dictionaries. Over 130,000 entries in all.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate is purchased by over a million people every year — your guarantee of quality!

Webster's Seventh doesn't stop at "Z". Information about people and places, for example, is in separate sections so you can find what you're looking for quickly. And every word is explained in one razor-sharp phrase for clearer understanding. No wonder it's called the Answer Book.

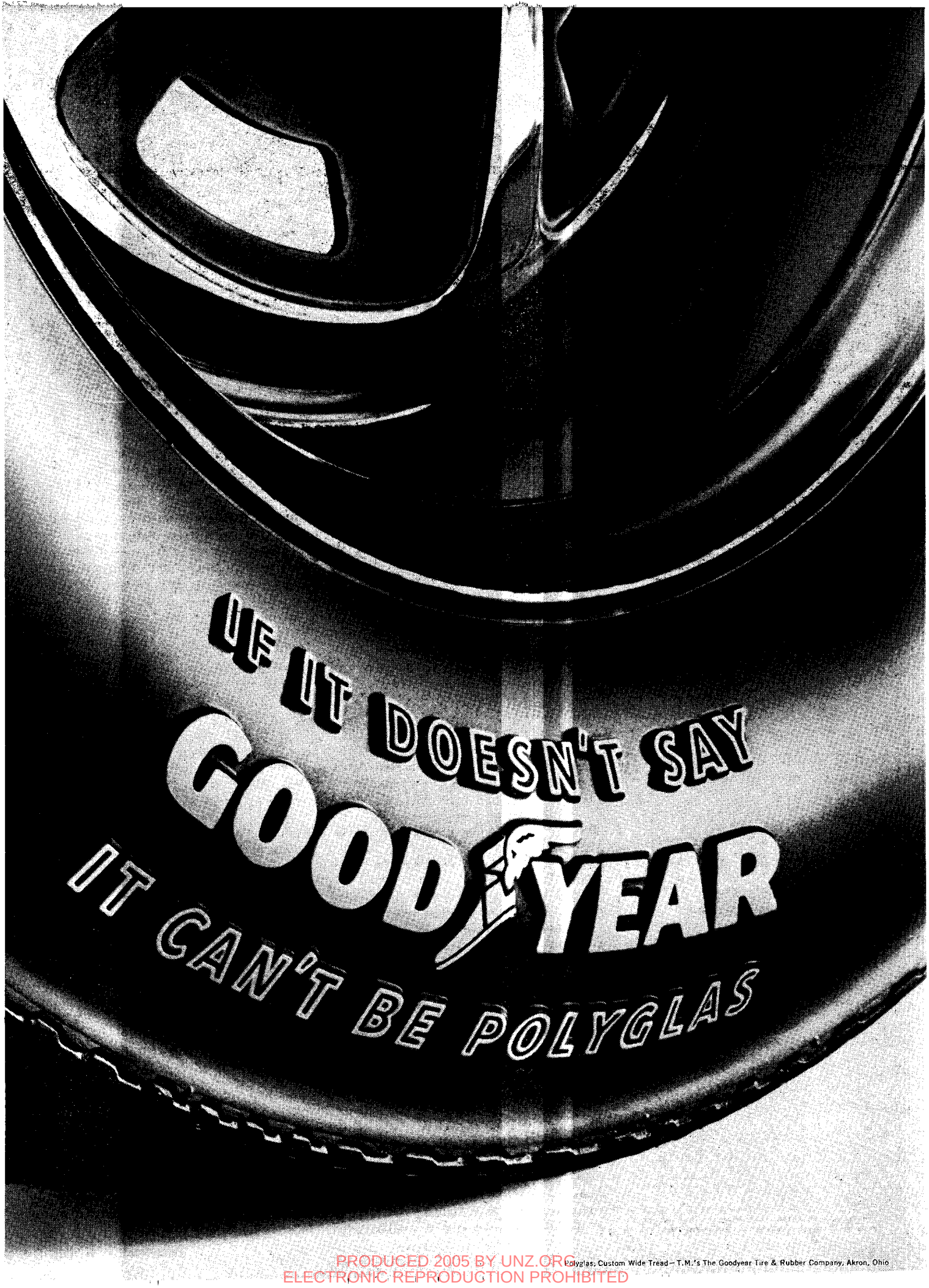
Select your copy for school or college at book, department and stationery stores. Only $6.95 indexed.

© G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire is built with a polyester cord body and a fiberglass cord belt. Together, they hold the wide tread firm, so it squirms less, wears longer than Goodyear's non-belted tires. And only Goodyear makes the Polyglas tire.

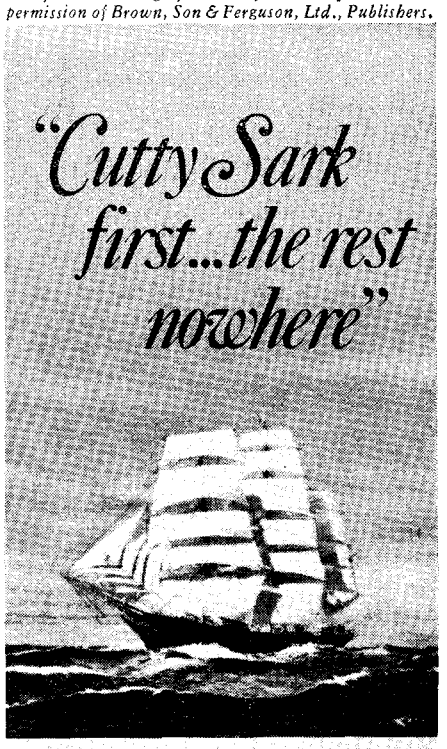
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Polyglas, Custom Wide Tread—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

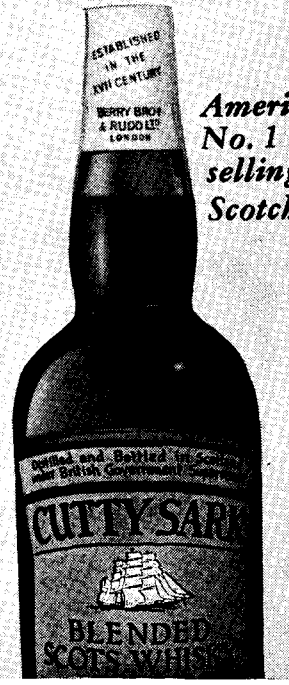
Text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.



CUTTY'S Log records victory after victory. Of all the magnificent ships of the clipper fleet, she alone earned the right to be called Number One. The best.

That proud tradition is carried on by the Scotch that took her name. Cutty Sark is America's best-selling Scotch. The reason: Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. The taste to be savored. The taste of exceptional Scotch.

Cutty Sark. Number One. The best.



America's No. 1 selling Scotch

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND · BLENDED 86 PROOF
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS · NEW YORK, N.Y.

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

I Was There

EVER SINCE TV added Merv Griffin to the Johnny Carson and Joey Bishop late programs, which are generally viewed abed and have become clinically known as The Pills, I find myself unable to make the Great Decision—which two of the three not to watch.

So I've gone back to that primitive form of late night entertainment—reading a good book. Its title is *Prime Time* [Little, Brown]. Meticulously written by Alexander Kendrick, the book is a penetrating and fascinating biography of the late Edward R. Murrow, "the nation's most esteemed news commentator."

It's a thick book (548 pages), and despite my doctor's admonition ("Don't go to bed with anything heavy on your stomach") I am reading it slowly, and I find myself pleasurably wandering again through the hallowed halls of CBS when radio was in its prime, and Mr. Murrow was vice president in charge of public affairs.

He fought courageously through miles of red tape to give listeners a higher level of human communication. He was the man whom the CBS creative staff most admired and revered. I was one of them.

However, I must admit to some dismay when I came to page 299 in the book, and found that only two lines had been devoted to something that I had created, and for which Mr. Murrow had expressed enthusiasm. The lines: "He [Murrow] founded a news documentary unit . . . and put on the network the popular programs *CBS Was There.*"

You want to know how that really was? It wasn't all that easy, or all that brief. I know, because I was there. Not that I was a member of Murrow's knowledgeable documentary unit. I was there as a comedy writer whose assignment, they told me, was to bring in young and aspiring comedy writers and attempt to raise the level of humor in radio. Two of the young writers later turned out to be Neil Simon (*Plaza Suite*, etc.) and George Axelrod (*The Seven Year Itch*, etc.).

It took almost a year for me to discover that the network executives were more interested in elevating the ratings than the writing. I noticed that some of them began to stare obliquely when I offered my opinion of shows they intended to schedule.

The day they played an audition recording of a comedy show at a staff meeting, they were all enthused. When I was asked my opinion, I said, "If that program ever goes on CBS, I suggest you close with 'This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.'"

That was when I became *persona non grata.* Later, I was demoted to less majesty, which soon deteriorated to "Don't fraternize with him around the water cooler."

It was during this exile in 1947 that I dreamed up the idea for *CBS Was There.* It was to be an hour entertainment-culture program, with an anachronistic microphone placed at early historical events, with well-known CBS newsmen broadcasting from "on the spot" locations. These would include Quincy Howe, Ned Calmer, Don Hollenbeck, Richard Hottelet, and others, with John Daly as anchor man.

I took the idea to CBS staffman Robert Lewis Shayon, (*SR*'s TV critic) and he was enthused. We decided to put together the first script, "Abraham Lincoln Attends Ford Theater and CBS Was There."

Mr. Shayon, a skilled writer, turned in a professionally dramatic and perceptively researched script, and we sat back to await the green light. Several weeks passed.

One day I ran into Murrow in the hall and asked about the script.

"We're having a problem," he said. "We think actors should be used to play newscasters. Real newscasters may lose their authenticity if they appear in this program."

Shayon and I raised a hue and cry —he the hue, I the cry. We won. The real newscasters would stay. Another few weeks passed and CBS was still not there.

On our own, Shayon and I decided to produce an audition recording of the idea. Shayon is also a gifted perfectionist in the art of editing, producing, and directing. The program was recorded and played for an applauding CBS staff. Another two or three weeks passed before I found out what was holding it up this time.

"We are undecided," I was told, "whether to call it *CBS Was There* or *CBS Is There.*"

After three months of this foot-dragging, it went on the air. In its first season it won all the awards, the Peabody and the Sylvania among them. And now it winds up as two lines of 548 pages in an otherwise remarkably interesting book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's education is irrelevant!
Youth is too young to know what it needs.

Let everybody into college!
Let's face it—everybody isn't born equal.

The system's out of date!
There's nothing wrong with education that a good haircut wouldn't cure.

Announcing an important new book club of urgent interest to every parent, educator, administrator, school-watcher:

The Library of Contemporary Education

Why a Library of Contemporary Education? Because education is the single most important problem of our time. Because too *much* is published on education and you can't read it all. Because too *little* is published that is perceptive, innovative, helpful. Because there must be a single source for facts you can trust, ideas and techniques you can use to help you keep up with the best current thinking and the changing scene.

The Library is for educators, administrators, school-board members, parents. The Library is for everyone concerned with education. And we believe that, today, everyone should be.

Each month The Library chooses only the most important books on all facets of education. It makes them available to you at savings of up to 30%, not infrequently even more. And a *free* bonus book for every four you buy.

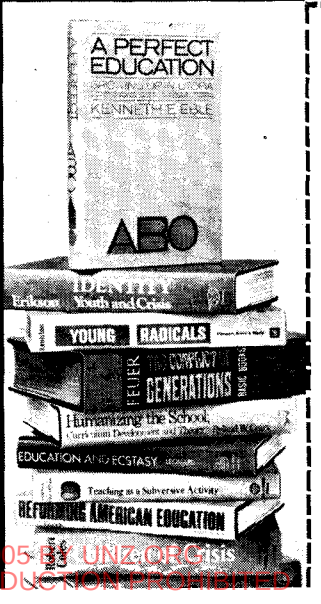
We invite you to join this vital new service now.

SPECIAL CHARTER MEMBERSHIP OFFER:

Take any 3 for only $1 each

(values to $32.50)

with a short trial membership



Choose from these important books:

38330. THE CLASSROOM DISASTER. *Leslie Hart.* It is the classroom system itself that is disastrous. The author argues eloquently the need for creative alternatives—now. **$6.95**

32070. THE ACADEMIC REVOLUTION. *Christopher Jencks and David Riesman.* Is higher education a monopoly? Two distinguished Harvard professors say yes, and back up their charges with impressive research. **$10.00**

54130. HUMANIZING THE SCHOOL. *Ryland W. Crary.* A no-holds-barred critique of the American system of child-rearing, plus suggestions for improving our system of public education. **$8.00**

88470. YOUNG RADICALS. *Kenneth Keniston.* The author of "The Uncommitted" upsets many traditional ideas in this study of young people in a recent peace movement. **$5.95**

43630. EDUCATION AND ECSTASY. *George B. Leonard.* The brain can be *taught to stop learning.* Most schools achieve this goal by the 4th grade. How already-tested techniques intensify the learning process. **$5.95**

82350. TEACHING AS A SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY. *Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner.* A tough-minded attack on the educational Establishment, this new book offers specific proposals for change. **$5.95**

73610. REFORMING AMERICAN EDUCATION. *Alvin C. Eurich.* To meet the challenge of the future, sweeping changes in organization are needed. **$6.50**

37900. CHILDREN OF CRISIS. *Robert Coles, M.D.* This brilliant study in courage and fear vividly shows the plight of southern children caught in the school integration struggle. **$8.50**

40190. THE CONFLICT OF GENERATIONS. *Lewis S. Feuer.* An eye-opening history of student movements from the 18th century to present-day Berkeley. The author sees the conflict of generations as a potential danger to the future of civilization. **$12.50**

68110. A PERFECT EDUCATION. *Kenneth E. Eble.* A spirited appeal for the return of wonder and delight to the educational process. **$5.95**

36120. BEYOND HIGH SCHOOL. *James W. Trent and Leland B. Medsker.* What are the effects of four years of college, versus four years of work? Findings are carefully documented in this comprehensive study. **$10.00**

54960. IDENTITY: YOUTH AND CRISIS. *Erik H. Erikson.* A pioneering psychologist's recognition of the needs of young people, and of the agonizing tension between generations. **$6.95**

(Retail prices shown)

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Library of Contemporary Education E-320
Front & Brown Sts., Riverside, N.J. 08075

Please enroll me as a trial member, and send the 3 books indicated below and bill me only $1.00 each, plus shipping. If not delighted, I will return them within ten days and my membership will be cancelled. As a trial member, I need accept only 3 more selections during the next 12 months, all at reduced members' prices, plus shipping. Each month I will receive advance reviews describing forthcoming selections, along with a convenient form for requesting alternate selections, or no book at all. For every 4 selections purchased, I may choose a *free* bonus book. (Introductory offer counts as first selection.)

Three Books for only $1.00 each

_____ _____ _____
(write in numbers)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only Prices slightly higher in Canada

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Praise the Lord and Pass Me My Royalty Check

Rev. —— has finished the score for his newest musical show, his fifth Off-Broadway production.

Rabbi ——'s latest humorous novel, his third, will be published in the fall.

—RECENT NEWS ITEMS.

The ministers write tunes for shows,
The rabbis grind out comic prose.
The priests forsake the cloistered life,
To learn a trade and take a wife.

Flock, bow your head and bend your knee,
Your preacher's going on TV.
And if his Nielsen's not too rude,
He may endorse a breakfast food.

As pulpits empty by the score,
Don't ask who's left to mind the store.
Our clergymen have not lost faith,
They're heeding what the Good Buck saith.

—ARNOLD AUERBACH.

Better Mousetrap

A MAN FEELS silly setting mousetraps in his car. My car is five years old, and it never had mice before. Then, suddenly, it got one mouse. I guess it was my fault in the first place, for not looking the tent over carefully. I figured the tent only had two mice in it. But it had three.

I had borrowed the tent, set it up in my back yard, and after about a month it slumped to the ground. I decided it was time to return it. When my small son Tim and I gathered it up to put it in the car trunk, two mice jumped out.

"Look, look," said Tim. "See the two mice. The two mice were in the tent. Jump, mice, jump."

We put the tent in the trunk, and drove to the tent-owner's house. I opened the trunk and took out the tent. "Nice day," said the tent-owner. "There's a mouse in your trunk."

"Where, where?" I asked.

"Jump, mouse, jump," said Tim.

"Better get him out of there, before he gets down inside the seats and chews your car up," said the tent-owner, shaking out the canvas.

The mouse ran under the spare tire. I unfastened the tire and lifted it out of the way. The mouse scampered this way and that.

"Don't let him get away," said the tent-owner.

"Get him! Get the mouse, Tim!" I said.

"Jump, mouse, jump," said Tim.

The mouse disappeared in the forward recesses of the trunk. "Now you've had it," said the tent-owner. "He's in there now."

The three of us—Tim, the mouse, and I—drove home. "I think maybe it would be better if Mommy did not know that there is a mouse in the car," I said. "Let's set traps for him."

I baited two mousetraps with cheese and carefully set them in the trunk. "Now we'll catch him when he smells the cheese and comes out to investigate," I said, slamming the trunk lid.

CLICK! SNAP!

"What was that funny noise?" asked Tim.

Rubbing my eyes, I explained to him that it was the sound of two mousetraps snapping when a trunk lid is slammed.

I reset the traps and tried closing the lid gently. It didn't work. The lid failed to latch, and sprang back up. But latching meant slamming, and snapping.

We went into the house to look for old rags to use as mousetrap shock-absorbers. "Hi Mommy," said Tim. "There is a mouse. The mouse is in the car."

"Leave the trunk open, and the mouse will jump out," said Mommy. Tim and I laughed and laughed, but we left the trunk open. The mouse jumped out.

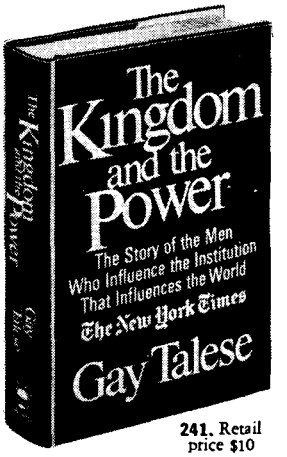
—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

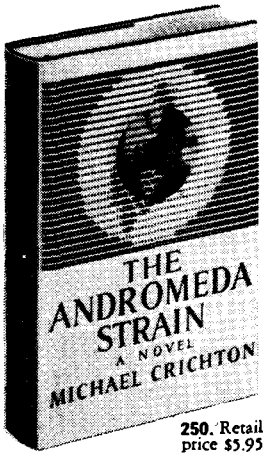
Fun People

THE VILLAGE IDIOT used to be a fetching folk figure, but today our major cities have more eyes-glowing-in-the-dark psychopaths on the streets than Transylvania ever had gypsies, and it's getting worse. You see them leering, loafing, barking obscenities as they march with the cadence of a town crier announcing the correct time.

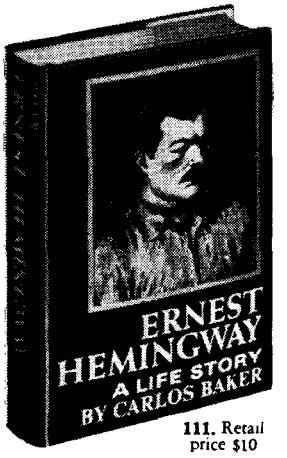
They mumble about Jesus, Procaccino, escaping gases, the Veterans Administration, gold, ex-wives, welfare, and telephones that swallow your dime and then laugh at you. Some take fixed positions. Others float. There's one in New York who's always outside a

CATCH UP ON


The Kingdom and the Power
The Story of the Men Who Influence the Institution That Influences the World
The New York Times
Gay Talese
241. Retail price $10

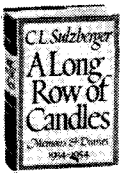


250. Retail price $5.95

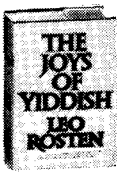


111. Retail price $10

259. Retail price $8.95

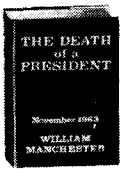


188. A LONG ROW OF CANDLES: The Memoirs and Diaries of C. L. Sulzberger, 1934-1954 (Ret. price $12.50)

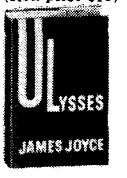


233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH *by* LEO ROSTEN (Ret. price $10)

425. THE SALZBURG CONNECTION *by* HELEN MAC INNES (Ret. price $5.95)

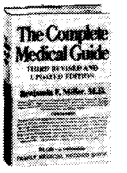


355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by* WILLIAM MANCHESTER Charts & maps (Ret. price $10)



139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE Unabridged (Ret. price $7.95)

485. KNOW YOUR ANTIQUES *by* RALPH *and* TERRY KOVEL Photographs (Ret. price $7.50)



140. COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M. D. 3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Ret. price $9.95)

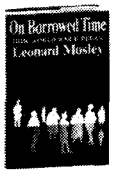
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKS *you have promised yourself to read*

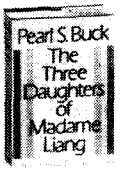
ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1

in a short experimental membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

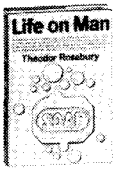
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year at special members' prices



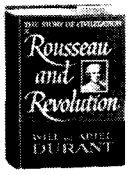
17. ON BORROWED ME: How World ar II Began *by* ONARD MOSLEY Let. price $8.95)



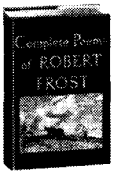
204. THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MADAME LIANG *by* PEARL S. BUCK (Ret. price $6.95)



490. LIFE ON MAN *by* THEODOR ROSEBURY (Ret. price $6.95)

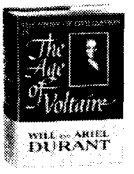


381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by the* DURANTS Illustrated (Ret. price $15)

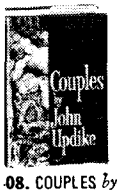


231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price $8)

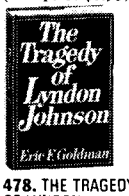
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Ret. price $12.50)



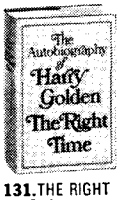
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT (Retail price $12)



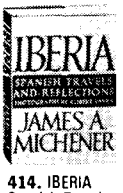
08. COUPLES *by* OHN UPDI KE Ret. price $6.95)



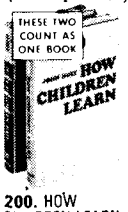
478. THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON *by* ERIC F. GOLDMAN (Ret. price $8.95)



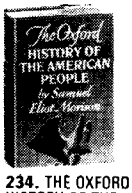
131. THE RIGHT TIME: An Autobiography *by* HARRY GOLDEN Photographs (Ret. price $6.95)



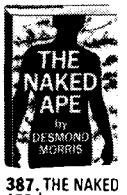
414. IBERIA Spanish Travels and Reflections *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. Photos (Retail price $10)



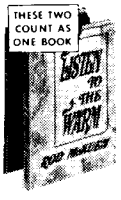
200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT. (Ret. prices total $9.45)



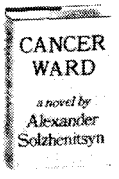
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illus. (Ret. price $12.50)



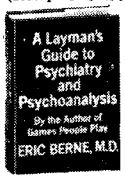
387. THE NAKED APE *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Ret. price $5.95)



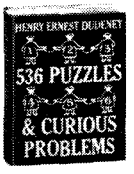
196. LISTEN TO THE WARM *and* STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MCKUEN. (Ret. prices total $7.90)



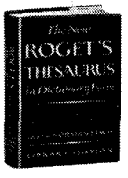
470. CANCER WARD *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN BETHELL-BURG translation (Retail price $10)



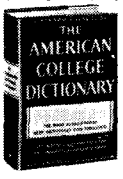
489. A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price $6.95)



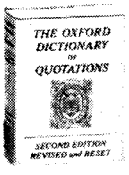
390. 536 PUZZLES & CURIOUS PROBLEMS *by* HENRY ERNEST DUDENEY. Illus. (Ret. price $7.95)



103. NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM (Ret. price $5.50)



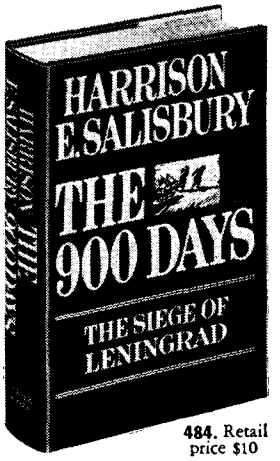
257. AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY (Ret. price $5.95)



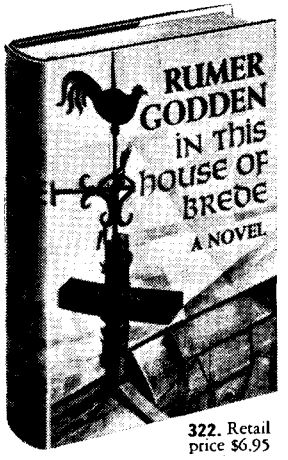
260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price $11)

161. JOY OF COOKING *by* ROMBAUER *and* BECKER. Illus. (Ret. price $6.95)

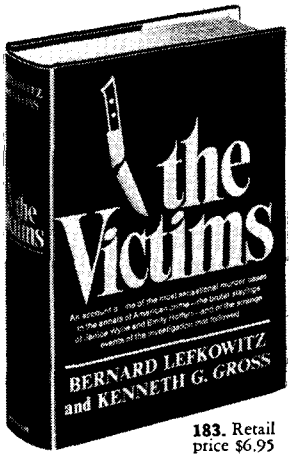
580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING. BECK, BERTHOLLE, CHILD Illustrated (Retail price $10)



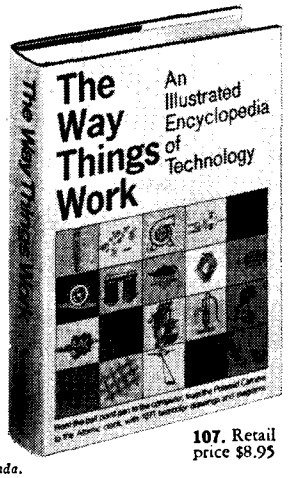
484. Retail price $10



322. Retail price $6.95



183. Retail price $6.95



107. Retail price $8.95

A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing**, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage: **Book-Dividends**. Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their retail prices—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes—will entitle you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year.

This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building up a well-rounded personal library. Since its inauguration, the almost incredible sum of **$473,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members through this unique plan.**

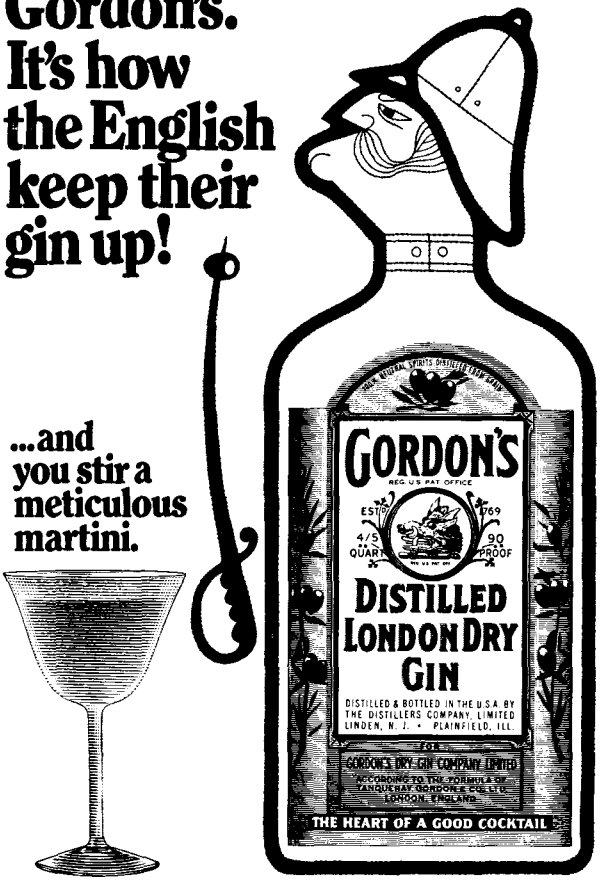
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the United States Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!

...and you stir a meticulous martini.



Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you stir a drier, more precise martini in 1969. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then that's why your martini is made with the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world. Cheers!

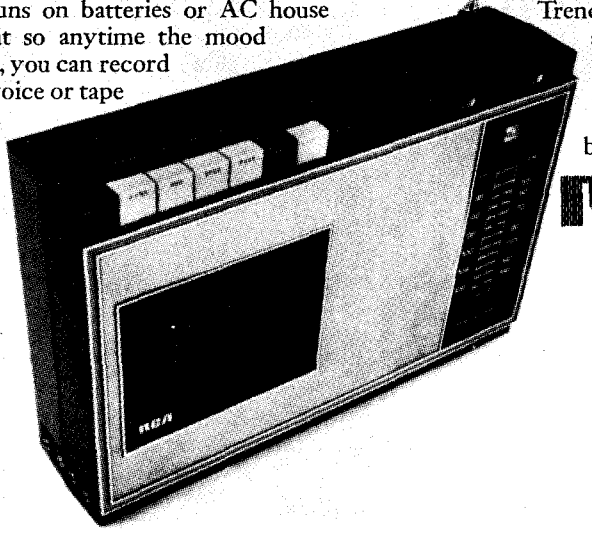
PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

The odd couple.

a tape recorder and FM/AM radio under the same roof

Who ever heard of such a thing? RCA did, of course, in their new portable Trendliner.

It runs on batteries or AC house current so anytime the mood strikes, you can record your voice or tape right off the air onto the cassette cartridge for your personal use. It's a cinch. Meet our odd couple (the Trendliner by name) and all the other portables at your RCA dealer. It's a fun bunch.



RCA

building on Broadway insulting every girl who walks by. Another specializes in hilarious insane-but-agile bullfighting steps in the middle of speeding traffic. Others compel terrified tourists to accept a reeking gulp of muscatel in the subway.

Who are these people? Where do they come from, and what becomes of them? They don't seem to be groping for money or sex, and they don't usually start fights. If you don't look at them they'll give you a safe-conduct pass right through their stakeout, but one smile or nod and it's like you've signed a contract to listen to their ravings as long as they please, which is forever.

When no human will stand still for them, they go to hotels with bad reputations and write sixteen-page letters to newspapers in pencil about blacks and Jews and Catholics and how FDR sold out Nicaragua and how the Russians are digging a tunnel under Idaho.

Every time I look into one of those vacant faces that's obviously a picture window into a deranged mind, I can visualize the story clattering over the AP teletype. "He was described by other residents of the boarding house as a loner, and until he bounded naked into the cafeteria and opened fire, everyone believed the mail-order machine gun was a graduation present for his nephew."

Who hires these people? Who loves them? Where do they go for Christmas? If there's a revolution in America, will they become the torturer's apprentice, or will they be herded into Greyhounds and used as involuntary depositors at the organ bank? Are they really dangerous? How do we know? Can psychiatry reach them? Can we help them?

Police, newspapermen, and broadcasters know more than anybody else how deep and broad the kook concentration across America has become. It's true, incidentally, that the full moon throws the switch.

Are the police interested? Do they keep files on known crackpots who've never done anything more serious than write prayers on dollar bills and wad them into eyedroppers, but who look like they could bomb a plane?

Above all, how do we read the symptoms? Long hair and unisex fashions are fun to interpret, but what does it mean when we find ourselves with a whole subculture stalking around with circuits blown and wires dangling and smoking at the ends?

This taxpayer would gladly see some money siphoned off the budget for the race to Mars to study the neighbors within small-arms range who claim they've already been there.

—Barry Farber.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why did over 3/4 million record and tape collectors pay $5 to join Record Club of America

when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free?

ANNOUNCING... SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY HALF-PRICE MEMBERSHIP

ONLY $2.50

MAIL COUPON BELOW TODAY!

Compare Clubs and see	Columbia Record Club (as advertised in Stereo Review April 1969)	Capitol Record Club (as advertised in Look Feb. 4, 1969)	RCA Victor Record Club (as advertised in N.Y. Times Feb. 16, 1969)	Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as advertised in Playboy May 1969)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE, CASSETTE AND REEL-TO-REEL TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Columbia, RCA Victor, Capitol, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	11	10	4	12	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or none at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$43.78 TO $54.78	$39.80 TO $49.80	$19.92 TO $23.92	$83.76	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! You get discounts up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

COMPLETE TAPE SERVICE AT NO EXTRA MEMBERSHIP FEE

LP DISCOUNTS TO 79%—PRICES AS LOW AS 99¢ PER RECORD!

Typical all-label "Extra Discount" sale

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE ..... $ .99
Frank Sinatra • Petula Clark • Glen Campbell
Nat Cole • Dean Martin • Dave Brubeck
Jack Jones • John Gary and others...

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE $1.25
Woodie Guthrie • Oistrakh • Richter • Callas
Rod McKuen • Tebaldi • Steinberg • Krips
Peter Seeger • Munch • Casals and others...

BEST SELLERS AT ½ PRICE $2.49
Herb Alpert • Simon & Garfunkel • Ramsey Lewis
Belafonte • Supremes • Mamas & Papas
The Cream • Eddie Arnold • Monkees and others...

plus... from 50% to as high as 79% discount on famous labels: RCA Victor, Capitol, Columbia, Decca, Liberty, Motown, Elektra, Vanguard, and others.

TAPE DISCOUNTS—33⅓% —ALL LABELS
Cartridges, Cassettes and Reel-to-Reel

★ **Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Cartridges and cassetes included!**

★ **No "quotas" to buy. Take 0 records or tapes or 100!**

★ **Save! Discounts up to 79%! Prices as low as 99¢ per LP!**

★ **Every record and tape brand new, first quality, factory fresh—and guaranteed fully returnable!**

★ **All orders shipped same day received—no long waits!**

★ **No "hold back" on exciting new records and tapes!**

AT LAST A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way you want it—the only record and tape club with no strings attached! Ordinary record or tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year usually at full price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record or tape you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98 or $6.95! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BEWARE...

...Of "imitation all-label" clubs. For example, Records Unlimited is secretly owned by...Columbia Records! They don't send a "master LP catalog" with all labels (we send one with over 15,000 listings on all labels). Their announcements stress Columbia products and they charge extra for many other labels. (We have no "parent" company telling us what label to push and there is never an extra charge for any label.) And, they don't offer any tapes at all! So beware of imitators. We are still the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED OR CONTROLLED BY any record or tape manufacturer.

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

We're the largest and only all label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape, including cartridges and cassettes ...on any label...including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You never pay full-price! You get best sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

How Can We Break All Record and Tape Club Rules!

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very newest records and tapes.

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY HALF PRICE membership offer. Mail coupon with check or money order—NOT for regular $5.00 fee—but only HALF THAT PRICE... just $2.50. You SAVE $2.50. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee.

Look What You Get

Lifetime Membership Card—guarantees you brand new LP's and tapes at discounts up to 79% ... Never less than ⅓ off.

Free Giant Master Catalog—lists available LP's of all labels! Over 15,000 listings! Also, FREE Master Catalog of Tapes sent on request.

Disc and Tape Guide—The Club's FREE Magazine, and special Club sales announcements which bring you news of just-issued new releases and *extra discount specials*.

Guaranteed Same-Day Service

Record Club of America's own computer system ships order same day received! Every record brand new, fully guaranteed.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join over one million budget wise record and tape collectors now. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

Your $2.50 membership fee entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $1.00 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the more gift members you get—the more you save!

FREE! **World's largest Master Catalog of available LP's to choose from when you join Record Club of America**

Lists over 15,000 available LP's on all labels! Classical—Popular—Jazz—Folk—Broadway & Hollywood *sound tracks*—*Spoken Word*—*Rock and Roll*—*Comedy*—Rhythm & Blues—Country and Western—Dancing—Listening—Mood! No Exceptions!

FREE! **Master Tape Catalog of available cartridge, cassette and reel-to-reel tapes sent on request at no extra membership fee.**

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X 912W
Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

Yes—Rush me lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP Catalog (check box below if you also wish Master Tape Catalog) and Disc and Tape Guide at this limited Special Introductory Half Price membership offer. I enclose—NOT the regular $5.00 membership fee—but $2.50. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life.) This entitles me to buy any LP's and Tapes at discounts up to 79% plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obliged to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may *return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of* membership fee. ☐ Send Master Tape Catalog

Also send_____Gift Membership(s) at $1.00 each to the names on attached sheet. Indicate master catalogs required.

I enclose Total of $_____covering one $2.50 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at $1.00 each.

Print Name_____

Address_____

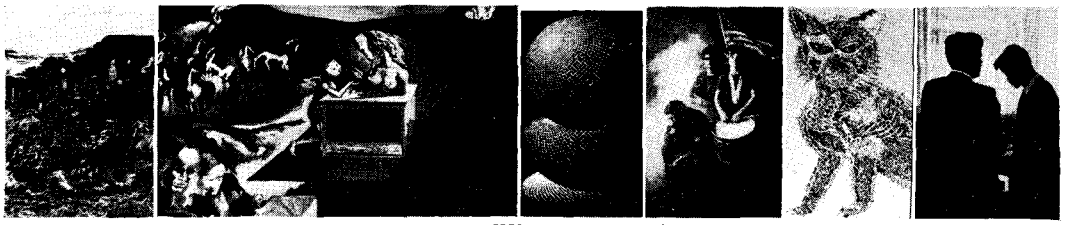
City_____State_____Zip_____

38 R-2 © 1969 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO'S VERITABLE ORGY OF POSTERS

Tack them up anywhere! No frames needed!
Mostly in color (see descriptions). Mostly huge (see sizes). Surprisingly inexpensive (see prices). Choose yours now and order today from Marboro at only **$1 and up**



P116. EARTHQUAKE. In fine line with browns & yellows. 22" x 24¼" image area. *Only* **1.98**

P135. DALI: INVENTIONS OF THE MONSTERS. In browns, burnt orange, gold highlights. 24" x 15½". *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P114. SPHERES. Vivid dayglo red, orange, and green spheres on a matte black background. 19" x 31" *Only* **1.98**

P128. SPIRIT OF '69. The Spirit of '76 today, bloodied but unbowed; in full color. 29½" x 39½" *Only* **1.98**

P115. CAT. In flaming dayglo green against dayglo cerise and orange background, 20¼" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

P993. "ASK NOT. . ." JFK and RFK in a superb art photo-lithograph on heavy board with special hanging device for floating gallery effect. 12" x 18". *Only* **3.98**

P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist athwart a Los Borrachos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds & greens with white and red-brown. 30" x 19¾" *Special* **1.00**

P117. PINK LADY. In dayglo pinks and burnt orange. 20¼" x 31¼". *Only* **1.98**

P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Recamier pose—clad in Saran Wrap; in full color. 42" x 29½" *Only* **1.98**

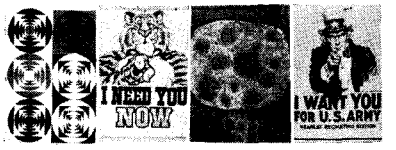
P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P876. MARIE. Photograph in full color 29¼" x 52½" *Only* **1.98**

P802. TRIPS. Shades of dayglo red, orange, and magenta. 25" x 38" *Special* **1.00**

P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will not merely endure/he will prevail/ . . ." 30" x 45" *Only* **3.95**

P676. OSAKA EXPO '70 POSTER. Chrysanthemum in bronze-gold with red center on black background. 29¾" x 42" *Special* **1.98**

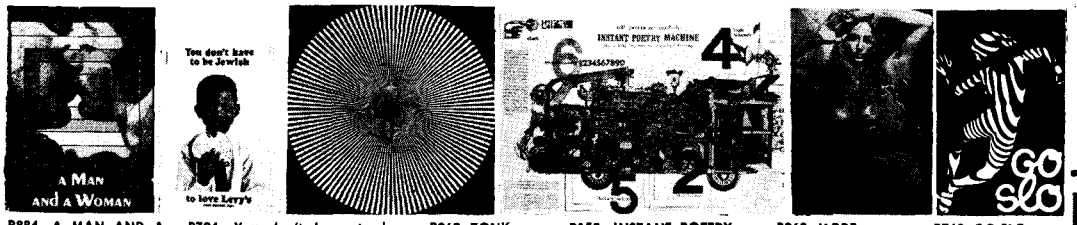


P789. SIGNALS. Op circles and squares in dayglo fuchsia, dayglo green and rust. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P780. Klee: FLOWERS IN STONE. Lithograph in orange, pale cream, green, blue, and rose. 18¾" x23½". *Pub. at $7.50* *Now Only* **2.98**

P875. Esso Tiger: I NEED YOU NOW! In dayglo red and orange. 29" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

P883. I WANT YOU. In subdued red and shades of blue. 29½" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**



P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. In dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on matte black background. 29" x 40½" *Only* **1.98**

P794. You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's. The Levy's Rye Bread poster is now a full-fledged classic. Full Color; 30" x 45" *Only* **3.95**

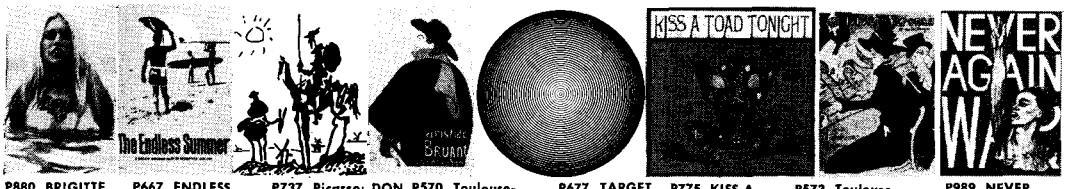
P963. ZONK. In brilliant dayglo colors on black. 39½" square *Only* **2.49**

P155. INSTANT POETRY MACHINE. Red, purples, on white coated stock. 36" x 24" *Only* **1.98**

P962. MORE MARIE. In full color on coated stock. 29½" x 42½" *Only* **1.98**

P760. GO SLO. Dancing speed figure in blue and dayglo yellow. 25" x 38" *Only* **1.00**

P793. WANDA EMBRY. In full, delicious color, life like! and life size! 12" x 63". *Only* **4.95**



P880. BRIGITTE BARDOT. In Full Color—Bardot in necklace, golden hair, and water. 29½" x 42¼" *Only* **1.00**

P667. ENDLESS SUMMER. Iridescent hues of fuchsia, orange and mango with figures in black. 29¾" x 40" *Special* **1.98**

P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. On Artists' Canvas—silkscreen in black on white canvas. 20" x 24" *Special* **2.98**

P570. Toulouse-Lautrec: ARISTIDE BRUANT. Collotype in black, green and a subdued orange on a cream background. 20" x 28" *Special* **1.00**

P677. TARGET *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1 98**

P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Toad in reds on olive green background. 25½" x 25½". *Special* **1.49**

P573. Toulouse-Lautrec: DIVAN JAPONAIS. Collotype in shades of green, gray-green, yellow and subdued orange. 20"x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P989. NEVER AGAIN WAR. Silkscreen in blacks on gray with striking day glo red lettering. 23" x 30". *Special* **4.95**

P966. POSTERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION 1917-1929—from THE LENIN LIBRARY, MOSCOW: Portfolio of 40 Posters.

40 posters documenting the progress, and problems of the Russian Revolution—IN FULL COLOR—complete with historical background, and translations. Each approx. 19" x 27". *Portfolio of 40.* *Special* **29.95**

P136. Picasso: THE RED ARMCHAIR. Subdued browns & greens, with yellow and blue; 18" x 24" *Pub at $7.50* *Only* **2.98**

P100. ROPS Exhibition Poster. Purple & black on white. 19¾" x 29¾". *Special* **1.00**

P837. Chagall: THE PRAYING JEW. In dark tones, icy blue-white, and yellow-green; 18¾" x 24". *Pub at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P173. COMPLEAT ZODIAC. Magnificent burnt oranges, yellows, deep purples. 20¾" x 29" *Only* **1.49**

P572. Toulouse-Lautrec: JANE AVRIL. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, subdued orange and gray. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P571. Toulouse-Lautrec: MOULIN ROUGE. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, black and subdued orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P634. LOVE (WITH A BAND-AID). In lavender ink & orange on a white background. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P818. Mucha: SALON DES CENT. *art nouveau* announcement of the 1896 Paris exhibition; flesh tones and muted greens with white. 20½" x 30¼". *Special Import* **1.98**

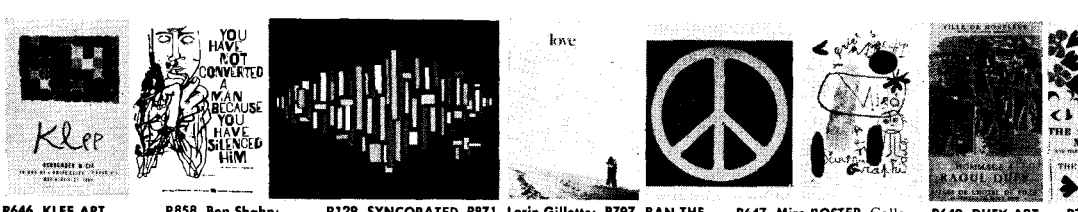
P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen in black and dayglo red. 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P878. JOIN THE CAVALRY. In subdued blues and browns. 29½" x 40¾". *Only* **1.98**

P976. CAMPBELL KID PSYCHEDELIA. Psychedelic foliage in a rainbow of bright, striking colors. 24" x 36". *Special* **2.95**

P960. PEACE/LOVE. Black with a day-glo rainbow background running from cerise through orange, yellow, green to blue. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P790. OUT-OF-STEP. Blue and dayglo orange patterns out-of-step with each other. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**



P646. KLEE ART POSTER. Hues of red and green predominate, on extra heavy white art stock. 20" x 30". *Special* **1.00**

P858. Ben Shahn: YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM. Black & brown on white. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Dayglo greens, reds, blue, orange, on a matte black background. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against a background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P797. BAN THE BOMB. In brilliant dayglo color on a matte black background. 28¾" square. *Only* **1.49**

P647. Miro POSTER. Gallery exhibition poster in gorgeous color on heavy art stock. 20" x 30". *Only* **1.00**

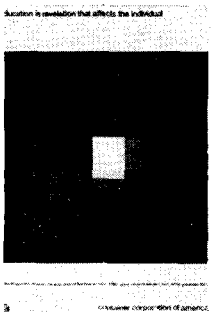
P649. DUFY ART POSTER. Blues predominate, on extra heavy white art stock. 20" x 30". *Special* **1.00**

P786. SCULPTURE OF MATISSE. 1953 Tate Gallery poster, in blue, yellow, orange, black. 20" x 28" heavy stock. *Only* **1.00**

P175. CALORY GUIDE POSTER. 350 food and beverage items in several bright, attractive colors. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

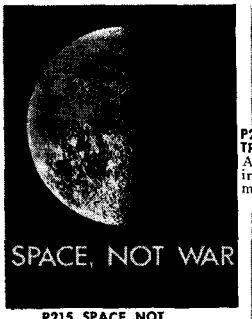
P190. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PILL TODAY. Uncle Sam on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



109. Lessing: "EDUCATION S REVELATION THAT AFFECTS HE INDIVIDUAL." Purples, eds, grays, yellow & white enter. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P716. Mucha: BIERES DE LA MEUSE. Muted tones of purple, yellow-gold, red, cream. A huge 34¼" x 53". *Special* **2.98**



P215. SPACE, NOT WAR. Superbly detailed moon photo in black and white. 16⅞" x 21⅞". *Only* **1.00**

P211. Peter Max: MOON TRIPPING. A Peter Max Apollo 11 commemorative in iridescent pastels against a moon photo. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P212. Peter Max: FROM THE MOON. Apollo 11 commemorative in iridescent pastels against an earth photo. 36" x 24" *Only* **1.98**

P845. BANK by WARHOL. Delightful painted pig. "Pretty as a pigtail!"— superb photo-color fidelity right down to the bristles, in shades of red, blue, purple, yellow, beige. 45" wide x 30" high. *Special* **3.95**

P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color Mailer-Breslin poster—map of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24" x 36½". *Special* **1.98**

148. Hug: TIGER. *On canvas* lithographed in brown tones nd yellows 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P849. Durer: THE KNIGHT, DEATH & THE DEVIL (1513). Large, handsome reproduction of the famous Durer etching in sepia on white art stock. 21" x 26¾" high image area. *Special* **2.98**

P987. DON'T TRIP. Warning, over a handsomely rendered banana peel; shades of green & banana yellow. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P159. LE SOLEIL—Tarot Card XVIIII. "The Sun," 19th card of arcana; mustard green & blue. 24¼" x 37¾". *Special* **1.00**

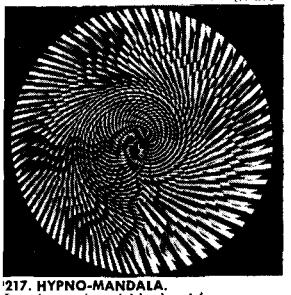
P220. INNOCENCE IS INVULNERABLE. John and Yoko in dayglo chartreuse, purple, orange and black. 19¾" x 26⅜" *Only* **1.98**

P983. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Opening night 1883. Gounod's FAUST with Campanini, Novara & Nilsson. 12"x 16". *Only* **1.00**

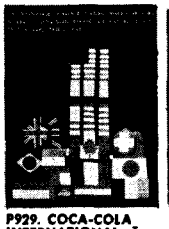
P881. BARBARELLA. Jane Fonda as *Barbarella* in a striking pose, in full color. 29¾" wide x 53" high. *Only* **1.00**

P648. Chagall Poster. European gallery exhibition poster—in color on heavy stock. 20" x 30". *Only* **1.00**

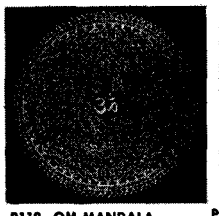
P213. Peter Max: MAN MUST MOON. "I believe that the cosmic religious sense is one of the strongest and noblest motives behind scientific research," Einstein; Apollo 11 commemorative in iridescent pastels 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**



217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Huge hypnotic swirl in dayglo ed, yellow, blue, on a purple ackground. 20¼" square. *Only* **1.00**



P929. COCA-COLA INTERNATIONAL. In red, white, blue, green & gold on a black background. 35¾" x 47½" on heavy paper. *Special* **1.00**



P119. OM MANDALA. Sacred Hindu meditation symbol in gorgeous deep greens and gold, on heavy stock. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**

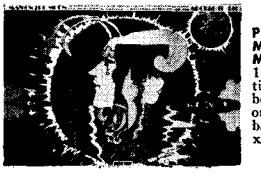
P922. VIVA CHAVEZ—VIVA LA HUELGA. California Grape Workers Benefit; subdued brown, green, red. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P984. RIGOLETTO: *Metropolitan Opera Poster.* Debut of Enrico Caruso, 1903, with Sembrich, Homer, Scotti, Journet. 12" x 16" *Only* **1.00**

P879. Picasso: TOREADOR. White line drawing on matte black background. 26" x 35". *Only* **1.49**

P101. LONDON ZOO. In black on white; on coated stock. 26" x 40". *Only* **2.95**

P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude against a setting sun and waves; coated stock. 15½" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**



P214. Peter Max: MAN ON THE MOON: Apollo 11 commemorative poster in beautiful pastels on a space-black background. 36" x 24" *Only* **1.98**

P219. CREATION OF BUTTERFLIES. Flashing dayglo hues of yellow, orange, cerise, blue and green on matte black. 23⅝" x 25⅝". *Only* **1.98**

P218. NAVAJO OP. Op art in Navajo blankets dayglo cerise, chartreuse, green, yellow-orange & black. 22⅛" x 27⅞". *Only* **1.98**

P112. FROGS. Dayglo cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green on matte black. 29" square. *Only* **1.98**

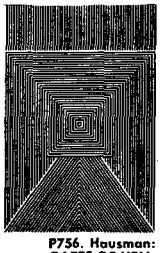
P118. DRAGON. Vivid dayglo colors on matte black. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P216. BIRTH OF OUR NEW NATION. Handsome photo-poster with lettering in red, white and blue. 23⅛" x 31". *Only* **1.98**

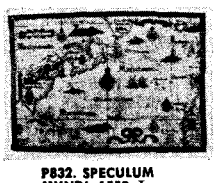
P113. UNCLE TOM. Green, brown, yellow predominate. 22½" x 33¼". *Only* **1.98**

P130. TOM THUMB. Dayglo greens, reds & yellows on a blue background. 21¼" x 27" image area. *Special* **1.98**

P985. MADAMA BUTTERFLY: Metropolitan Opera *First Performance Poster.* Farrar, Homer, Caruso. 12" x 16". *Only* **1.00**



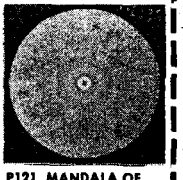
P756. Hausman: GATES OF HELL. Dantesque gates in vibrant dayglo colors; psychedelic reds, greens. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**



P832. SPECULUM MUNDI, 1558. In shades of red, blue, green & gold on heavy parchment-toned paper. 23" x 32". *Special* **1.98**

P201. THE LONG PASS. Bob Cunningham painting for the NY Jets biography from the Terrible Titans to Bdwy Joe Namath; full color. 44½" x 30" *Only* **3.95**

P120. BOB DYLAN. In black with dayglo chartreuse highlights, and intricate background in dayglo red & orange. 20⅜" x 30⅜". *Only* **1.98**

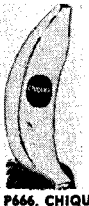


P121. MANDALA OF THE MAGNIFICENT. Silkscreened in dayglo cerise with blue, purple & gold. 34" square. *Only* **2.98**

P859. CATTLE BARON. Full color inspiration to break the dull steak habit. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.00**

P988. SOME BELIEVE . . . IN THE ANGELS. Slogan in mauve on a silver helmet, 22" x 35". *Only* **1.00**

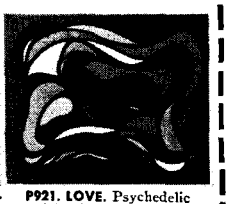
P191. THE PILL is a NO-NO. Brown & yellow-beige. 11½" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**



P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. In ripe banana yellow, 19" x a 48¾" banana high. *Special* **1.00**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Hues of red, pink, yellow, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

P785. Lautrec: CONFETTI. Lively *belle epoque* poster, famous yellow and yellow-orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Only* **1.00**



P921. LOVE. Psychedelic swirls of matte tones, subdued reds, blue, purple, yellow, green, black. 42½" x 31⅜". *Only* **3.98**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

marboro Dept. S-178
131 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10013

Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 50¢ postage and handling on all orders.) Minimum mail order $3.

☐ Send C. O. D. ☐ Enclosed find $_____

Charge my (check one) | —Amer. Exp. | —Diners Club | —Carte Blanche | —Uni-Card | —First Nat'l City Charge

& write in your account # _____

100	101	109	110	111	112
113	114	115	116	117	118
119	120	121	127	128	129
130	135	136	148	155	159
173	175	187	190	191	195
201	211	212	213	214	215
216	217	218	219	220	570
571	572	573	634	646	647
648	649	665	666	667	676
677	706	716	737	756	760
775	780	785	786	788	789
790	793	794	797	802	818
832	837	845	849	858	859
871	872	875	876	878	879
880	881	883	884	921	922
929	960	962	963	966	976
983	984	985	987	988	989
993					

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code .....

New York City residents add 6% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A timely probe of our poisoned environment!

THE POISON MAKERS

By R. D. Lawrence

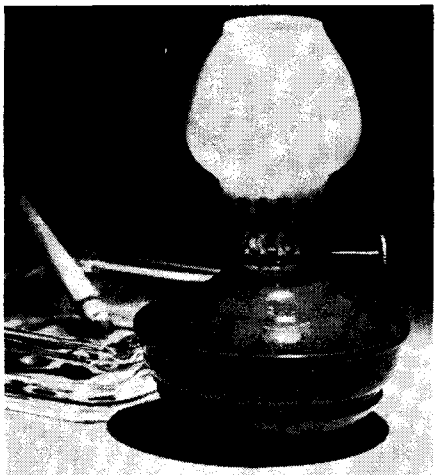
A powerful indictment of the forces responsible for our smog-filled cities, polluted streams and despoiled landscape, plus an impassioned plea for radical corrective action. The author, a Canadian naturalist, surveys the current situation in North America and suggests what we must do to prevent total destruction of our environment.

$4.75

Order from your bookstore

THOMAS NELSON

Copewood & Davis Sts., Camden, N.J. 08103



CAN YOU TOPPLE THIS?

Probably not! It's the "Bat" Kelly Lamp, just 5" tall, named for a famous Irish fighter who was never knocked down! Made in England since 1873, with weighted metal base and an opalescent glass chimney that won't get hot. Burns kerosene or garden fuel for 36 hours without refilling. Ideal for patios, boats, vacation homes, gifts — a "must" for power failures. Red, turquoise, light green, lilac, royal, Kelly green, yellow or black. 3.00 each. 3 lamps 8.00 includes tax and postage. Imported exclusively by

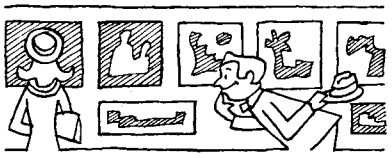
LA PINE WORLD IMPORTS

2372 South Overlook Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

A Hollywood friend of ours named Frank McCarthy is producing a movie about the late George Patton, hero of World War II and the general involved in the famous soldier-slapping incident. Among other things Mr. McCarthy has learned is that the late General Patton was a stern believer in reincarnation. But General Patton believed in a peculiar kind of reincarnation. He believed, for example, that he had stormed Carthage as an ancient Roman legionary, and that he had accompanied Napoleon on the latter's



retreat from Moscow. No mention, though, of the American Revolution or our Civil War. His theater was, apparently, always an overseas one.

In any case, we got to thinking where we were in former times. And we want to make clear that it wasn't anything like storming Carthage as an ancient Roman legionary or accompanying Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow. We were in some pretty important places, though. We were, for example, in Egypt—in Cleopatra's time. And we had a pretty important job, too. Our job was to see that no harm came to the asps.

This week our Sign of the Times comes from Santa Fe, New Mexico, from Margaret Turner Williams. Mrs. Williams, it seems, found the following in the 1959 Merriam-Webster New Collegiate Dictionary: "Spaceship—an imaginary aircraft of the future for interplanetary travel outside the earth's atmosphere."

What, Mrs. Williams asks, is ten years?

Our first lecture of the season took us to Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University to speak to 225 writers at a Writers' Workshop sponsored by Theta Sigma Phi and financed by the A. W. Mellon Trust. We particularly liked the advice of two of our fellow speakers, Bergen Evans and Richard Gehman. Mr. Evans quoted Ring Lardner as saying, "If you tire of rejection slips, don't include your name and address"; while Mr. Gehman quoted Lee Foster Hartman, former editor of *Harper's*: "If you keep sending the same thing to an editor often enough, after a while he'll think he wrote it himself—and he'll publish it."

Our own advice took the form of something we are ashamed to say we just recently learned from the Author's Guild: If you send a manuscript to a magazine and they accept it and pay you for it, and then don't publish it for eighteen months, you can ask for it back in many cases and send it somewhere else.

The Jewish Museum in New York is currently showing an exhibition of photographs of Israel selected by Cornell Capa, brother of the late Robert [see "Photojournalism Museum style," *SR*, Sept. 13]. Among those represented will be Micha Bar-Am, Israel's top photographer. We had the good fortune to have Mr. Bar-Am as our guide on our most recent visit to Israel. A man thirty-nine years old, he came to Israel at the age of four, from Berlin, fought in all three wars, and is now a staff photographer for the Israeli Army. We could hardly wait for the exhibit to open, since Mr. Bar-Am is one of the most remarkable men we have ever known—one about whom we have successfully resisted the urge to say, right up to now, bar none.

We always knew we were the greatest. The only trouble was we didn't know the greatest what. Now we know. We are one of the "Twenty-five Greatest Met Fans." We were chosen in a

competition, and what won for us was a letter that said we were the one who, on that memorable day when Met manager Gil Hodges put in all right-handed batters against a left-handed pitcher, and lost the game, originated the immortal cry: "Two platoon the manager."

In any case, it was quite an honor. All twenty-five of us were invited to a banquet and a night game at Shea Stadium. And we got all kinds of presents, including a plaque commending us for our "dedication and sympathy," a pair of Mets cuff links, a Mets baseball cap, a watch that said "Greatest Fan," and even an autographed book from Gil Hodges.

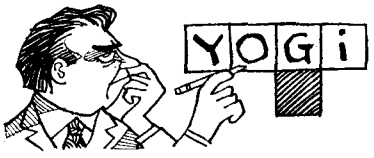
Among our fellow winners was a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mystery writer, the "Man from Uncle" Michael Avallone; then there was a man named Harlan Tucker, who saw his first game in 1902 and is now seventy-three. There was, however, an even older fan—Egmont R. Latzo. The letter nominating him, Jerry Eskenazi reported, declared: "Even his name has a beautiful ring—Latzo Mets."

One woman who won was Mrs. Rose "Mama" Krobot. Mama was formerly a Brooklyn Dodger fan, but when Bobby Thompson of the Giants hit the famous home run that beat the Dodgers, she fainted dead away and had to go to the hospital. Her doctor told her she would have to give up the Dodgers. So what did she do? She took up the Mets.

Another winner was a man named James C. Hansen. He was doing a crossword puzzle one day and strug-



gled for an hour trying to get a four-letter word with the definition, "Former Met great," He tried Hunt, Duke, Yogi, everything. And do you know what the answer was? Pons. Lily Pons —the Met *Opera* star. That's a terrible thing to do in a crossword puzzle.

At the banquet we all talked about what we would tell manager Gil Hodges when we got to go on the field to meet him. "Listen," I said, "all I need is one minute with him. *Why* does he two platoon? He breaks their confidence! *Why* does he play Pfeil instead of Charles, Dyer instead of Grote, Weis instead of Boswell? *Why* does he pitch Taylor instead of McGraw, Koonce instead of Ryan? Boy, just you wait!"

And then, finally, we marched out in front of 50,000 fans. And there was Hodges. I stepped forward grimly. "Listen, Mr. Hodges," I said, "Listen . . . listen." I had him listening, all right. "Gee, Mr. Hodges," I said, "it sure is great to meet you."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1849)

R.(ICHARD) BURTON:
WHO CARES ABOUT WALES?
(I CARE)

English is, of course, one of the great languages of the world, possibly the greatest; its majesty, its incomparable, even if purloined, vocabulary dwarfing all others; the perfect language for the most breathtaking body of poetry ever presented to civilization.
From *LOOK*, June 24, 1969

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

OCTOBER ISSUES

Bad law is tyrannical; tyranny breeds rebellion; in an otherwise democratic nation, bad law can provoke a kind of cultural nihilism in which good and evil become hopelessly confused.

This is precisely what has happened in the realm of legislation to prohibit and punish the use of marijuana, says psychiatrist Joel Fort, perhaps the country's greatest authority in the field of consciousness-altering drugs. In POT: A RATIONAL APPROACH, published in the October issue of PLAYBOY, non-user Fort contends that the political establishment's ban on marijuana not only perpetuates the alienation of the 10,000,000 young potheads in this country, but breeds repressive law enforcement as well. Amassing an impressive body of supportive evidence, Fort attacks the state-to-state inequities that prevail in pot laws. (Penalties for possession range from two years in most states to 99 years at hard labor in North Dakota, and one provision of an Oklahoma statute even dictates sterilization for the offender.)

Currently, there are federal appeals for even more repressive measures. Out of the hectic chaos of federal and state laws, and the overheated emotionalism that compounds confusion and human misery, Fort, an orderly-minded and compassionate scientist, projects proposals for decently dealing with users and non-users caught up in today's twisted skein of misguided and havoc-breeding legislation.

(Fort also writes well, a relief from the drear that afflicts so much well-intentioned and even important prose. Our readers expect this sort of dividend in PLAYBOY, a magazine about which one is more apt to be correct in expecting the unexpected.)

* * *

"Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." The quote is ascribed to William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester (1698-1779). It came to mind when we were discussing the decline in orthodox Freudian analysis with Morton M. Hunt, author of The Affair: A Portrait of Extra-Marital Love in Contemporary America, Her Infinite Variety *and* The Natural History of Love *— highly readable books of scholarship and insight—and of* THE CRISIS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS *in October* PLAYBOY.

Freud's tremendous achievements bred an orthodoxy that dominated psychotherapy for decades; for some time thereafter, the growing edge that exploded from this closed-end discipline consisted more of variations on the theme, than of new approaches. Hunt analyzes analysis and describes—for the first time, to our knowledge—the sorts of people for whom Freudian treatment may still hold out the best hope for success. (In November, PLAYBOY analyzes new alternatives to Freudian orthodoxy, in an article by Ernest Havemann, another talented exegete; we'll be telling you about this next time around.)

* * *

The three surest ways to go broke, according to President Pompidou of France, are gambling, women, and the counsel of "experts." The first is fastest, the second most fun, the third surest. In EXPERTS AND EXPERTISE, in the October issue of PLAYBOY, Eliot Janeway, economist, author, publisher, and somewhat curmudgeonly commentator on governmental affairs, takes a diamond-hard look at the American Presidency in terms of the advisors (experts all, presumably) who influence and guide the nation's chief executive. Neither elected nor appointed (as is the Cabinet) and unanswerable to the national constituency, these powerful men may forge those very decisions on which history's assessment of a president is based.

Outside the Pompidou context, we will say that Janeway is the expert on experts; his approach is clear-eyed and tough-minded; his words will illuminate for you that enigmatic enclave of influence whence sweep the winds of global change.

* * *

You don't have to be Jewish; you don't have to read Yiddish; you don't even have to know what a *shtetl* is, to enjoy Isaac Bashevis Singer—and the reason is that Singer is one of those writers who speaks the universal language of natural storytelling. His strange, old-world villages, inhabited by some of the great eccentrics of fiction, have an almost legendary quality. "Now let me tell you how, once upon a time . . ." Singer always seems to be saying. Once upon a time, there was this little whore named Tsilka, and the good people of Janow had no place to put her except in the poorhouse—which made all the paupers furious—and so . . . The rest of it happens in PLAYBOY for October. It's Isaac Singer at his sardonic best.

* * *

Speaking of PLAYBOY fiction: In the past three years, PLAYBOY has published six serials that later were hardcover books and have been optioned or purchased for filming. In the same period, portions of five other books now optioned or purchased for movies made their debuts in our pages, among them Vladimir Nabakov's best-selling *Ada*, which fetched a nice, round $250,000 for screen rights.

We mention these facts not merely to boast, however; Hollywood's enthusiasm has never struck us as an ideal criterion for literary excellence. And we have always considered emphasis on big names, to the exclusion of unknowns, to be the literary equivalent of the star system. What we really want to boast about is our discovery of a new writer, for whom we predict a solid future in the upcoming literary generation: Asa Baber. His REVELATIONS, in PLAYBOY's October issue, is the tale of a pill-popping truck driver riding for a fall. Baber's prose has erect vigor and pace; we'll be publishing more of it in the months ahead.

* * *

The foregoing is just a sampling of the readable feast we've assembled for our October issue. There are those who will be surprised to learn that such lively and literate reading is regularly available in PLAYBOY. We don't know anywhere near as much about these people as we do about our 16 million readers, but one thing we do know about them for sure: They haven't been aware of what we've been publishing every month for the past 15 years. If you're one of them, won't you join us?

Cordially,

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY®

P.S. We also publish pictures of pretty girls.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): [illegible], RAMBLER, [illegible] FURY, DODGE CORONET, FALCON, BUICK SPECIAL; FRONT ROW: CORVAIR, VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

After 3 years, the car that cost the least costs the most.

The official Used Car Guide is full of little surprises.

To show you what we mean, we've pitted one 1966 Volkswagen against 7 popular 1966 compacts.*

Back when they were spanking new, the popular compacts sold for an average price of $610 more than the Volkswagen sedan.

You'd be amazed at how unpopular they've become in 3 years.

The same compacts now sell off a used car lot for an average of $201 less than the Volkswagen.

Of course when you stop and think about it, this really isn't surprising at all.

How appealing is a car that looks 3 years old? Compared to one that never looks old?

Or a car that gets about 14 miles per gallon? Compared to one that gets about 26?

Or a car that takes lots of oil and water? Compared to one that takes little oil and no water?

The official Used Car Guide is full of foregone conclusions.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
September 20, 1969

Life on a Dying Lake

"The fear is that under existing conditions, Erie could, without warning, turn into a huge swamp."

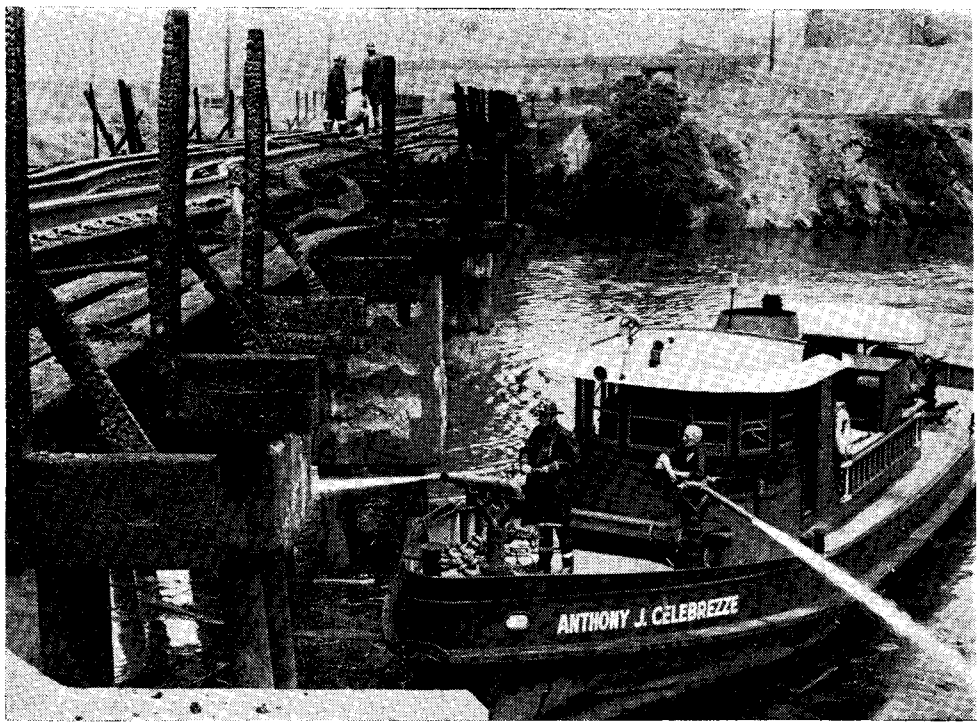
by PETER SCHRAG

North Central flight 940. We take off to the west from the Detroit Metro Airport, turn left in a large loop around the city, and emerge over the crotch of the Detroit River where the patterned effluent spills into the waiting blue water of Lake Erie. *Two weeks before the final countdown for Apollo II, the supreme $24-billion apotheosis of American technology; the greatest thing, Richard Nixon will say, since the creation.* The brown waters hug the western shore, and beyond, through the thin haze from the Michigan stacks, the ore carriers cut white wakes to feed the factories. We cross the rectilinear fields of Pelee Island and pass Pelee Point on the Ontario shore to the north. Less than 150 miles to the south is Wapakoneta, Ohio, where the first man to set foot on the moon was born.

> Man is destroying Lake Erie. [Says the report from the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration.] Although the accelerating destruction process has been inadvertent, it is as positive as if he had put all his energies into devising and implementing the means. After two generations the process has gained a momentum which now requires a monumental effort to retard. The effort must not only be basin-wide and highly coordinated; it must be immediate. Every moment lost in allowing the destruction to continue will require a longer, more difficult, and more expensive corrective action.

Prosaic language from Washington: eutrophication, secondary treatment, nutrient removal, algal blooms, biological oxygen demand. There is little romance in a sewage plant, and none in the technicalities of oxygen depletion, thermal stratification, or discharge of organic wastes. But the destruction of a lake is not merely a technical or a political problem. To think of it is to think of all America, of our love-hate relationship with our technology, about our ambivalence about who we are and what we are, about the Hudson and the Missouri, about the Santa Barbara Channel and nuclear bombs, about defoliation in Vietnam and DDT-poisoned fish in Michigan—about all the things we value, often in contradiction—in our past and our future.

As the plane descends over the murky waters along the Cleveland shore, the brown edging the blue, I have to imagine kids I know, kids like Corky Divoky years ago, scanning the skies for hawks and heron, or walking the ice in the winter, and now confronting the public servants of the draft board and the crusade for freedom in Asia. I hear the reminiscences of old men, telling fish stories about walleye and whitefish and blue pike, species that have all but disappeared. How much, you ask, setting down at Hopkins Airport, is this worth; how much is romance and sentimentality about a fad-



". . . last June, the oil on the river began to burn, damaging two bridges."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing past, how much the price of progress, how much the comfortable guilt of safe men who can attack pollution as an undisputable evil (or war, or technology itself) while languishing in their benefits?

Some thirteen million people live in the basin of this lake, 90 per cent of them on the American side, the rest in Ontario, the polluters and the polluted, perpetrators and victims, all of them dependent on a body of water that, according to the best evidence, is not yet dead but in danger. They drink its water, swim on its beaches, eat its fish, and sail from its harbors. At the same time, they, their cities, and their factories each day dump, leak, pipe, or drop into the lake several hundred million pounds of sewage, chemicals, oil, and detergents fouling beaches, killing wildlife, and imperiling the water itself. Sometimes you can smell and taste it as it comes out of the tap, sometimes you can see it on the beaches and often in the rivers

"What is not a matter of debate is that in the past fifty years, Lake Erie has aged 15,000 years."

—the Maumee, the Auglaize, the Ottawa—but most significantly, you fear, not what already exists, but what might—and could happen—if the process continues.

In parts of the western end of the lake, the blue-green algae, which thrive on the excess of nutrients from sewage, turn blue water to a murky green and accumulate in heavy mounds on the shore; in Sandusky, once one of the largest freshwater ports in the world, a large fishing industry has been reduced to a couple of operators who truck their low-grade catch to Georgia (where, apparently, people are still hungry enough to buy it); and in Cleveland, the industrial stream called the Cuyahoga River is pronounced a fire hazard, a declaration that sounded hyperbolic until, last June, the oil on the river began to burn, damaging two bridges.

Cleveland's two fireboats travel the river periodically, hosing oil off docks and pilings so that the inflammable ooze will slowly make its way downstream and into the lake. At the same time, a broken city main is dumping twenty-five million gallons of raw sewage into the river each day. Periodically, the main is repaired, and now the city, with a $100-million bond issue voted last fall, is preparing to improve collection and treatment for its entire system and for the neighboring communities that it serves. (Cleveland, incidentally, may also be one of the few municipalities in the world that chlorinates its lakefront beaches so they will be safe for swimming.) But when it comes to pollution of the lake, Cleveland is more a victim than a culprit. Cleveland fouls its own nest with its dirty river and its inadequate sewage system, while Detroit, which dumps the waste of a huge industrial population into the Detroit River, stocks Lake Erie. Approximately 65 per cent of the oxygen-depleting wastes in the lake come from Detroit; 9 per cent from Cleveland. "When it comes to polluting the main part of the lake," said a researcher at the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, "Cleveland's hardly on the map."

And yet, in a way, everything is on the map. Everything contributes to, and suffers from, the condition of the lake: people in five states and a Canadian province—hundreds of towns and cities from Toledo to Buffalo: Akron, Erie, Cleveland, Lorain, Conneaut, Ashtabula. The federal government has identified 360 sources of industrial waste—power plants, steel mills, chemical companies, food processors, rubber companies. During every heavy rain, flooding sewers and silt spill into the lake, and even in normal periods silt and fertilizers and pesticides drain into its tributaries. But the greatest polluters may be the city sewage systems themselves. The federal government has estimated that with existing treatment facilities, the cities along the lake discharge effluent equal, in its composition and effects on the lake, to the raw sewage from a population of 4,700,000 people. Some cities are providing secondary treatment, some primary, some none at all. Lake Erie has been called a huge cesspool, an appellation that has at least marginal accuracy. What is absolutely accurate is the statement that in the past fifty years pollution has substantially altered the ecology of the lake, and that it has made the lake far older than its years.

The word, among the scientists, is eutrophication—the process of aging. All lakes grow old as they collect runoff and materials from the surrounding shores. Over thousands of years they eventually accumulate enough silt from erosion and organic materials to turn them into marshes and, finally, into dry land. In Lake Erie man has accelerated that process with his wastes and sewage. An excess of nutrients, primarily phosphates and nitrates, has produced great growths of algae in the water and impaired the oxygen supply, especially in the deeper water during the summer—and especially at the western end, which is hit hardest by the excrement from Detroit. (Biological degrading of the nutrients requires oxygen; when the nutrients are too heavy the oxygen becomes depleted.)

Mayflies, which once grew in huge numbers in the western, the shallowest, end of the lake, and which provided a food supply for fish—cisco, blue pike, walleye, and other species—have declined; the water has been taken over by sheepshead, carp, and other types that are tolerant of low-oxygen conditions and whose eggs can survive the accumulation of sediments at the bottom. Some species that have surmounted changes in food supply and depleted oxygen now take longer to reach maturity. (The total volume of fish caught in the lake each year is as large as ever, but the catch is worth only half of what it was ten years ago; most of the fishing is now done by Canadians.)

On occasion there have been duck kills, flights of birds which have landed on oily water and never flew again, either (it is assumed) because the oil destroyed the birds' natural protection against the water, or because they were poisoned. (There has been some serious talk in recent years about oil drilling in the lake. So far the derricks of the Canadian Pacific Oil and Gas Company, which have been erected on the Ontario side of the lake, are producing only natural gas.) There is also a possibility that the algae, under certain conditions, can manufacture their own poisons, endangering wild life—and possibly human life.

Because the lake is relatively shallow, there is hope that once the rate of pollution is retarded (hopefully, but not certainly, through improved sewage treatment), the lake, with proper oxygen circulation, can recover, spilling its wastes into Lake Ontario and, ultimately, into the Atlantic. The certainty of that recovery and the effectiveness of the measures now being planned (which, among other things, include the removal of phosphates before effluent is discharged into the lake) are still matters of debate—and of time. What is not a matter of debate is that in the past fifty years, Lake Erie has aged 15,000 years.

Barry Commoner, a Washington University (St. Louis) biologist, who has long been concerned with the abuses of technology, writes:

> The lake is threatened with death. . . . Since the area was first settled, Lake Erie has been increasingly burdened with organic wastes and with inorganic nutrients that the lake's algae convert to organic materials. These organic materials would long

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago have asphyxiated most of the lake's living things had it not been for the peculiar power of Iron III [an iron compound called ferric iron] to form insoluble complexes with the materials of the bottom mud. The protective skin of Iron III has held the enormous accumulation of potential oxygen-demanding material in the muddy bottom of the lake. But this protective skin can remain intact only so long as there is sufficient oxygen present in the water over the mud. For many years this was so, and the layer of Iron III held the accumulating mud materials out of the lake water. But a serious oxygen depletion now occurs in the summer months. As a result, the protective layer of Iron III has begun to break down—exposing the lake to heavy impact of the accumulated algal nutrient long stored in the mud. If the process continues, we may face a sudden biological cataclysm that will exhaust, for a time, most of the oxygen in the greater part of the lake water. Such a catastrophe would make the lake's present difficulties seem slight by comparison.

The fear is that under existing conditions, Erie could, without warning, turn into a huge swamp. Among the officials of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration (FWPCA), which is charged with enforcing pollution control measures, Commoner is regarded as a prophet of gloom, a false Cassandra who is trying to frighten people. Nonetheless, FWPCA paraphrased Commoner's statement in its own report on the lake. "Some of that," said one FWPCA official, "was a little exaggerated. We know that the Iron III tends to break down and to release nutrients from the bottom, but there hasn't been any cataclysm, and there's not going to be one."

And yet, perhaps, that's not the issue —shouldn't be the issue. The trouble with conservation is that it has always been a matter of calamities and cataclysms. In the confusion of state, local, and federal anti-pollution responsibilities, there is always a large measure of sympathy for the company or the city that has to spend money for better treatment facilities, for the corporate taxpayer who might move somewhere else, for the time it takes, for the problems involved. The questions are thus always questions of resources, of priorities, of urgency and time. How much are fish worth? What's the value of a duck? What is the relationship between defoliants in Vietnam (or the price of automobiles in Detroit) and an acid discharge on the Cuyahoga or the Maumee?

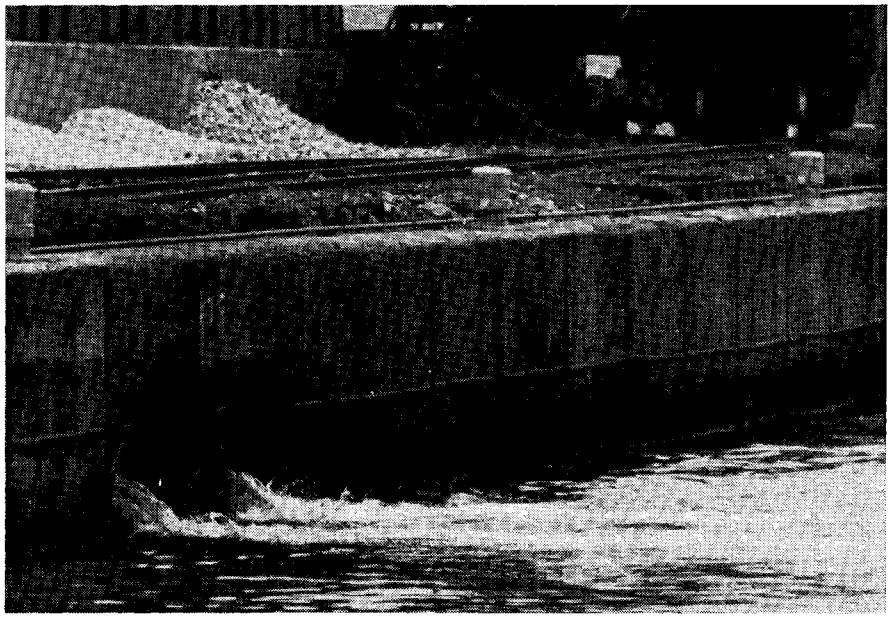
If a major corporation can increase its earnings $60-million a year by raising prices, then is the expenditure of $18-million for new waste-treatment facilities at its plant in Cleveland something to brag about? How much passion and effort are required by the hypothetical impairment of a municipal water supply? ("The time's going to come," said an angry conservationist in Cleveland, "when they won't be able to put any more chlorine into the drinking water. What the hell are they going to do then?") And to what extent is water or air pollution a problem that only the comfortable can afford? The kids from Cleveland's Hough ghetto (and many others) rarely worry about swimming from polluted beaches; for them and their parents, urban pollution has other, more virulent forms. Their problem, among other things, is rats, not fish.

In the meantime, life on the lake goes on. In most places the problem is invisible; in others it becomes part of the background, an element of lore, like a volcanic mountain on a South Sea island. "People come here expecting to see a swamp," said a Cleveland newspaper reporter. "But there isn't any." On the west side of Catawba Island, near Sandusky, the cabin cruisers and the yawls luxuriate in their elegant marinas, and on the northern tip the Chevies back their trailer-borne runabouts onto concrete ramps for a few hours of fishing or a cruise to Put-in-Bay. At Huntington Park, just west of Cleveland, a kid pinches his toe on the beach and asks whether there's a species of crab that lives only in polluted water; and in Sandusky, Tony DeMore, one of the few remaining commercial fish operators on the American side, stands on his wharf and complains that the problem isn't pollution but overfishing and inequitable regulations that permit Canadians to haul what Americans have to throw back. *"Now they're stocking the lake with coho salmon like they did Lake Michigan to bring the sport fishermen back, but they're driving out the small fish. If Lake Erie had been meant for big fish, the big fellow up there would have put 'em in. It wasn't pollution that drove the fish out. It was . . . nature. If somebody doesn't pull the coho out, they'll take over the lake."*

On the Cuyahoga River, twice each day, the excursion boat *Goodtime II* takes tourists on a run of the industrial sites; a tape-recorded spiel piped over the *Goodtime*'s loud speakers describes the adjacent activities of the Great Lakes Towing Co., U.S. Steel, Republic Steel, Sherwin-Williams Paint, National Sugar Refining, and Standard Oil. (No word about waste discharges, about the phenols and oils and acids that ooze into the river. "If you fall in," they say along the river, "you won't drown, you'll decay.") On summer evenings at the foot of the river, on the flats off Front Street, the customers of Fagan's Beacon House sit at their tables just above the ooze listening to Dixieland, drinking beer, and watching the ships go by. It is, they say in Cleveland, one of the places "where everybody goes."

The lake is a presence, a landmark, an opening in the undifferentiated Midwestern landscape, a hole in the world. Every day the ships come through the seaway—the French, the Swedes, the Norwegians — unloading their cargoes on the city piers. In Vermilion, the lagoon, despite its murky surface, its oil slicks, and its junk, becomes a backdoor roadway to space. One ties his boat to the cleats in the back yard and takes the folks on a Sunday cruise; in Sandusky an octogenarian Negro sits on a pier with

(*Continued on page* 55)



"If you fall in," they say along the river, "you won't drown, you'll decay."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from a Vietnam Veteran

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter was sent to us by a former Army medical officer who was returned from Vietnam as an "embarrassment to the command." We consider it of sufficient interest to print in full.*

SIR:

PUBLIC DISAFFECTION with the war in Vietnam is now general, and as a result the American agony there may be near an end. But several of the fundamental reasons for our failure there are not widely acknowledged. Thirty-thousand dead Americans and countless dead Vietnamese require some sort of an accounting.

A few autobiographical notes by way of background. I am a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy. I had decided while still a cadet that I wished to become a physician. At that time, the Army would allow qualified USMA graduates to attend medical school with the understanding that they would make military medicine their career. First, however, it was necessary to spend two years as an officer with one of the "combat arms." Accordingly, after becoming qualified as a Ranger and a parachutist, I served as an infantry lieutenant with the Eighty-Second Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. After two years, I applied for a five-year leave of absence and was accepted at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine from which I graduated in 1967. I interned at Walter Reed General Hospital, and in 1968 volunteered for Vietnam.

Before leaving, I managed to get permission to attend a course given by the Foreign Services Institute, a State Department subsidiary, which included six weeks of study on the politics, religions, culture, and history of Vietnam as well as on our own military and civil operations there. An additional five weeks were devoted to intensive language training from which I emerged considerably short of fluency, but with some limited ability to communicate. This course is one normally presented to prospective CORDS (civil affairs) personnel being assigned to Vietnam. Following this, I spent five weeks at Fort Rucker, Alabama, undergoing training as an Army flight surgeon.

I arrived in Vietnam in November 1968 with the rank of major and was assigned as regimental surgeon (the latter word is without surgical connotation; all Army doctors are called surgeons) to the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment ("Blackhorse"). This is a 5,000-man unit operating generally north of Bien Hoa in the III Corps area. When I joined it, the regiment was commanded by Col. George S. Patton, III, the son of the Second World War general. In the months to follow I was to come to know Patton quite well. As a member of the regimental staff, I ate at his table and attended his nightly briefings. To a significant degree he symbolized the actions and attitudes that are a source of our alienation from the Vietnamese and our consequent politico-military defeat in the war.

It is difficult to summarize the experiences that led to my expression of disaffection with our effort. In the end what I objected to was not so much individual atrocities, for these can be found in any war; war itself is the atrocity. What compelled my stand was the evident fact that at an operational level most Americans simply do not care about the Vietnamese. In spite of our national protestations about self-determination, revolutionary development, and the like, the attitude of our people on the ground, military and civilian, is one of nearly universal contempt.

This arrogant feeling is manifested in a variety of ways, from indiscriminate destruction of lives and property to the demeaning handouts that pass for civic action. The Vietnamese, a sensitive and intelligent people, are well aware of our general lack of regard and generally reward our efforts with the indifference or hostility that they deserve. We in turn attempt to create the illusion of progress by generating meaningless statistics to support predictions of success which have proved invariably incorrect. And the dying goes on.

Specific examples of our disregard for the Vietnamese are legion. At one point the corps commander issued a document entitled "U.S.-Vietnamese Relations" detailing many of these instances. It represented official acknowledgment of the problem, but its exhortation to "avoid creating embarrassing incidents" was an exercise in futility. Numerous examples are available from my own experience including the running down and killing of two Vietnamese women on bicycles with a *helicopter* (the pilot was exonerated); driving tracked vehicles through rice paddies; throwing C-ration cans at children from moving vehicles; running truck convoys through villages at high speeds on dirt roads (if the people are eating rice at the time it has to be thrown away because of the dust).

In the area of medical civic action, it was the policy to give no more than a two-day supply of medicine to any patient lest the excess fall into Vietcong hands. Since visits to any given village are generally infrequent, this meant that the illusion of medical care was just that.

Another example of the dehumanization of our relationships with the Vietnamese is evident when a civilian is admitted to one of our military hospitals. He is given a new name. In the place of a perfectly adequate, pronounceable Vietnamese name, he is given an apellation that is easier for Americans to remember. The nature of some of the designations chosen reveals their impact and intent—"Bubbles," "Ohio," and "Cyclops" for a soldier who had lost an eye.

Finally, one need only listen to a conversation between Americans concerning Vietnamese to appreciate the general lack of regard. The universal designation for the people of Vietnam, friend or enemy, is "gook" (also "slope" and "dink"). On the whole, this has no conscious pejorative connotation as used casually, but it does say something about our underlying attitude toward those for whose sake

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we are ostensibly fighting. How we can presume to influence a struggle for the political loyalties of a people for whom we manifest such uniform disdain is to me the great unanswered, indeed unanswerable, question of this war.

The analogy is depressingly clear between our failure to relate successfully to the Vietnamese and to the black people who comprise an "underdeveloped nation" within our own society. In both cases our behavior is racist in the true sense of opposing the overwhelming forces generated by a people's search for pride and identity. The price of our lack of perception is defeat abroad, and, if not corrected, may be the dissolution of society at home.

And then there is the military. Gen. David Shoup has spoken on this issue more convincingly than I ever could. Vietnam provides a case study of how inimical to the goals of the nation can be the individual self-interest of its soldiers. Colonel Patton may be a case in point. He received numerous decorations while pursuing unrelentingly the one major criterion by which a commander's performance is judged: the body count. He was able to make the appropriate public noises about the importance of civic action, but he was never more honest than the night he told his staff that "the present ratio of 90 per cent killing to 10 per cent pacification is just about right." In my experience, Patton was neither the best nor the worst of the military there. He is simply the product of the misbegotten and misguided idea that a single-minded dedication to destruction is to be highly rewarded. That he was unable to grasp the essentially political nature of the war is not surprising. What is surprising is that our society should expect its soldiers to function in a political role and believe them when they say they can.

My work with the Eleventh ACR was mainly in the area of medical civic action. Using the eight general medical officers and 200 enlisted medics assigned to the unit, we attempted to establish regular, frequent, medical visits to a limited number of rural villages. We also tried to provide evacuation of those people requiring surgery or hospitalization. In addition, attempts were made to attack some of the public health problems (personal hygiene, waste disposal) that were at the root of much of the disease we saw. Finally, efforts were made to involve Vietnamese health officials in immunization programs, dispensary building, and the like so that something would remain after we had gone. Success in all these areas was very modest. Some necessary surgery was done, many acute illnesses benefited from antibiotic therapy, and a start was made on long-term treatment of the numerous cases of tuberculosis we encountered. When I left, one dispensary was being built, which the government of Vietnam had promised to staff. Important to me was the *idea* our efforts represented and to which the Vietnamese responded: namely, that people from different cultures can relate successfully on the basis of mutual regard; that by offering our technical expertise the Vietnamese could help themselves. There is nothing original about this concept; ostensibly it underlies all U.S. "pacification" efforts. In reality, however, the idea is diluted in its application by the pervasive myth of American superiority, and the result is that civic action in the majority of instances I observed represented little more than patronizing handouts.

Meanwhile the war ground on. My views were well known in the unit. I felt, however, that my ability to influence events by individual persuasion was insignificant when the self-interest of everyone lay in the direction of more war, more death. Even the regimental chaplain endorsed the standing order of the unit when he prayed for "wisdom to find the bastards and the strength to pile on."

I finally felt I must protest. The occasion presented itself on Easter Sunday at the change of command ceremony for Colonel Patton, which was attended by General Abrams and some twenty other general officers. It was a true dance of death, with Patton recounting his successes and Abrams awarding him the Legion of Merit as "one of the my finest young commanders." As the ceremony concluded with the chaplain's benediction, I passed among the guests handing out copies of the enclosed prayer [see box], about two hundred in all.

The reaction was immediate. I was relieved of my duties and confined to my trailer for forty-eight hours. I then received a psychiatric evaluation (a routine preliminary to judicial action), and a formal investigation was performed. It was elected not to initiate court martial proceedings; instead I received a letter of reprimand and was transferred to the Ninety-Third Evacuation Hospital at Long Binh. I worked there in the emergency room for one month until the decision was made by the USARV commander to send me back to the U.S. as an "embarrassment to the command." A request from me that I be allowed to complete my tour at the Ninety-Third Evac was refused. I returned to the States on May 17. An amusingly ironic footnote to my expulsion was provided when, shorty before my departure, I was awarded (privately) the Bronze Star for an action that had occurred four months previously.

Upon my arrival in the U.S., I submitted my resignation stating my intent to speak out publicly—in or out of the military. Even though I had some four-and-a-half years of obligated service remaining, the Department of the Army elected to accept the resignation and I received a general discharge on July 17.

That in essence is my story. I tell it both in sorrow and with hope. I believe that this nation and its institutions are capable of better direction given better information. Mine was a limited view as is that of any one person; I make no claim to the whole truth, but this is what I saw.

—Gordon S. Livingston, M.D.,
Baltimore, Md.

The Blackhorse Prayer

(Composed by Dr. Livingston and distributed by him at ceremonies for Col. George S. Patton, III.)

God, our heavenly Father, hear our prayer. We acknowledge our shortcomings and ask thy help in being better soldiers for thee. Grant us, O Lord, those things we need to do thy work more effectively. Give us this day a gun that will fire 10,000 rounds a second, a napalm which will burn for a week. Help us to bring death and destruction wherever we go, for we do it in thy name and therefore it is meet and just. We thank thee for this war fully mindful that while it is not the best of all wars, it is better than no war at all. We remember that Christ said, "I came not to send peace, but a sword," and we pledge ourselves in all our works to be like Him. Forget not the least of thy children as they hide from us in the jungles; bring them under our merciful hand that we may end their suffering. In all things, O God, assist us, for we do our noble work in the knowledge that only with thy help can we avoid the catastrophe of peace which threatens us ever. All of which we ask in the name of thy son, George Patton. Amen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - *Richard L. Tobin*

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon
Harrison Brown • Charles Frankel
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Theodore C. Sorensen • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

A Nigerian Debate on Man

Watching our hotel television set in Lagos, Nigeria, we were fascinated by an hour-long program in which college students debated the proposition that the human race is decadent. The debate took the classical form, with prepared opening statements followed by rebuttals and counter-rebuttals, and with supporting statements by members of each team. What was especially striking to an American observer was the extent to which the evidence offered by both sides was drawn from life in the United States.

The Nigerian student who took the gloomy view of the human race was a tall, bespectacled, neatly dressed young man. He spoke about the personal tragedy in store for any leader who genuinely tried to upgrade the conditions of life, then referred to the assassinations of four men—John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Kenya's Tom Mboya. Any civilization that is unable to tolerate men of stature, he said, could only be considered decadent.

The young man proceeded to develop the theme that violence was the dominant characteristic of our time. He cited the large number of Nigerian television programs glorifying brutality or cruelty. I couldn't help noting that most of the programs were imported from the United States. He then said that most of the energies of mankind today were turned to the manufacture of weapons that could smash civilization beyond recognition or repair. He found it difficult to accept the argument that these weapons would never be used in actual warfare. He reminded his viewers that the United States had not hesitated to use atomic explosives even on a living target, not once but twice, when it was in its interest to do so. He also spoke about the great disparity of wealth in the world, pointing to the fact that 80 per cent of the world's goods was produced or owned by only 6 per cent of the world's peoples—again a reference to the United States.

The young man referred to the increased poisoning of the human environment. He spoke of millions of dead fish in the Rhine River and the Great Lakes to prove his point that man was unable to use his scientific knowledge in his own interest. He quoted from sociologists who warned it may be only a few years before all the oceans will be vast dead bodies of water unable to contribute any longer to the sustaining of life on land. He spoke of the mammoth automobile industries and the networks of highways as creating a perilous combination resulting in vast quantities of poisons in the air.

The television camera panned to the applauding studio audience as the young speaker observed that man reveals himself in his entertainment. He declared that the dominant entertainment tastes today were depraved, judging by motion pictures, plays, books and magazines. In particular, he spoke of Broadway plays in which men and women cavorted in total nudity and exploited each other's bodies, not excluding sexual intercourse on stage. He referred to the high divorce rates in many parts of the world, then quoted from research studies showing the prevalence of extramarital relations in the United States and elsewhere. All in all, he said, the preponderance of evidence was that our age was not merely decadent but downright degenerate.

The young man acknowledged the further applause of the studio audience and stepped down. His opponent, a lovely and attractively dressed young lady, came forward. She began by saying that at any given time in history it would be possible to point to any number of serious faults in the human record. But the general movement of history was forward. Man was not perfect but he was at least perfectible. Whatever his propensity for error, she declared, he had an unerring instinct for justice that was at least equal to his instinct for survival. Man's ability to define the right and his insistence on achieving it, even at fearsome cost, were his main tools in fashioning an ever-better life. She spoke of the inexorable process by which peoples liberated themselves from outside rule, beginning with the American Revolution of 1776 and extending to the national freedom movements in Africa today.

The young lady did not despair of man's ability to use his science for his own good. She felt that human intelligence was on the verge of its greatest victories; disease, ignorance, poverty, and venality would eventually all fall before it. Meanwhile, all humanity could exult over man's voyage to the moon, representing as it did the combined triumph of man's knowledge, technology, and spirit. She emphasized the expedition to the moon as offering proof of man's ability to meet any problem worth meeting.

The sense of affirmation was vibrant in everything she said and was reflected in the enthusiastic and frequent applause of the studio audience. It didn't take the judges very long to

(*Continued on page* 54)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Concept in Black Capitalism

THERE IS an inconsistency in logic in one of Howard Samuels's statements in "How to Even the Odds" [*SR*, Aug. 23], which, upon second thought, I think he will agree can be challenged on a factual basis. He writes: "There aren't many graduates of Harvard Business School among minority businessmen. They need expert management assistance to get over the first hurdles of entrepreneurship." In the first place, his statement about the Harvard Business School seems to imply that its program is of value in the process of learning the conceptual foundations of effective management. But then, in apparent contradiction, he writes that "management assistance can't come from college professors or government bureaucrats," but "must come from experienced businessmen."

Secondly, there are many illustrations of programs developed by colleges and universities (some co-sponsored by the Small Business Administration itself) designed to assist in improving management performance in small businesses. One of the more successful of these programs, developed through the cooperative efforts of the American University School of Business Administration and the appliance industry (especially its retail association, NARDA), recently completed its 15th annual program in Washington, D.C. While this program includes on its faculty experienced businessmen (such as Harry Price, Jr., from Norfolk), it is heavily dependent upon college professors, including Dean Nathan A. Baily of the American University and Professor William R. Davidson of Ohio State University.

Unless we are willing to admit that there is no conceptual basis for the study of business, then the view expressed above by Mr. Samuels is not valid. The theoretical foundations of business administration can be learned "on the job" —as is true of medicine, law, engineering, etc.—but we must take cognizance of the fact that conceptual ideas in such fields as management, marketing, finance, accounting, and similar areas of study can be learned in the classroom, and can be transmitted by college professors as well as so-called government bureaucrats.

MARTIN LEE KING,
Professor of Economics,
University of Tennessee,
Nashville, Tenn.

Nietzsche on National Security

READING THE disturbing, discouraging lead article "The Myth of MIRV," the editorial "The Fiendish Vials," and the book review "Absurdity and Common Sense: Coping with Nuclear Weapons" [*SR*, Aug. 30], I was reminded of Nietzsche's observation on national security so appropriate to our time:

> And perhaps the great day will come when a people, distinguished by wars and victories and by the highest development of a military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifices for these things, will exclaim of its own free will, "We break the sword," and will smash its entire military establishment down to its lowest foundations. *Rendering oneself unarmed when one has been the best-armed*, out of height of feeling—that is the means to real peace, which must always rest on a peace of mind. . . . Rather perish than hate and fear, and *twice rather perish than make oneself hated and feared*—this must someday become the highest maxim for every single commonwealth, too.
> —*The Wanderer and His Shadow* (1880).

Noteworthily, the italics in these remarks are Nietzsche's own.

DOUGLAS A. HUGHES,
Assistant Professor of English,
Washington State University,
Pullman, Wash.

Brain Drain: Escape Hatch?

REGARDING NURI EREN'S "Supply, Demand, and the Brain Drain" [*SR*, Aug. 2] I should like to object to his statement: "The time is ripe for international regulation of trained talent." The world is full of interesting places and interesting people; every place is home and family and friends to someone. Some of the so-called brain drain, however, is caused by people who wish to escape from home and family and friends. Should these people, who seek escape, be sent back?

If a student is attracted by the glamor, challenge, and excitement of nuclear physics, should he be sent back to an area that can't possibly support a nuclear research facility? Should a student who has obvious mechanical talents and interests be required to major in animal husbandry? If a man decides his education does not give him adequate social status at home, should he be required to return to his home and suffer what he considers social humiliation?

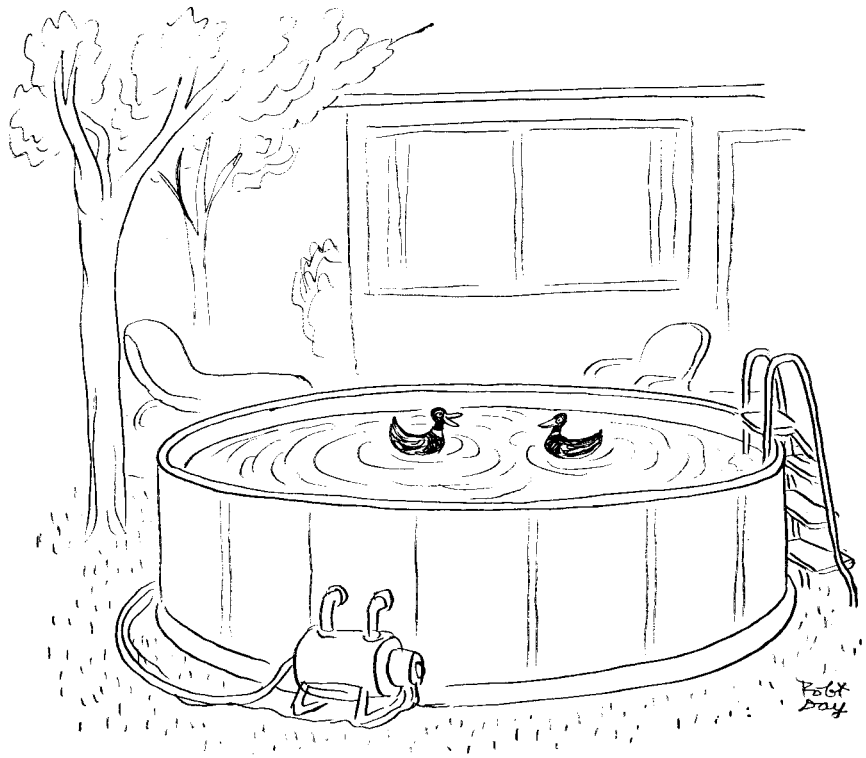
If a local area values medical, pharmaceutical, educational, or technical training sufficiently, the area will have less difficulty in sending students to study who will be dedicated to bringing their knowledge and ability home to help family and friends. Nothing can be more deadly or painful than an indifferent doctor who doesn't want to be where he is. International regulation can't improve this.

MELVIN W. JACKSON,
Pocatello, Idaho

Geographical Technicality

THE COASTAL resort town of Maratea below Naples in Southern Italy is all that Michael Berry says it is and more [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Aug. 23]. But it isn't in Calabria, as Mr. Berry writes. It is located in the region just north of Calabria: beautiful Basilicata, or Lucania. The mountain area around Castelmezzano in central Basilicata can rightfully be called "the Dolomites of the South."

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,
Social Studies Department,
Augusta Preparatory School,
Augusta, Ga.



"Well, it's better than the polluted lakes and rivers if you can stand the chlorine and fluoride."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

Henry Hewes

A Fair Beginning

VICTORIA, B.C.

THE MOST RECENT development in theater festivals is Victoria Fair, which for seven summer weeks has enlivened this staid Canadian resort city. The festival of three play revivals, one experimental drama, and fifteen musical recitals was created and organized by the six-year-old University of Victoria, whose board of governors approved its modest $50,000 budget last April. The reasons for this approval were obvious. The nearby Vancouver Festival had gone out of existence, leaving the area with no significant summer cultural activity. But more important still was the need for the fine arts department faculty and students to have an opportunity to participate in such a stimulating and creative exercise.

The responsibility for the theater portion of Victoria Fair was most heavily felt by Ralph Allen, youthful head of the university's drama department, and the university's theater design professor, Robert Cothran. With a painfully short time of three months between approval and opening night of the three plays to be performed in rotating repertory, they set out to achieve a result that would have to measure up to international standards, but that would not be simply an importing of outside talent and ideas. For although successfully entertaining Victoria's million-and-a-half summer visitors was desirable and could be the motive for future subsidy from both government and private sources, Allen and Fine Arts Department Dean Peter Garvie saw that the fair's value to the university would be measured by the extent of their department's participation in it. To obtain and hold the best faculty and students, a new university must offer maximum opportunities for exciting creative expressivity.

Accordingly, Allen chose to combine the talents of his faculty and students with those of a few professionals whose work he knew. One of the latter, Christopher Newton, the well-known Canadian actor, agreed to appear in *Hamlet*. Another Canadian, Neil Munro, was signed to play Laertes in the same play and Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*. And from the United States, Allen brought Richard Galuppi to play Polonius and Shylock as well as Orgon in Moliere's *Tartuffe*. From his own faculty came Carl Hare, to play the title role in *Tartuffe*, John Krich (Claudius, Gratiano, Cleante), and others. Students were given both leading and supporting roles. And, of course, the scenery and costumes were designed and built by the department's staff.

"Briefly stated, our problem is how to raise enough phoney-liberal money to defeat phoney liberalism!"

Unfortunately, this writer did not see *Hamlet*, which was generally considered to be the best of the three productions. However, Victoria Fair's *Tartuffe* will do quite well as a representative sample of what was achieved here this summer. Choosing Miles Malleson's mainly prose version of the play because he didn't want the difference in skill between students and professionals to be as apparent as it might have been had they all been attempting the rhymed couplets of Richard Wilbur's marvelous translation, Allen and his co-director, Wandalie Henshaw, approached the comedy in a spirit of playfulness that was dazzlingly reinforced by Robert Cothran's ornate but thrustingly aggressive setting.

From the beginning it was apparent that fun, vigor, and speed would dominate the evening, at the expense of a certain amount of style and profundity. Yet, it was all executed so well and performed with such relish, that it became a delicious feast of comic excursions. Richard Galuppi set up the character of Orgon uproariously. Immediately we recognized that here was a deluded householder caught up in the fashion of endorsing religious zeal with more evangelistic reverence than ordained practitioners usually employ. Furthermore, we eagerly awaited each confrontation in which Orgon could respond to a more and more absurd test of his newly adopted obsession. Carl Hare's Tartuffe had fun with the character's transparent hypocrisies, and at the same time provided a smugly assured self-confidence that shrieked to be punctured. Indeed, at one moment he serenely cracked nuts while being furiously excoriated.

Ordinarily, one might object to the production's frequent superimposition of such tangential comic interplay. However, here one welcomed it, because it was always carried out without skipping a beat, and because it was in the spirit of a production in which the professional, semiprofessional, and student performances so nicely blended that we were not aware of their heterogeneity.

In general, Victoria Fair's initial season has been much more successful than anyone expected it would be, with three-quarters of the budget being paid back from box-office earnings. The challenge ahead is not simply to repeat this success annually, but, with the longer planning period made possible by a September approval from the board of governors, to assess special strengths and talents, and to begin a trial-and-error exploitation of them that will ultimately permit Victoria Fair to fulfill most distinguishedly its creative theater identity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing
the first altogether new Lincoln Continental in nearly a decade.

For 1970, America's most distinguished motorcar introduces a new measure of room and luxury.

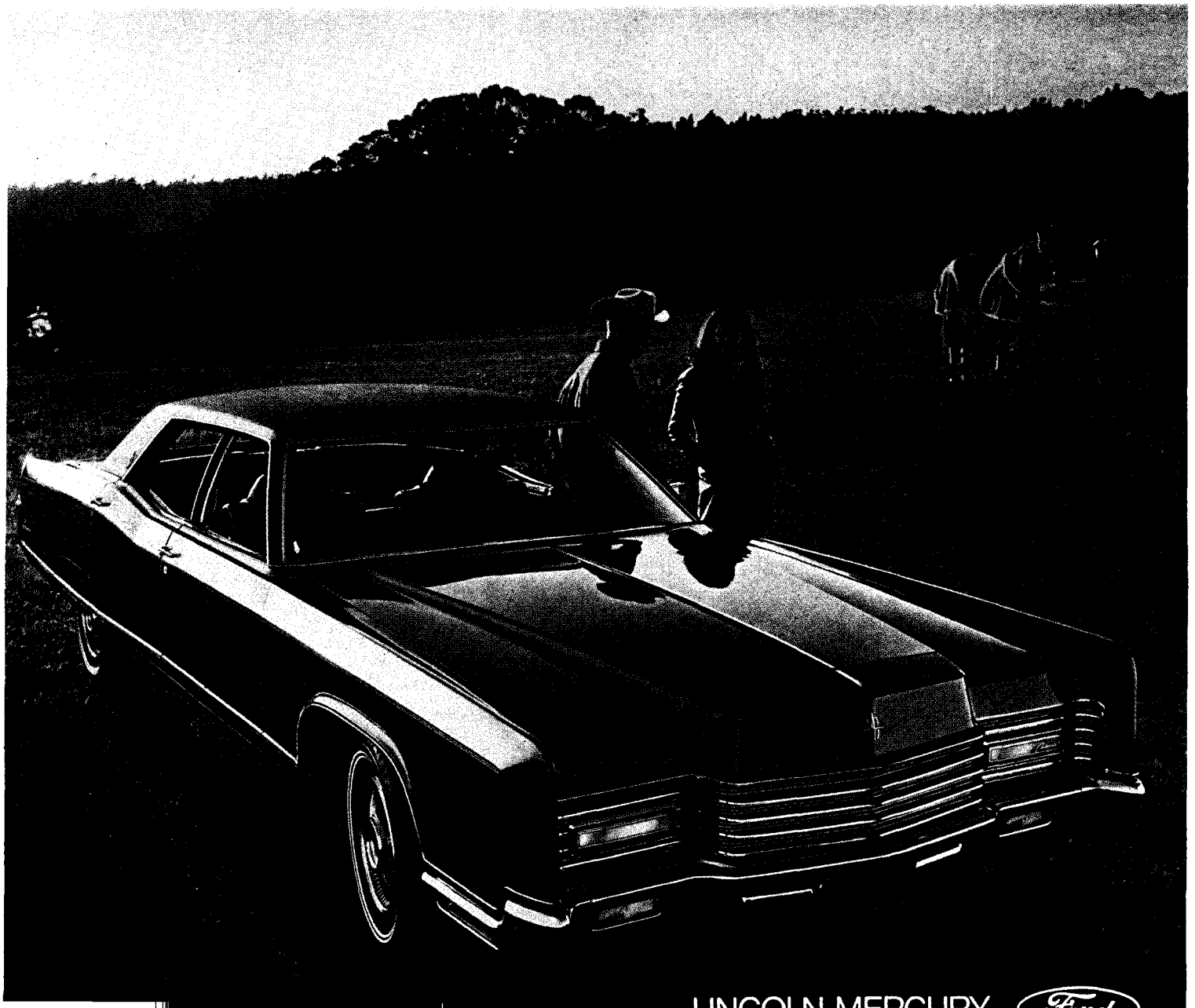
The new Lincoln Continental is unusual among luxury cars; the rear seat is as roomy as the front seat. The ride is smoother and more substantial because the wheelbase is longer and the stance is wider.

Power front disc brakes are standard. And you may wish to consider Sure-Track, the remarkable new computer-controlled anti-skid braking system.

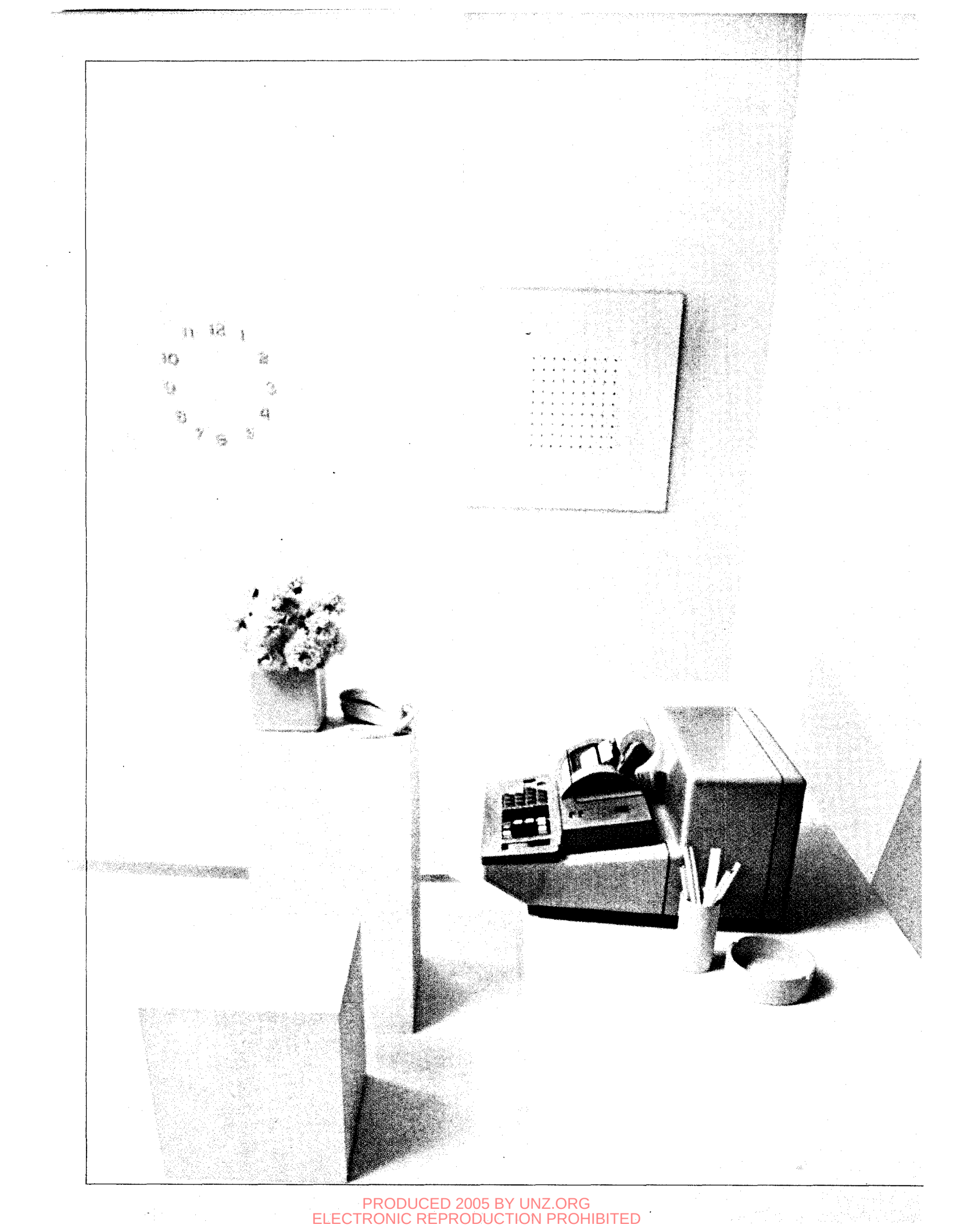
Flow-Thru, a new ventilation system, circulates fresh air through the car even with the windows closed.

Yet for all its advances, Lincoln Continental retains the uniquely individual qualities that have always distinguished this car from all other luxury cars.

For 1970, the altogether new Lincoln Continental is, as always, every inch a Continental.

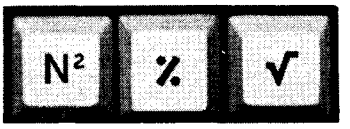


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

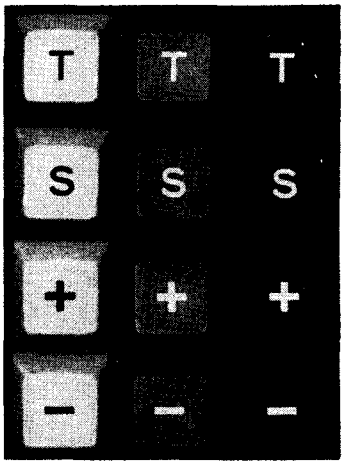


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Compare the Logos 328 with
any electronic printing calculator.
Logos 328 has the highest capacity.
It prints up to 22 digits. And it calculates in
milliseconds. About as quick as a wink.
Logos 328 has the fewest control keys.
Tap one key for square root. Another
for percentage mark-up or mark-down.
A third to raise a number to a power.
It's satisfyingly simple to use.



The Olivetti Logos 328: an electronic calculator that does more than just print.



Logos 328 has the most registers,
six in all. It can hold on to
intermediate results. And recall
them automatically. It cuts
big problems down to size.
Logos 328 can solve your calculating
problems. Look us up in the Yellow Pages
under "Adding & Calculating Machines."

olivetti

Logos 328. Actual size: 15" x 10-1/2" x 18-2/3" deep. 115 volts AC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW! SHOPPING INTERNATIONAL's
56-page Fall Magazine-Catalog

Over 600
Gifts from
30 Countries

NOW...
20 pages
in glorious
Full Color

Take a fascinating around-the-world tour — from the leisurely comfort of your home — and see the finest handicrafts of the world.

This fall we take a trip to Scandinavia for crystal, pewter, teak and Christmas inspirations. Then on to Italy, Austria and Germany for an exciting array of leather, Florentine wood, steins and music boxes. Shop India for its silks, ivory and exotic jewelry. Mexico for its fiesta of colorful tin. Unusual selections from Japan, Hong Kong and Taiwan also await you. Each item is a masterpiece of craftsmanship in the tradition of its country.

To take this tour send 25¢ for our new 56-page catalog with hundreds of new handicraft items from $1.00 to $100.00.

SHOPPING
INTERNATIONAL, INC.
918 Shopping International Bldg.
Norwich, Vermont 05055

SLIM,
DISCREET
INSTANT BREATH
PROTECTION
IN YOUR POCKET.

Binaca®
CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH SPRAY

Cooperate
With the Zip Code Program
Of the Post Office Department
Use Zip Code Numbers
In All Addresses

SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

The Old Refrain

IS IT BASE HERESY to suggest that the Western film has begun to wear out its long-standing welcome? Merely to raise the question is to impugn one of Hollywood's cardinal articles of faith, which holds that the Western represents an art form of manifest durability, susceptible to an infinitude of variation, and favored with an everlasting grip on our mythic sensitivities. There comes a point, however, at which even the most fecund formula succumbs to the law of diminishing returns, and though the patrons are still queuing to buy tickets, it is time to question whether the Western may not be reaching a dead end.

Am I the only one who now stifles a yawn when the horses go clattering down a lovely, lonely valley and the potbellied locomotive goes chugging across a perilous trestle? Is there no one else who would willingly forego the sight of another dusty frontier street, with its mandatory bank, bordello, and bar? Or who has encountered enough charming outlaws and devoted sheriffs to last a lifetime?

These unwholesome—indeed, blasphemous—thoughts are occasioned by the appearance of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, which is having its world premiere next week, amid much academic folderol, at Yale University. As Westerns go, it is extraordinarily good. William Goldman's script rings some witty changes on the ancient theme of banditry versus society, and the title roles are played with engaging skill by Paul Newman and Robert Redford. But its very excellences—its literate dialogue, splendid photography, imaginative cutting—serve to make this viewer more acutely aware than ever of the Western's growing limitations.

This time the dramatis personae are rooted in historical reality. Butch Cassidy and his crack-shot accomplice were engaged in the standard Western thieveries during the frontier's declining years, then decamped for Bolivia, where they continued in similar vein until their demise at the hands of the Bolivian militia in 1909. Goldman catches them as they approach middle age, no longer wholly content with their life, but unable to break loose from the habit of grand larceny. This allows him to endow them with a quizzical, amused objectivity about their lifework that makes for some adroit patter on screen, if not for total credibility. The tone is set early in the picture as Butch and Sundance go clattering down that lovely, lonely valley. "Y'know, every time I see Hole-in-the-Wall again," Butch exclaims, surveying a scene of magnificent desolation, "it's like seeing it fresh for the very first time . . . and whenever that happens I ask myself the same question: how can I be so damn stupid as to keep coming back here?"

Needless to say, Paul Newman delivers this sort of jab with his customary twinkling urbanity, but eventually the device of setting up a cliché situation for a verbal anticlimax begins to wear a little thin. Also, one is hard put to believe that the real-life Butch and Sundance could have had much in common with the suave affability of Newman and Redford. Among the film's minor delights are a droll performance by George Furth as Mr. E. H. Harriman's devoted train guard, some lilting theme music by Burt Bacharach, and a lovely sequence of sepia stills limning the palmy days of New York when its heart was young and gay.

Another formula film fallen on evil days is that of the intricately planned robbery that works like a charm until some maladroit turn of events robs the robbers of their hard-earned booty at the end of the last reel. It was great fun for a while to be silent accomplices of these crafty brigands as they hatched their complex schemes, and then to laugh with them as the prize slipped away, but the conceit can withstand only so many repetitions.

The Italian Job is neither the best nor the worst of the genre. In it some nervy English crooks attempt to rob the Italians of $4-million worth of gold by tying up the city of Turin in a monumental traffic jam at the very moment when the bullion is en route to the bank. Noel Coward masterminds the operation from the safety of his London prison cell and Michael Caine supervises on the spot. Not surprisingly, in view of the utter mindlessness of the enterprise, Caine goes through the motions with hazy detachment. At the very end, with the gold almost over the mountains and safe in Switzerland, we have an updated version of the tottering cabin scene in Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*—only not one jot so funny.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of "The French: Portrait of a People," by Sanche de Gramont (Putnam, 479 pp., $7.95)

France as Faulted by an Ambivalent Son

by LEWIS GALANTIERE

Sanche de Gramont seems to be in a predicament. A grandson of a duke whose forebears greatly served Louis XIV, the author of this very personal book was, like Alfred de Musset's Rolla, "born too late in a world too old." Maturing in the 1950s, when the royalist cause was stone dead, he was without the lodestar by which his caste was still guided at the beginning of the century when Proust was immortalizing its disintegration. On the other hand, having spent twenty years—more than half his life—in the United States, attending Yale and Columbia universities, then learning his trade as journalist during a decade on the staff of a great New York daily and of our oldest national weekly (both now defunct), he appears to have substituted, for traditional loyalty to the *ancien régime*, democracy "in the Anglo-Saxon or American sense" as the measure by which to judge French institutions. The influence of his American experience, however, remains rational and external. What we may call his race memory, together with his French secondary education—the decisive factor in a Frenchman's intellectual formation—and his military service as a young conscript, have left him instinctively and emotionally French to the core of his being. Despite his remarkable command of the American idiom, only a Frenchman could have written this book.

The result is a valiantly confused work. Mr. de Gramont cannot shake off a nostalgic feeling for the *ancien régime*. He calls Voltaire "the shopkeeper's philosopher" and believes mistakenly that Voltaire was anti-monarchic. Yet he is as critical of monarchical as of republican régimes. Like Voltaire, he is anti-doctrinaire, a defender of the individual against the state, of free thought and expression; but, though moved by private prejudices and engaged in a one-man war against what he finds detestable in the France of his times, de Gramont is more wide-ranging than Voltaire in his efforts to place the blame where, in his view, it belongs.

His good faith is plain. He puts all the régimes since the Revolution of 1789 into the same sack—the five republics, three monarchies, two Napoleonic empires. All were false to their trust: "Every French régime has treated its constitution as a dispensable scrap of paper." At the same time, Mr. de Gramont scrupulously notes that even the hateful Jacobins had some merit. The Third Republic "gave the nation basic freedoms" and was able to survive grave crises including "the right-wing threat in the Thirties." Léon Blum's Popular Front government introduced "the most important social legislation France had known." Mendès-France, who governed briefly in 1954, "was able to end the Indochina war and enact sound economic measures."

Altogether, this book, undertaken upon the author's return to France following a prolonged absence, is in some part the book of a Frenchman in search of himself.

Seeking to illustrate and support its arguments from the whole of French history, the book, which was written in English for the American market, is so crowded with passing allusions to little-known persons, places, events and assorted phenomena that an American (possessing school French) will want to have at hand the historical and biographical pages of the *Petit*

LEWIS GALANTIERE, born in the United States, was educated in France and has for many years written on all facets of French literature and society.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

31 **"The French: Portrait of a People,"** by Sanche de Gramont

34 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

35 **The Publishing Scene,** by David Dempsey

36 **"The Fifth Column and Four Stories of the Spanish Civil War,"** by Ernest Hemingway

37 **"The Promise,"** by Chaim Potok

38 **"Califfa,"** by Alberto Bevilacqua

39 **"Supergrow: Essays and Reports on Imagination in America,"** by Benjamin DeMott

40 **"Winning's a Lot More Fun,"** by Stephen C. Shadegg

42 **"Dearest Mama: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Crown Princess of Prussia, 1861-1864,"** edited by Roger Fulford; **"The Empress Brown: The True Story of a Victorian Scandal,"** by Tom Cullen; **"Victoria in the Highlands: The Personal Journal of Her Majesty Queen Victoria,"** edited by David Duff

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Larousse—though even it will not, for example, date *la Belle Epoque* or explain the *Chambre bleu horizon*. Secondly, the book takes the form of an insistent, argumentative monologue into which the author has emptied pell-mell the whole bag of his industrious, sometimes fascinating, unsystematic research, bewildering the reader with fragments from different epochs within the same few pages until, too often, the thread of his discourse is lost. Finally, one will early discover that this book is not really addressed to Americans but is in fact a lecture read to the French—on their false conception of themselves born of their clinging to a mythical past, on the principal "traumas" that account for their checkered and turbulent history since 1789, and on miscellaneous aspects of their way of life.

The false-conception line is nothing but the truth. The nineteenth-century romantic-patriotic historians (Michelet is the arch-villain) did impose the myth of *la belle France*, a mystical being "modeled by the finger of God" 2,000 years ago, in whom were miraculously fused a blessed national territory and a homogeneous race, neither of which actually came into existence until 1,500 years later, after wars and conquests had assembled them more or less. This myth led to an intensification of the sense of nationalism and the fervor of patriotism first preached by the Revolution of 1789. We are told that from the revolutionary Jacobins to de Gaulle all French leaders, all French movements, of the Right as well as of the Left, have followed these false gods. All have held up to the people the notion of an Immortal France, "always victorious in adversity," a nation that did not have "a future in the ordinary sense" but "a destiny"; and that had, besides, a "mission" to carry altruistically its superior civilization to other peoples.

It is true that nothing like this had been known before 1789—though Montesquieu was able to write fifty years earlier of "this passion which the French nation has for glory." In the age of Louis XIV the peasant knew that he had a king in Paris, but not that he was French: he was Limousin, Norman, Breton or whatever. To the nobility France was their estates. Mme. de Sévigné wrote to her daughter (I translate from memory): "You will laugh when you hear what Mme. de Lafayette and I have been doing. We have been reading the history of France! We thought it absurd that we should know everything about the Romans and nothing about our own families."

But though the lesson is sound, it is of no avail, for reason is (happily) powerless against myth, and no people can survive without its mythology. Mr. de Gramont is unable to keep the language of this myth out of his own demonstration of its falsity. One example: "The first French [sic] achievement, from the time the Gauls grew wheat and [skipping a dozen centuries] Cistercian monks cleared the forests, . . . was a workable rural society." And he goes on to argue that what this inspired was "a mystique not so much of land as of property" and that we have in this 2,000-year-old phenomenon the explanation why today "Every Frenchman's dream is to own a corner of France."

The myth may, very probably, be charged with the defeat of Napoleon III by the Prussians, and with the reckless revanchist fervor with which the French went into the War of 1914-18 and emerged with the loss of an entire generation—1,390,000 dead. Even so, I who believe that the moon exists for lovers, and for dogs to bay at, believe also that France does have "a destiny"; that 900 years of achievement in every field of human endeavor — four times the life-span of the glory that was Greece, twice the life-span of the grandeur that was Rome — justify this mythical faith.

Mr. de Gramont dates the "traumas" from that supreme "national disaster" the Revolution of 1789. The Revolution eliminated such intermediary authorities as had existed between the state and the people, however attenuated. It established revolution as "the normal process of political change." It "perfected a human type which sees change as apocalyptic, politics in terms of plot and counterplot, and administration in terms of repression." The Revolution generated a notion of patriotism which "requires traitors who must be punished" and of which the author sees examples in the executions by the Communards in the Paris Commune of 1871, the slaughter of the Communards by Thiers's provisional government of that year, and the purges carried out by the Resistance groups in 1944-45. He is not wrong to conclude that in France "there has been more continuity despite revolution than change through revolution."

The second of Mr. de Gramont's principal theses charges that the radical flaw in the history and fate of the French people is to be found in the centralization of power at Paris (with never any yielding of self-rule to the provinces), through a national administration organized by Richelieu around the year 1622, consolidated by Louis XIV, seized upon and continued by the Jacobins of 1789, and codified and enduringly imposed by the first Napoleon. Under the Third Republic, for all of its freedoms, centralization continued unabated. Nobody will quarrel with the author's assertion that to this day the approval of the Ministry of the Interior has to be obtained before the roof of a town hall can be repaired.

With the Third Republic (1875-1940) came, moreover, the reign of the career politician, the notorious jockeying for position, the revolving-door cabinets. "Political instability," the author says shrewdly, "does not weaken the state [the administrative corps], it strengthens it.... French political practice does not resist but encourages *étatisme* . . . either by creating a vacuum of authority" into which the bureaucracy flows, or by "using the state apparatus to

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

CHRISTEN THE HERO

In all these titles the author of the book or play gives just the surname of the leading character. Carl E. Walker of St. Mary's City, Md., suggests that you supply each given name from the list provided. Confirm your guesses on page 50.

1. *The Admirable Crichton* ( )
2. *Babbitt* ( )
3. *Demian* ( )
4. *Doctor Zhivago* ( )
5. *Frankenstein* ( )
6. *The Great Gatsby* ( )
7. *Gulliver's Travels* ( )
8. *Little Dorrit* ( )
9. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* ( )
10. *Madame Bovary* ( )
11. *Mr. Midshipman Easy* ( )
12. *Mrs. Dalloway* ( )
13. *Nostromo* ( )
14. *Oblomov* ( )
15. *Pendennis* ( )
16. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* ( )
17. *Swann's Way* ( )
18. *Waverley* ( )

a. Amy
b. Arthur
c. Cedric Errol
d. Charles
e. Clarissa
f. David
g. Edward
h. Emma
i. George F.
j. Giovanni
k. Ilya Ilyich
l. John ("Jack")
m. Jay
n. Lemuel
o. Max
p. Victor
q. William
r. Yurii

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stifle political life, as [de Gaulle's] Fifth Republic has done." In the sense that France has never known a true separation of powers—executive, legislative, judiciary—she has never known "Anglo-Saxon or American" democracy.

In the sixty pages entitled "The Ship of State" Mr. de Gramont exposes the ways in which centralization constrains personal liberty and the scope within which private social and economic groups may act. He deals with the bureaucratic method and mind, the interconnection between police and law courts in a land where habeas corpus is unknown, bail is rarely allowed, three judges are present when a jury deliberates, the right of appeal is limited, one-third (17,500 men) of the police force is made up of riot commandos, a special court hears cases of offense against the state; and where labor and management are powerless to bargain together; where leadership in the civil service and in great enterprise is drawn from a separate sector of the government-operated educational system (*les grandes écoles*) with the result that an "incestuous" relationship exists between the two élites. Written with great perception, clarity and vigor, this section is the most important contribution to our knowledge made in *The French.*

This is perhaps the place to mention the author's views about the French Communist Party, which he says, in sum, is the only authentic political opposition, a failure as a pressure group, rigorously bureaucratic though "revisionist" rather than orthodox, and supported by 20 per cent of the small farmers, who constitute a kind of rural "proletariat." The sclerosis of organized labor is illustrated by a statement made in May 1968 by the secretary general of the CGT, the largest federation and "under Communist tutelage": "We are faithful to the principles of the Congress of Limoges"—which took place in 1895 and ordained that the organization would hold itself aloof from politics.

Mr. de Gramont's liveliest pages treat of the non-governmental élite commonly called "intellectuals," who in France (the author does not add) are made up largely of men of letters and all but exclude those brainworkers who are unable to attract public notice by a display of literary talent. In a sub-chapter called "Descartes," after the philosopher who introduced into the educational system the orderly dissection of problems into their components, Mr. de Gramont is relaxed: he does not lecture and is not too often tempted to display his gift of total recall. On de Gaulle as Cartesian, the author is very funny, and on the "attraction of extremes" of Right and Left, witty and full of sense.

He gives far too much space to Descartes's career and metaphysical ideas, but once he has delivered himself of the quip "Literature is to the French what the playing fields of Eton are to the English" (elsewhere it is "Admiration for their classics is the French form of ancestor worship") Mr. de Gramont is free to make his central point. As Thibaudet was perhaps not the first to perceive, Voltaire and Diderot instituted the tradition of "writers who set themselves up as thinkers and concerned themselves with current events. . . . Literature viewed as a struggle led to the idea that the writer had a mandate to watch over the moral and cultural values of the nation." In time (unmistakably in our own day) they came to sit in judgment on governments, parties, movements, private persons, foreign as well as French. They have the virtue of defending liberty and humane institutions but are not always quite so anxious about freedom of thought and expression for their ideological adversaries. They also heat and mislead the public mind by giving vent eloquently to their moral indignation concerning matters about which they are often willfully ignorant—an activity in which a respectful daily press abets them.

When Mr. de Gramont says that it was over the Dreyfus Case (1894-99) that French intellectuals first divided between Left and Right, he forgets de Bonald and de Maistre on the royalist side a century earlier. When he writes that "there are no revolutionary French intellectuals" because many take teaching posts in the government-operated universities, and a few solicit seats in the Académie Française, he emits the kind of peremptory dictum that is far too often thrown out in this book. A message from our author: "When the [U.S.] federal treasury puts Whitman and Hawthorne on the 5- and 10-dollar bills and names a street in Washington after William Faulkner" it will begin to match a nation where banknotes show the effigies of Pasteur, Racine, Molière, Corneille and Voltaire [he overlooks Hugo]: and where, in Paris, there are 50 statues erected to poets, 37 to other writers, and only twelve to politicians and five to kings."

Two subjects treated at perhaps excessive length for American readers are colonialism and the military. Colonialism is viewed as another failure of the myth of France's "mission." Colonies were acquired for prestige (a self-sufficient France had no need of them) until it discovered in the War of 1914-18 that 700,000 black and brown troops were a godsend.

If on the military, and in particular the successive general staffs since 1914,

"If it pleases your majesty, your suit is back from the cleaner."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. de Gramont writes with ferocity, he is content with the fact that today the military are no longer the successful pressure group they once were, but are "domesticated," their glamour gone, and with no "military-industrial complex" to support them. France has not even the hereditary German enemy to put troops in the field against. Here the pages on the Indochina war and the Algerian affair are of interest, and the author's position on de Gaulle's nuclear ambition should be reported: "Which is the real world power? Japan, which has no *force de frappe*, no army to speak of, no world diplomacy or pronouncements on international politics . . . or France with its atomic bomb, its . . ."

Mr. de Gramont has sought to put together a necessarily selective "encyclopedia" made up of high-spirited notes and essays running from three to about forty pages, founded on astonishingly wide reading, the intuitions of a rapid and agile intelligence, the recklessness of a writer for whom second thoughts do not exist, and a courageous indifference to the official notion of what anybody, French or foreign, may permit himself to write about France. (The author also vents some private spite and tells a few wholly tasteless barracks room stories.) If he hasn't it already, this book is unlikely to win de Gramont the common reward of conformism—the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

He is not tender to "The Universal Tongue." Nobody will object to his making fun of what the Académie Française has become, but of no help to anyone is his assault on the language itself, its "impoverished" vocabulary, "superfluous" grammatical tenses, and excessive "homonyms" (he means homophones) — this last is as silly as if English were condemned on the antiphony of *dough, through, plough, rough.*

Throughout, Mr. de Gramont has made clear his distaste for the bourgeoisie, specifically the bourgeoisie of means and social pretensions. It is its *politesse* (external and not of the heart) at which he sneers; its wit he uses to illustrate an inadequate paper on *esprit*. Except for passing references to the peasants and the workers (the latter with particular sympathy, since they are in the forefront of many social problems), and except also for a "little anthology" of the language of the man-in-the-Paris-street, so ineptly translated that it fails to come off, the close-ups of his "portrait of a people" do not paint the soul of the common folk. The bourgeoisie is his model for the piece on the Frenchwoman (as mistress, as prudent calculator with

(*Continued on page* 38)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Moby hyphen Dick

WHAT WERE ALL THOSE HYPHENS doing in the piece about Melville by Hennig Cohen [*SR*, Aug. 16]? Every time the title *Moby Dick* was mentioned there was a hyphen in it. There were also hyphens in *The Confidence Man* and *White Jacket*. (Why not *The Scarlet-Letter* and *Huckleberry-Finn*, also mentioned in the piece?)

Then, mysteriously, when Moby Dick was referred to in roman type, instead of italics, at the very end, the hyphen evaporated. What arcane connection does *SR*, or Hennig Cohen, or both, see between italics and the hyphen?

RICHARD-HANSER,
Larchmont, N.Y.

THE HYPHENS THAT TROUBLE Richard-Hanser are there because Melville or his copy-editor (or is it copyeditor or copy editor?) put them there following a stylistic convention that today is not always observed. A convention that we often observe is to italicize book titles (*Moby-Dick*) but not proper names (Moby Dick), again following Melville. I can't provide enlightenment on the evaporation of the hyphen in the proper name or its absence from *The Scarlet Letter* or *Huckleberry Finn*.

HENNIG COHEN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Who Is Ungenerous?

HARVEY COX'S REVIEW of Malcolm Muggeridge's *Jesus Rediscovered* [*SR*, Aug. 30] is, in his own words, "not very generous. It is ill-tempered and cranky. It is lacking in love, short on hope, and almost completely devoid of charity." Clearly, he should not have been chosen to review it.

ANNIS COX,
Stanford, Calif.

WOULD HARVEY COX PREFER the author to be permissive, euphoric, and blandly tolerant? The prophets, the saints, and Jesus were even more cantankerous than Muggeridge, and they were so precisely because they did love.

Muggeridge may be mistaken in much that he says, but this kind of book comes only from one who is deeply committed to his fellow men. The current fetish for the wide-open mind, agreeably accommodating everything it apprehends, leads only to apathy in the face of mass cruelties.

J. R. GROUNDWATER,
Chicago, Ill.

I FOUND THE TITLE ESSAY in *Jesus Rediscovered* the most stimulating, challenging, yes and *moving, confessio* since Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings*. (To be sure, the two are utterly different in character and quality but each is a ruthlessly candid self-disclosure of the inmost soul of an able and influential Man of Today.) True, the rest of Muggeridge's 200 pages are verbose, repetitive, often exaggerated, sometimes irritating; but the first fifty pages, by themselves, are worth the price.

When will *SR* lead the way back—or, better, onward—to a mode of book reviewing committed to giving the reader a reliable and balanced précis of what the author is trying to say with a judicious appraisal of his success, rather than a blast of the reviewer's self-esteem?

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN,
Sorrento, Me.

I LIKED MR. COX'S REVIEW.

What hits me as most ironic about religiosity as Malcolm Muggeridge seems to see it, with some emphasis on anti-sex, is that his own writing, not too long ago, was criticized because of the lip-smacking way sex was treated, as in his book reviews for *Esquire*.

JOSEPH GANCHER,
Albany, N.Y.

I WAS GLAD TO READ in Harvey Cox's review that one of the old men he relies on includes A. J. Mussle, but I resent his failing to mention A. J. Mussle's partner, Richard M. Cockle. Surely he is aware that he can *really* rely on the team of Cockle and Mussle, alive alive oh!

DOROTHY PERSICO,
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR should have realized that Mr. Cox's A. J. Mussle was a typographical error for A. J. Muste.*

Annals, Pro and Con

I AGREE with John N. Deely, who was confused [Book Forum, Aug. 30], about two separate and conflicting reviews of *The Annals of America* in *SR*. The least that is owing to your readers is a clear explanation of the reason for the two reviews. Also, I hope you agree your readers are entitled to know where the editors themselves stand.

HERBERT ROGGE,
Kansas City, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Rogge is referring to a short review by David M. Glixon as part of our semiannual roundup of reference works (SR, May 17) and to a longer review of the same work by Daniel Boorstin (SR, Aug. 9). Mr. Glixon wrote a highly favorable account of the "Annals," describing it as a "monumental" contribution that "will probably turn out to be the most significant reference work of the year." Professor Boorstin was severely critical, finding the work fragmentary and poorly selected. He questioned the representative nature of the selections.*

It is not uncommon for conflicting opinions on a work to appear in SR; indeed,

(*Continued on page* 86)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

The French Challenge—or, Larousse answers J. J. Servan-Schreiber—could be the message brought by the latest foreign publisher to hoist its colors in New York since Rizzoli of Milan established a beachhead at 56th Street and Fifth Avenue a few years ago.

The Rizzoli International Bookstore is a showcase not only for publications of the parent company but for those of its competitors—chiefly the art book houses—throughout Europe and America. Larousse, located ten blocks south in a seven-story building formerly occupied by Irish Aer Lingus, makes no such concessions. *Ici on parle français*, although for the moment the store will concentrate on Larousse publications in Spanish. (Figure that out.) The first thing the firm did was to throw up some barricades. "We wanted to remind people of Paris," declared Etienne Meyer, vice president of Librairie Larousse USA. This month the barricades come down and the books go in, replacing Irish travel posters.

We talked with Mr. Meyer, who told us that Larousse is already entrenched in Spain, Germany, Belgium, the Congo (Kinshasa), Turkey, South America, and Canada, spreading French culture in a manner that undoubtedly warms the heart of former President de Gaulle. Americans know the familiar Larousse English-French dictionary from their school days; the company is proud of the fact that it contains—and unavoidably, at that—virtually the only English in a long list of encyclopedias, atlases, "*grand ouvrages pratiques*," and other reference books designed to engulf the world in useful information. All of these will now be more readily available to Americans through Librairie Larousse USA. "We hope to improve relations between the United States and France," Mr. Meyer says optimistically.

American reference book publishers are inclined to launch a flagship—the Merriam-Webster Unabridged Dictionary, for example, or the World Book Encyclopedia—without a full fleet of sister ships to build traffic. Larousse dominates the information business in the French-speaking world with scores of complementary volumes in almost every field of knowledge. It boasts a dictionary of business terms, an atlas detailing travel routes in Russia and China, a paperback series of pocket dictionaries and encyclopedias, and hundreds of individual releases on such topics as contemporary French poetry, ethnology, space, and Egyptian civilization. Its periodicals include the well-known *Nouvelles Littéraires*.

If this seems overwhelming to the average man in search of knowledge, Larousse makes it easier by offering encyclopedias in almost all sizes. You don't have to buy the *Grand Larousse Encyclopédique* in ten volumes; the *Larousse 3/volumes* (or L-3, as it is popularly known in France) will fit nicely in a small apartment. For the person who is really strapped for space (or money) *Le Nouveau Petit Larousse* comes in an 1,800-page single volume, part dictionary, part encyclopedia. Even the *Grand Larousse* has been condensed from its original fifteen volumes, first published by the founding fathers, Pierre Larousse and Augustin Boyer, between 1866 and 1876, to "instruct all men in all things." Larousse died in 1875, exhausted from his labors, just before the final volume appeared; but his descendants, and Boyer's, carry on.

The firm today is privately managed by five cousins who meet every Wednesday afternoon in the Paris headquarters. By charter, a new generation representing the two families must take over at twenty-five-year intervals, thus insuring what many encyclopedias lack—fresh blood. The latest infusion resulted in a 1,224-page, 25,000-entry dictionary of contemporary French, which, says editor Claude Dubois, is "a description of language as it is spoken . . . words are grouped by function rather than etymology." Among other uses, tourists may find it helpful for hailing a Paris taxi.

The American Response: The editors of the just-published *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* call the present trend toward widespread use of formerly tabooed words part of the "language of confrontation," and *Heritage* (for short) may be just what a man needs to hail a taxicab in New York. This $4-million venture ("the largest investment in a single volume in history"), jointly published with Houghton Mifflin, will be unusual among dictionaries for its "improper" nouns—and verbs, too. They are, of course, labeled "vulgar" and, where appropriate, "vulgar slang." This should help when it comes to shouting down the dean or picketing the prexy.

The reference book-encyclopedia-dictionary market in the United States is a seemingly inexhaustible mother lode. Although individual publishers are understandably close-mouthed about their sales, dollar volume for the category as a whole is now running around $500 million annually, with a not inconsiderable percentage of this being spent on dictionaries. Back in 1961 a study commissioned by American Heritage revealed that college students comprise the largest share of the dictionary market, with three million volumes being sold yearly. Moreover, it is a repeat business and, with enrollments going up, an expanding one. Hence the decision to invest the $4-million (another $1-million has since been added for advertising and promotion). Hence, too—this is our own surmise—the decision to make sure the new generation of college students can find the "confrontation" words they need for an education.

The project was begun in 1964 under the editorship of William Morris. "We started from scratch," says American Heritage President James Parton, "and without cannibalizing existing dictionaries." As many as forty-five persons were employed full-time on the editorial side, in addition to scores of part-time consultants. Set by computers (they can swear, too), the book also makes use of a computerized "Corpus of Present-Day Edited American English" prepared at Brown University. From this one-million-word sampling of our written language came the proper spelling and meaning of many of the dictionary's 158,000 entries.

Another innovation was a "usage panel" of 100 well-known writers, editors, and public figures, who received each month a list of controversial words for their comments. When asked about "good" used as an adverb, Lewis Mumford said: "It should be left as the exclusive property of Ernest Hemingway." Mario A. Pei remarked, "We brew good, like we used to could. Illiterate . . ."

In bidding for the college trade, American Heritage-Houghton Mifflin will be competing against the Merriam-Webster (now owned by Encyclopaedia Britannica), the New World, the Random House College Dictionary, and Funk & Wagnalls—the leaders, more or less in that order. The latest entry is somewhat larger in format than its predecessors; it is generously illustrated and weighs slightly more than five pounds. One edition is thumb-indexed. To many persons it will be reassuring to know that thumbs in college are still used for looking up words.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND FOUR STORIES OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

by Ernest Hemingway

Scribners, 151 pp., $4.95

HEMINGWAY'S CONTRIBUTION to the literature of the Spanish Civil War included a spate of news dispatches for the North American Newspaper Alliance; the script for a Loyalist propaganda film, *The Spanish Earth*; a three-act play, *The Fifth Column*; a series of angry essays for the short-lived American periodical *Ken*; four semi-autobiographical short stories relating to besieged Madrid in the spring and fall of 1937, and finally *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which, whatever its faults, is still the best novel in any language about the Spanish conflict of thirty years ago.

The bulk of this material has already appeared in book form. The chief exception, apart from some of the more ephemeral journalism and propaganda, consists of the four short stories, first published in *Esquire* and *Cosmopolitan* as the terrible decade of the 1930s drew to a close, and now brought together, with a reprint of *The Fifth Column*, to provide a small but welcome addendum to the Hemingway fiction shelf.

The reappearance of the play reminds us once again that Hemingway's forte was fiction rather than drama. The setting is the Hotel Florida on the Plaza de Callao just off the Gran Via of Madrid. This was the place where Hemingway lived while serving as a war correspondent in the fall of 1937, when the play was written. His companion at that time was Martha Gellhorn, later to become his third wife. The hero of the play, Philip Rawlings, is a self-portrait of Hemingway as he might have been if he had actually engaged in counter-espionage while ostensibly writing for the newspapers. With a singular lack of gallantry Hemingway gives his heroine, Dorothy Bridges, certain superficial characteristics of Miss Gellhorn, and sets up a dawning love affair as background for the cloak-and-sword activities of his hero. At the end, predicting that the world is in for fifty years of undeclared wars, Philip chooses continuing participation in the fight against fascism rather than retirement into domesticity with Dorothy. But the dramatic conflict between these two goals is far too easily resolved, mainly because Hemingway himself never succeeded in making family life and the production of babies a sufficiently alluring counterforce to the joys of pseudo-political involvement in deeds of derring-do.

Except for fulfilling Hemingway's prediction about wars, the years have not been kind to *The Fifth Column*. Its level of credibility now approximates that of *The Mark of Zorro*—to which, oddly enough, it bears some other resemblances.

With the stories, however, we enter another realm. Hemingway garnered the materials for them while he was working on *The Spanish Earth* with Joris Ivens and John Ferno in and around Madrid in the spring of 1937. Between bouts of assisting the filmmakers he continued to report the progress of the war for NANA. At the same time, as was his invariable custom, he concentrated on keeping his eyes, his ears, and his literary sensibilities alert for people and situations that were in his judgment too good to waste on newspaper dispatches, that might indeed provide the material for genuine works of art.

The four stories from this period that he considered worthy of survival are "Night Before Battle," "Under the Ridge," "The Denunciation," and "The Butterfly and the Tank." Read as a series they provide an interesting test case for one of Hemingway's favorite public statements about the art of fiction: that if a writer merely reported on an incident he had personally experienced, his work would be flat; only "invented" stories could achieve the requisite roundness and depth. But "invention" for Hemingway never meant abnegation of the actual; he would have agreed with Wallace Stevens's dictum that "the real is only the base, but it is the base." With Hemingway invention was largely an architectonic process—the reconstituting of the original elements to form a new superstructure reared on the foundations of the actual.

The least "inventive" story in this group, "Night Before Battle," is also the longest. The events it depicts belong to the second week of April 1937, and the locales are Chicote's Bar on the Gran Via, the basement restaurant of the Gran Via Hotel, a ruined apartment house overlooking the Casa de Campo, and Hemingway's own room at the Hotel Florida, which often served as a rest and recreation billet for war correspondents, members of the International Brigade, and Loyalist aviators. The story turns upon Edwin Henry's attempts to cheer up Al Wagner, an American Communist tank officer who must renew the attack against Rebel positions next day. It is a good story, incorporating an astonishing amount of information about the life of foreigners in wartime Madrid while achieving unity by keeping Wagner and his problems in central focus.

What especially distinguishes "Under the Ridge" and "The Denunciation" is Hemingway's skill at synecdoche, the art of suggesting the universal by means of the particular. "Under the Ridge," based on one of his photographic expeditions with Ivens and Ferno into the hilly Jarama sector, concerns the fierce resentment of a Loyalist soldier from Badajoz against the cold-eyed "discipline" of a pair of Russian battle police, who execute a deserter with no more compunction than they would have about shooting a rabbit. The ridge of the title becomes in effect a line of demarcation between the native Spaniards and the "foreigners," and the story subtly dramatizes the essential conflict between these two groups in the Loyalist ranks.

In "The Denunciation" a waiter at Chicote's denounces to Seguridad headquarters a devil-may-care customer whom he recognizes as a Fascist spy. A frequent visitor in Spain, Hemingway had many friends on both sides, and was constantly struck by the ironies of civil war, particularly that one which turned people he had admired into enemies. In a fit of tough tenderness at the end of the story the narrator claims responsibility for the denunciation because, he explains, the spy Delgado "was an old client of Chicote's and I did not wish him to be disillusioned or bitter about the waiters there before he died."

Hemingway's powers of invention were memorably engaged by an incident he knew only from hearsay. A light-hearted civilian named Pedro who was squirting waiters at Chicote's with eau de cologne from a flit gun was first beaten and then murdered by three humorless, trigger-happy soldiers. The story struck Hemingway so forcibly that he told it twice—rather lamely in the first act of *The Fifth Column*, and at length in "The Butterfly and the Tank," which John Steinbeck told Hemingway was one of the best short stories of all time: merely to have *seen* it as a story was an act

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of triumph; to have written it so superbly was "almost too much." Hemingway's skill in developing metaphors from the circumstances of his narrative was one of the hallmarks of his genius. Here, as Steinbeck undoubtedly recognized, the basic metaphor is evolved unerringly from a matrix of invented or observed particulars, raising the story well above the level of mere reportage, even if not to the height at which Steinbeck rated it.

The appearance in book form of these four stories ought to add appreciably to our sense of Hemingway's stature as a writer of short fiction. It is our misfortune that he never made good on his original plan to write *The Fifth Column* as a short novel rather than as a play. As fiction, it might have succeeded; as drama, it unhappily does not.

Carlos Baker

Carlos Baker, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature at Princeton University, is the author of "Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story."

THE PROMISE

by Chaim Potok

Knopf, 359 pp., $6.95

THIS NOVEL IS A CONTINUATION of Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*, which introduced the Hasidim of Brooklyn to a wide range of American readers. It told of Reuven Malter, son of a non-Hasidic but progressive orthodox Talmudic scholar, and Danny Saunders, heir to a Hasidic dynasty who chooses a vocation in practical psychology rather than one in practical theology. In *The Promise* both youngsters are now in their twenties; Reuven is studying for the rabbinate at an orthodox seminary, and Danny, sans earlocks and beard, modernized but still pious, is enrolled at Columbia University's psychology department.

Added to the cast in *The Promise* is Michael Gordon, a disturbed, precocious lad who is placed in a treatment center where Danny works. The attempt to cure him is one facet of the novel, involving to a lesser or greater degree Reuven and Danny, Michael's parents and his cousin Rachel's parents. However, since the field of psychology is apparently foreign to the author's experience, the Michael episode sounds bookish, researched and forced, creating a sham drama that does not involve the reader.

The Chosen depicted two Jewish worlds, contiguous in place but eons apart socially and culturally—the Hasidic and the non-Hasidic orthodox, a rare enough dish for American palates. *The Promise* is concerned as well with the religious behavior of a Conservative (perhaps Reconstructionist) theoretician, Abraham Gordon, a humanist who observes ritual but disbelieves the theology; and also with the viewpoint of old European fundamentalism, represented by Rav Kalman (Reuven's fanatic Talmud teacher), a Holocaust survivor for whom everything in America is un-kosher.

Burdened with the same protagonists and the same unvital prose as *The Chosen*, *The Promise* suffers from the same faults, primarily Mr. Potok's utter pretentiousness, which makes his work pseudo-literary rather than literary. The artificiality is apparent in several aspects of the work.

First there is the monochromed, mono-rhythmed rhetoric, which gives a dubious unity to the novel:

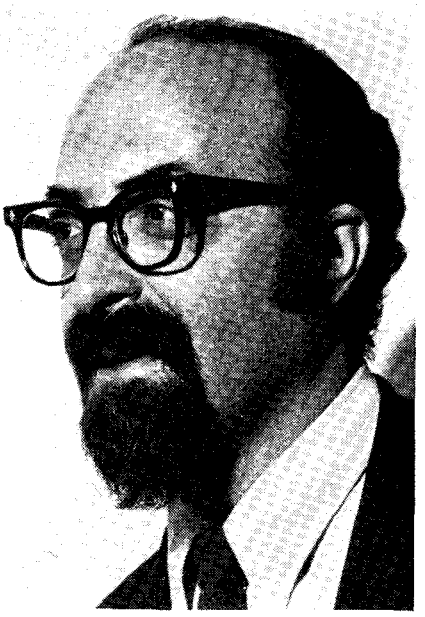
> We rode the elevator downstairs to the floor below and lobby. The dining room was brightly lighted and quite crowded. We went through a cafeteria-style line and then brought our trays over to a corner table. There was a small sink against a wall and a metal cup on a shelf alongside it. We washed our hands and pronounced the blessings and sat alone at the table and ate. Students kept coming in and out of the dining room. A loud hum of conversation filled the room. I heard a heated discussion . . .

The book is also burdened with a purposeless running literary allusion from Joyce's *Ulysses* ("Molly Bloom big with seed"), and festooned with fancy epigraphs from Pascal, Kafka, Joyce, the Midrash and the Rebbe of Kotzk. In addition, events are journalistically summarized rather than recreated:

> I called Rachel almost every day during September. There was a great deal of trouble convincing Michael to enter the residential treatment center, more trouble than anyone had anticipated. His parents went through all the preliminary interviews and were told by the staff people at the center that Michael ought to be admitted. An interview was set up. . . . On the afternoon of the Shabbat before the interview his parents told him what they were planning. He was terrified. He became hysterical. . . .

Conversations generally have a stilted edge; people sound as if they were reading at each other rather than talking naturally. The following is an example of "lighthearted" dialogue:

> I went over to [Rachel] and sat down.
> "It is as obvious as an Aristotelian syllogism that you have a slight crush on my good friend Daniel," I told her.
> She smiled radiantly.
> "It's good to see you again," I said. "It's good to see you like this."



Chaim Potok—monochromed rhetoric.

> She thanked me.
> "Tell me something, my lover of county fairs and James Joyce. Why did you pick the Ithaca section of *Ulysses* to do a paper on?"

Crowning all this is the irritating pseudo-Hemingway style, which assumes that half a dozen phrases scotch-taped by "ands" magically become poetry. ("I thought of the summer and the lake and the wind against the mainsail of the Sailfish and the waves and the waves high and white-crested and churning and Michael moving back and forth alongside the center board and Rachel and I swimming in the lake and the old man in the carnival and Joseph Gordon saying 'No Geneva Conventions here' and Molly Bloom big with seed.") What Mr. Potok does not realize is that beyond the deceptively artless Hemingway style lurks a firm sense of esthetics, literary discipline and, above all, a harmonious fusion of language to theme, the latter obviously nonexistent in *The Promise*.

The omnipresent air of "creative writing" prevents the alert reader from suspending his disbelief. By being continually conscious of the attempt, the reader is soured on the result. It is much like sitting near a movie projector while watching the film; the screen seduces you to imagine, but the projector's light and noise break the illusion.

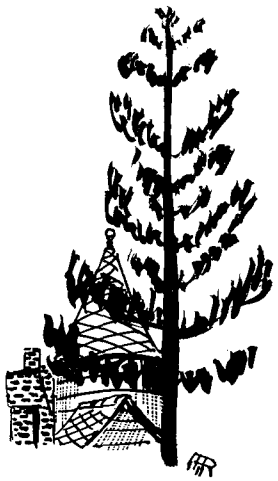
Another problem is characterization. Although a host of figures appear in the novel, most of them, with the exception of Reuven's father and, less so, Rav Kalman, are stiff and phoney. The book's biggest phonies are Michael's aunt and his professorial parents: Joseph Gordon, Hollywooden with his "broad shoulders, thinning

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brown hair, a square jaw and deeply tanned features," his mannikin personality rounded off with, you guessed it, "his teeth clamped tight around his pipe"; and the Mrs. Gordons, depicted as cool, modern, intellectual, talented, pretty—antiseptic poseurs so magazine-slick that I could not tell them apart. Another of this papier-mâché family is co-ed Rachel Gordon, whom Reuven initially befriends but whom his pal Danny eventually marries. To bolster her chic she is made to wear glasses, write on Joyce and describe herself as a twentieth-century sophisticate. But it doesn't help, for characterization is imposed from without rather than developed from within.

As was its predecessor, *The Promise* is ridden with two levels of facts: The first is the cataloguing of objects, a Sears, Roebuck listing in words that do not bite and lines that do not sing. The second is the description of scenes to provide information for the wandering tourist. An interesting one is the ordination examination. Reuven is tested by Rav Kalman and two others, an event that highlights the battle of wits and intellectual fencing with old Talmudic texts, medieval commentaries and variant readings. Another peek at Jewish exotica is the engagement ceremony at Reb Saunders's house. It is in these spheres that Potok's reportorial strengths lie. Familiar with this way of life, he can present it with credibility and without sounding pompous. The trouble, however, is that the narrative bears more resemblance to socio-anthropology—an attempt to record the folk- and mindways of an inaccessible group—than to fiction.

Reuven, the idealized first-person narrator, is too much a goody-goody to be true. Kind, pious, humble, he is the author's vision of the flawless future rabbi. The humorless Reuven converses realistically with his father (the one authentic relationship in the novel) and spars neatly with his teacher, Rav Kalman; but he is incapable of talking with a girl (he only does so at length with one, Rachel, throughout the work) without sounding strained or insipid. For his manliness, he is once or twice graced by an affectionate buss on the cheek by Rachel.



In *The Promise* one looks in vain for a touch of poetry, the imaginative slant or extra-dimensional quality that makes reading a delight.

Curt Leviant

Curt Leviant, editor of "Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature: A Treasury of 2,000 Years of Jewish Creativity," has published fiction in various periodicals.

CALIFFA

by Alberto Bevilacqua, translated from the Italian by Harvey Fergusson II

Atheneum, 268 pp., $5.95

"REAL" would be the word today for Califfa, a forthright, wholesome *"donna del popolo."* A typical working-class girl, she need never fear the upper classes with their wicked demitasses. She recognizes things, persons, and vices for what they are, and calls them by their right name. When she loves a man she doesn't dilly-dally—and when she puts her loathing for hypocrisy into words she never runs out of them. Her moral instinct is direct and infallible, a sturdy proletarian version of "love and do whatever you will."

And what does this instinct lead her to? Grieving for her dead child, and for her husband, Guido, who has been bludgeoned into inertness by a hateful Establishment, Califfa waits for Something to Happen. She longs for a job, a revivified husband. She finds a job, but it is short-lived. Her Guido continues in his torpor. For a time another man gives her what Guido cannot, but that's passion, not love.

After her husband is shot while defying a lockout, Califfa becomes the mistress of the wealthiest and most powerful man in town. Because she is wholesome, she not only loves but transforms him; he grows younger day by day. The business ethic no longer possesses him, nor do petit-bourgeois values. Old age, titanic sexual ambitions, a bad heart, and a fierce temper, however, finally undo the lover; but in death he is free. So is Califfa.

Someday soon we shall see all this in a film, which the author, not content with proselytizing through words, plans to direct. Fellini has nothing to worry about.

Serge Hughes

Serge Hughes teaches Italian at Hunter College.

France Faulted

Continued from page **34**

respect to marriage, and as beneficiary of the talents of the Frenchman as "cerebral" lover). Of the provinces, which the author's thesis requires him to defend against a decidedly not-beloved Paris, about all we get are a piece on small-town memorials and one on widows' weeds. The summary treatment of food, drink, and clothing is mainly historical; Mr. de Gramont serves up the sauce of history to accompany every dish. The few pages in "The Breeze of Change" do not fulfill the promise in the chapter's title, nor does the closing "Catalog of Oversights" add anything.

One misses several things in *The French.* First, any coherent account of the qualities that have enabled this great people to survive their calamities. Secondly, a delineation from which one could take away the conviction that the French, who notoriously do not put up their mouths to be kissed by every tourist, possess graces, virtues, hearts which make them our fellow humans. Thirdly, although the mores here reported have very deep roots, and do on the whole still underlie French society in 1969, the French ice floe *has* cracked, new ways of living *are* visible on every side, the French *have* come out of their walled garden.

Why is there no chapter on today's youth, on the expansion (not merely rebellious explosion) of the student population? On the proliferation of private institutes that teach the new subjects not yet in the state universities' curricula? Where is the rampant scholasticism of an intellectual world, which has turned its back on the classical and Cartesian tradition and follows the dark irrationalism brought to the Sorbonne by Heidegger in the 1930s? What of the scramble of this penny-pinching people for installment credit and foreign travel? And their modernized economy and new industrial cities, and the entry of great French enterprise into competition on the international markets? Why is the Calvinist contribution omitted from this book? Where is *la banque protestante,* which for more than a century governed the Banque de France?

Mr. de Gramont is no more than fair to de Gaulle, whom he regards as a great moral figure but a man who was his own kind of Jacobin, the prophet of "an outworn grandeur." It is good that he withdrew. The fact that he "could be succeeded in an orderly election" marks the end of the tradition of revolution essential to change. "Rejection of de Gaulle . . . showed that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France had at long last recovered from the traumas which inflicted its history." And yet the book ends "not with a bang but a whimper": "I think it is safe to say that France and the French will continue" is the last line. Continue what? We are back at our myth: "Changing allegiances is one of the forms the life instinct has taken in France ever since the Gallic tribes sided with the Romans."

The reader ought to know that a scrupulous account of the author's views (however defective this sketch in his eyes) has to be assembled, like a mosaic, from statements widely scattered throughout the book. Mr. de Gramont writes as the spirit moves him. He will say, when it suits him, that the "golden age" of French colonialism came in the early eleventh century when the Normans — half a century after coming to "France" from Scandinavia — conquered Apulia and Sicily. He will also say that Joan of Arc, who, 400 years later, "abetted the centralization of the monarchy" and "thwarted the first project [sic] for Anglo-French federation," was "not even French" but a Lorrainer. It suits him to dub Bismarck a "Lutheran Peter the Hermit" (leader of the First Crusade), to say that Napoleon III extended the French colonial empire "as far as Mexico," to call the 210-foot Bayeux tapestry "the first comic strip," to write of the "antiseptic splendor" of Louis XIV's Versailles, where the living quarters of the seigneurial tenants were overcrowded and stank like a slum. He writes that "The Third Republic" — founded in 1875 — "came into existence after having destroyed the Paris Commune" (1871) and slaughtered thousands, whereas this was the work of the nasty little Monsieur Thiers's provisional régime, with the willing acquiescence of Bismarck.

It is not unusual that a man who writes a foreign language fluently translates from his own into it like a schoolboy. These pages are pockmarked with evidence: "dedicate" for inscribe, "affluence" for crowd, "ignores" for is unaware of, "narrower" for closer, and more regrettable examples such as "one-party Democratic republics" for the communist "people's republics." A curious error is insistence on the article in *the* Lorraine, *the* Alsace, *the* Auvergne.

Had Mr. de Gramont been provided with a devoted, sensitive and experienced editor — a Maxwell Perkins, no less—*The French* might have been unreservedly recommended. As it is, we can still say that this willful, slapdash, often brilliant writer, prodigiously informed and at times irritatingly insistent, deserves to be read.

The Americans

SUPERGROW: Essays and Reports on Imagination in America

by Benjamin DeMott

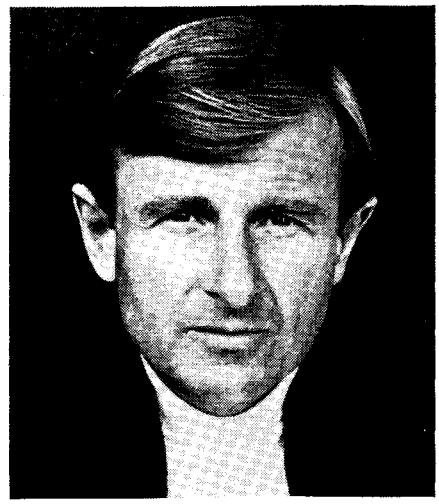
Dutton, 188 pp., $5.95

THE RECENT Woodstock Music Festival should have pleased Benjamin DeMott. The music and the pot, in retrospect, were relatively unimportant. The worth of Woodstock, we are told by the returning pilgrims, was the pervading feeling of camaraderie, sympathy, even agape—with food, water, and shelter being shared with strangers. Americans demonstrated that they can, after all, experience solidarity and coextensiveness.

For some time DeMott has been worrying in print that we seem incapable of such a response. His tidy 1968 novel, *A Married Man*, cast an unfulfilled man "immured in dailiness," too perceptive for his surroundings, into a world blighted by a "universal spiritual acne" of self-regard and self-flattery, emptiness and insignificance. Now a year later DeMott has collected his recent essays, most of which also ruminate on the failure of the American imagination.

The essays explore nearly every current or controversial phenomenon on the American scene: camp, McLuhanism, Vietnam, rock music, education and violence in the South, verbal overkill, homosexual literature, sex laboratories, student rebels, child-rearing, how to read, the value of poetry, existentialism, Hollywood, and what DeMott terms "Tickle-Touch Theater." Despite his prefatory disclaimer that his essays evidence any unity of tone or manner, nearly every one returns, after a spacious and balanced consideration, to the conclusion that the present state of education, the theater, pop music, or what-have-you is "traceable largely to obliviousness, habitual refusal to harry private imaginations into constructing the innerness of other lives . . ."

The quality of DeMott's imagination justifies his charging others with the non-usage of theirs. DeMott emerges as an American Herbert Read, a culture critic who is also a highly creative writer. When DeMott explodes a myth, as he does frequently, the detonation occurs within the civilized context of a beautifully developed essay. He professes admiration for certain poets whose sense of heroic struggle is communicated "in the act of refining a statement, qualifying, doubling back, complicating pat formulations, teasing out terms that connect fully and freshly with dailiness." The passage describes precisely DeMott's own approach to the essay. His intellectual mentor is apparently Charles Horton Cooley, from whom DeMott derives substance ("one sees into life only as he has the fullness of spirit to enter into it") as well as style (as when Cooley speaks for a "persistent endeavor to see all around one's ideas, to assimilate them with fact from every standpoint, so that nothing of their meaning may escape.")



Benjamin DeMott—"renaissance man."

DeMott sees all around. In "Rock Saves?," for example—the most lucid discussion of the rock revolution I am aware of—he considers the history of the movement, its social implications, its relevance as a religious force, the position of its practitioners in terms of musical accomplishment, and he even discriminates between the various rock schools. However, all of this is but preamble to DeMott's central thesis that, like other phenomena discussed in the book, "the rock experience at its most intense is an intimation of engulfment and merger, a route to a flowing, ego-transcending oneness." Despite the merits of rock as music, as an experience, its end is to "stoneth me out of my mind." The danger of rock participation is the loss of the self.

In his essay on student rebels DeMott again scores youth for this tendency toward non-thinking. The value of past campus insurrections, according to him, was that at least students asserted themselves: "Against the enormous weight of habit, their own included, they set a strong shoulder, and shoved." And if the acts and the results left something to be desired, "pray, what else exactly have we got?" DeMott asks.

Lack of imagination is by no means limited to students and rock enthusiasts. DeMott takes a single word, "existential," and demonstrates how it has been abused by reporters, essayists, novelists, lecturers. The word,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says DeMott, has become a rallying point not through philosophical understanding but through quite the opposite. It is "some means of enabling people to sound philosophical without suffering the pain of thought." The number of quotes the author uses to illustrate his point is testimony to his omnivorous reading and what must surely be a copious personal file.

On all sides, notes DeMott, we have been encouraged to repress the imagination. Marshall McLuhan's books, for example, offer the reader, ultimately, "the release from consciousness itself." After DeMott's essay, McLuhan's acutely positive thinking makes Norman Vincent Peale look like a pessimist. But McLuhan builds hope on false premises. Assessing his philosophy, DeMott beseeches: "How much can be said for an intellectual vision whose effect is to encourage abdication from all responsibility of mind?"

In drama, too, the promoters of the New Theater are stripping the mind of its imaginative function. DeMott sees the good theater audience of the past as actively "participating" in a play, simply by being responsive observers. Their passivity was never questioned because they were always "entering into" the play. But absorption and attentiveness are hard to sustain when one is constantly wondering if and when an actor will come out and clutch him. The result is anxiety rather than an expansion of the imaginative experience.

That DeMott is a fine literary critic should not surprise, since he is chairman of the English Department at Amherst. Still, one does not expect such a sensitive appreciation of Thomas Hardy's poetry, for instance, from one so aware of today's social and scientific revolutions. Which of course is precisely what DeMott is saying: *One does not expect*. Because one is preconditioned. We must move "away from cant toward the center of a genuine response." We have accepted, among other things, the critical dicta that homosexual writers can only recreate homosexual life rather than render universal truths. Yet DeMott sees the contribution of the homosexual writer to be "a steady consciousness of a dark side of love that is neither homo- nor heterosexual but simply human." DeMott breaks yet more literary ground in his Hollywood piece, in which he posits some conventions for the new "involved" journalism, a genre that seems to have sprung full panoplied from the head of Norman Mailer and is already ubiquitious. Along the way the essayist makes important distinctions between the new journalism and literature *per se*.

Despite his apparently wide knowledge of everything, DeMott predicably writes best about what he knows best —the art of teaching. The essay "Reading, Writing, Reality, Unreality . . ." is the collection's finest. Here the author takes English teachers to task for their profession-imposed obsession with triviality, for showing the students window rather than the view. He disparages teaching that maximizes organization, rhetoric, and point of view at the expense of meaning. The end of literature should be a deeper comprehension of experience, not of literary forms, and to evade this is to "deny youth a good defense against the fate of mass men."

This essay is splendidly successful, as is "Mississippi Learning," a less intellectualized account of DeMott's professional experience in the South. He excels when he leaves his files and plumbs his personal responses. Then the reader too is charged with his commitment to change the world somehow, in some way.

For a volume of fifteen essays there are extraordinarily few misses, no matter what the topic. Among the less convincing is the title piece, "Supergrow," written in a tone strident enough to match that of the child-rearing manuals discussed. The essay is not terribly original or even provocative, its best feature being its title; implicit is the notion that everything expands in the U.S. except the one unlimited resource —imagination.

"The Age of Overkill" is also unsatisfying in its evaluation of that verbal phenomenon, its sources and impetus. Perhaps the essay flags because it follows DeMott's own exercise in overkill, the decimation of Marshall McLuhan, in which he likens McLuhan's method of composition to that of "an impresario squirrel" and claims that "the man's work reads for pages at a stretch like a Marboro clearance ad."

Besides a penchant for hyperbole, Benjamin DeMott's writing is often marred by a superabundance of "in" terms and abbreviations: "Trads," "Amstuds," "Doctor of Phil," "Now-Culture," "Pop-think," "hometownville," "Involedese." (His novel contained the word sexandthesinglegirlchild"!) Such language demonstrates that he is a swinger, but makes for infelicitous reading. When DeMott proclaims something "means good, like pop knows it should," of course he is writing tongue in cheek. To read it in the same manner, however, is occasionally to encounter teeth.

More important, one has to ask whether DeMott has not indiscriminately (or discriminately) superimposed his private vision upon all frameworks. Were he to write an essay on, say, birth control pills, the fate of the California redwoods, the Apollo moon mission, or Teddy Kennedy's character, we are confident he would somehow reach the same conclusion: such-and-such is in its present state because man has been unwilling to use his— you guessed it — imagination. After reading this volume we would probably feel he was justified in doing so. DeMott is uncommonly convincing.

Whether one agrees or disagrees with Mr. DeMott all or in part, *Supergrow* is an extraordinary book, the work of a twentieth-century renaissance man who attempts not only to show us who we are but, in a new light, how we got that way. It is the kind of book the late Randall Jarrell might have written. It deserves discussion commensurate with its title.

Robert Phillips

Robert Phillips's second collection of poems and two books of criticism will be published next year, while a work of fiction is forthcoming shortly from Vanguard.

WINNING'S A LOT MORE FUN

by Stephen C. Shadegg

Macmillan, 278 pp., $6.95

I DON'T KNOW WHY Stephen Shadegg bothered to write this book. *Winning's a Lot More Fun* adds so little to our understanding of the people, issues, and trends that marked the 1968 Presidential campaign.

When Theodore White writes about the making of a President, he, at least, has access to the political Establishment. And when Samuel Lubell writes of America's political future, he, at least, gives us insights into social forces and trends. But Stephen Shadegg isn't a Theodore White (although at times his book reads like a parody of White) and he isn't a Lubell (although he offers instant history with the confidence of a Lubell).

Shadegg *is* a former campaign manager for Barry Goldwater and a longtime Republican activist. He has considerable experience with political campaigns and counts among his acquaintances many of the GOP's most influential leaders. Unfortunately, his book benefits little from either his experience or his knowledge of the party's inner workings.

This book is a relatively dull report on an exciting and important chapter of recent history. It gave me an uncomfortable feeling of *déjà vu*. Shadegg's inside knowledge often reads more like common knowledge and is about as reliable. His book is also marred by mis-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

takes: for instance, Eugene McCarthy is not the Senator from Wisconsin—that's where Joe McCarthy came from—and the name of George Gilder, a young liberal Republican, is consistently misspelled.

At times, Shadegg makes undue demands on the reader's credulity. He writes, for example, that "Nixon's choice of Spiro T. Agnew [for Vice President] was made on principle, not politics." Now, Mr. Nixon is an honorable man. But, having just reunified a party still hurting from the Goldwater episode of 1964, he was not about to reopen old wounds with his choice of a running mate. By most accounts, except Shadegg's, Nixon had a difficult time finding a Vice Presidential candidate who would be acceptable to both liberals and conservatives in the Republican Party. His selection of Agnew, a relatively unknown moderate from a border state, was a highly political decision. It was based on principle, one of the most fundamental of all *political* principles—compromise.

Shadegg also seems curiously unaware of just how close Richard Nixon came to losing in 1968. He seriously underestimates the importance of George Wallace in the election. The evidence does not justify Shadegg's suggestion that Wallace was a greater threat to Hubert Humphrey than to Nixon. One reliable survey showed that two-thirds of the Wallace vote would have gone to Nixon if Wallace hadn't been running.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1363

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1363 will be found in the next issue.

I AMPBGM APBF MGIO BIUBG
BMSPDY BN IBBMIRB NLM
ULMQGPBGZ VLHOPR PU OPEG
I SNLDY ANWID UGB PDUPZG
I RPMROG NQ OPHGMBPDGU.

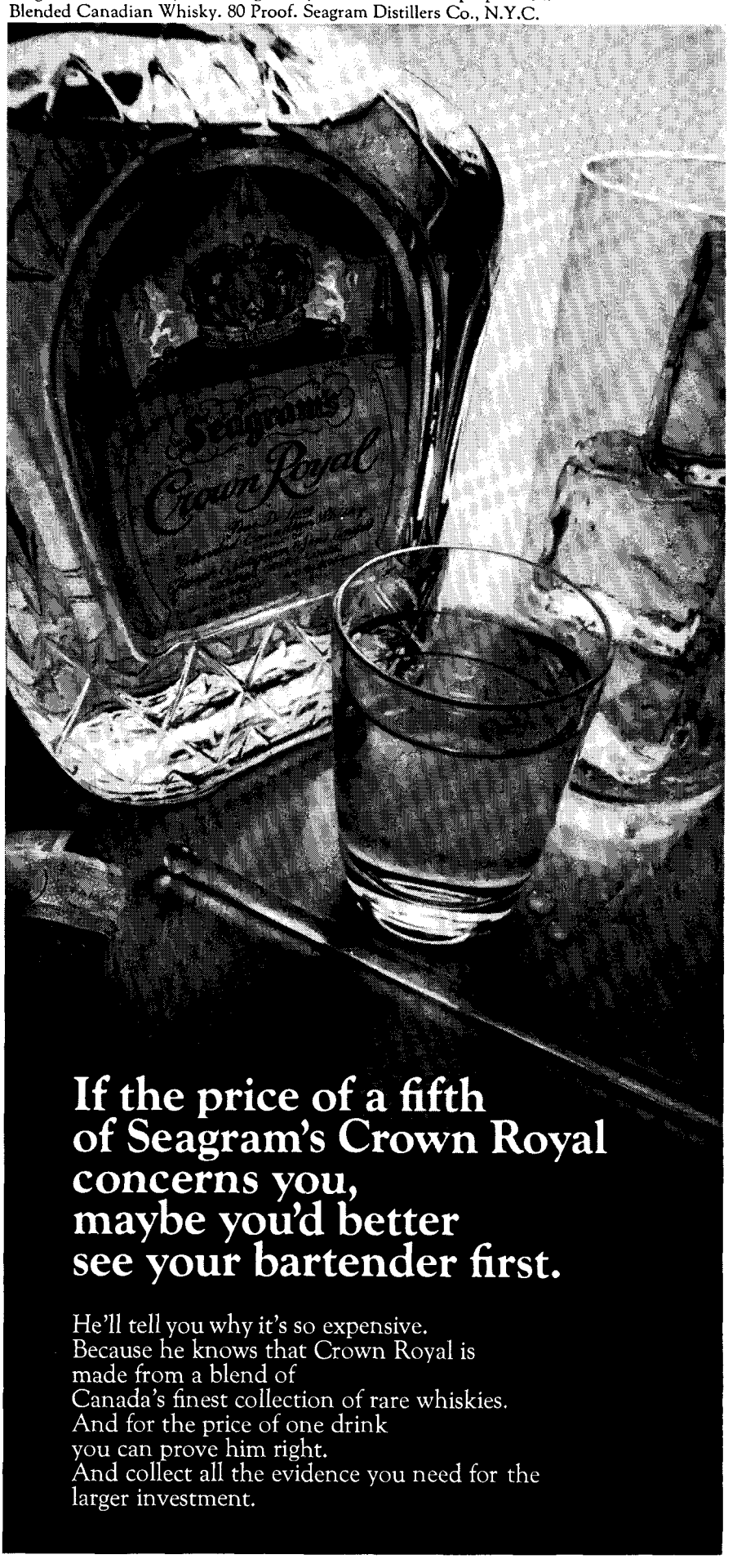
—RFIWQNMB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1362

Some, for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile.

—THOMAS FULLER.

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



If the price of a fifth of Seagram's Crown Royal concerns you, maybe you'd better see your bartender first.

He'll tell you why it's so expensive.
Because he knows that Crown Royal is made from a blend of
Canada's finest collection of rare whiskies.
And for the price of one drink
you can prove him right.
And collect all the evidence you need for the larger investment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without Wallace in the contest, Nixon's razor-thin plurality might have assumed landslide proportions.

Much of this book is taken up with needless chronologies, which read like the daily index to *The New York Times*. The author may have included these passages in an attempt to show relationships between the political campaign and other public events. What he has written seems more like filler material than historical perspective.

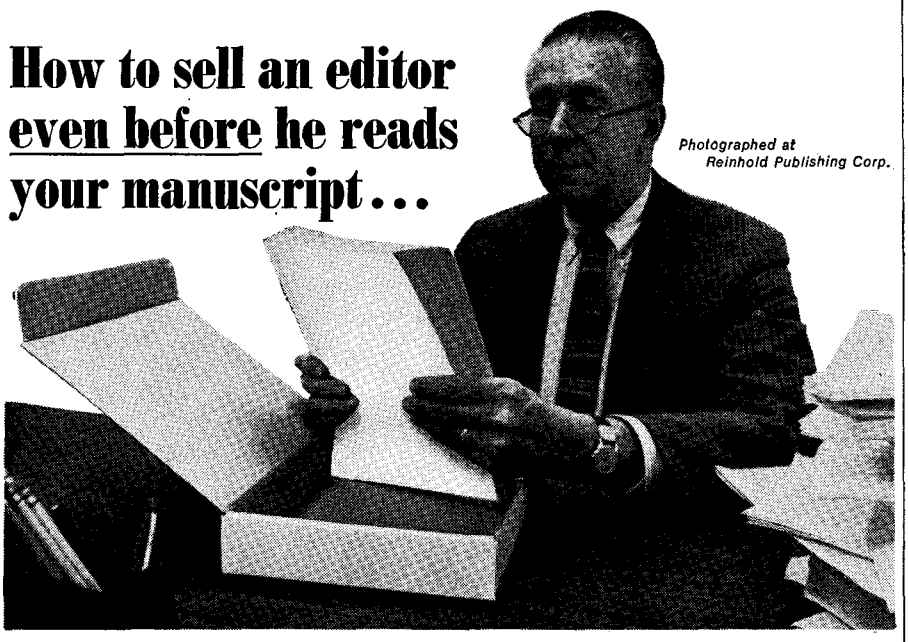
Shadegg is a thoroughgoing conservative, and he rarely misses an opportunity to excoriate liberal devils. He has some particularly unkind words for "the longhairs committed to protest for the sake of protest" and for the national press corps, which, he claims, "derided" and "exploited" Agnew's "innocent mistakes."

On the morning of November 6, 1968, President-elect Nixon told a waiting world, "Winning's a lot more fun than losing." It is not likely that this Presidential *bon mot* will go down in history. And, for that matter, neither will Shadegg's book about it.

Mark Levy

Mark Levy is manager of election analysis for NBC news.

How to sell an editor even before he reads your manuscript...



Photographed at Reinhold Publishing Corp.

Get that manuscript on his desk in the correct form. Use a WCS MS. Kit. Gives you everything you need for proper script preparation and correct mailing . . . a complete system.

The heart of the system is a preassembled set of manuscript pages — a high quality original and two copies, held together with a removable tab. It's called "Craftset"™. Light guidelines on original tell you where to start typing, where line ends, where to stop. They define correct margins, give uniform word and line count, and you get 2 copies with no extra work. When you finish typing the page, you can correct it in triplicate; then snap the tab, and out come the carbons, leaving an 8½ x 11 original and 2 perfect copies.

Special Low Price Introductory Offer. To introduce you to WCS we are offering two complete ms. kits — one for books, another for short pieces. Both contain everything you need to prepare and submit your manuscript.

WCS BOOK MS. KIT

- 100 preassembled Craftsets, high quality original and two copies
- White mailing box (designed for book ms.)
- Instruction envelope for ms. return
- 2 label sets, pressure sensitive
- Pressure sensitive package sealing tape

All this — **plus free introductory double bonus** — for only $6.50 — worth far more in time saved alone. Best $6.50 an author could spend.

WCS SHORT MS. KIT

- 25 preassembled Craftsets, high quality original and 2 copies
- Protective script folder for perfect presentation, many mailings
- 4 manuscript labels for easy address of outbound mailers
- 2 script mailers for safe travel
- Chipboard backer to guard against bending

All this — **plus free double bonus gift** — for only $3.50, a special introductory low price.

Free Introductory Double Bonus with all kits: Either kit you order will bring you 2 useful, informative writer's aids:

(1) Our manual, "How to Prepare Your Manuscript for Publication", tells you in detail how to prepare scripts in the correct form that editors like best.

(2) Our exclusive Postal Chart, giving postal rates, regulations, and tips on fast service and ways to save on postage.

Writers Craft Systems SR9C9
Box 247, Narberth, Pa. 19072
Send me your introductory MS. Kit checked below. Enclosed is my check or m.o. If not completely satisfied, I may return the unused portion of the kit and receive a prompt refund. In any case the systems aids are mine to keep.
( ) WCS BOOK MS. KIT, $6.50
( ) WCS SHORT MS. KIT, $3.50
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
And don't forget my double bonus gift.
(Pa. residents, add 6% sales tax)

MAKE YOUR OWN AND THE EDITOR'S JOB EASIER. FORGET MECHANICS . . . CONCENTRATE ON WRITING

Royalty

DEAREST MAMA: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Crown Princess of Prussia, 1861-1864

edited by Roger Fulford

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 372 pp., $6.95

THE EMPRESS BROWN: The True Story of a Victorian Scandal

by Tom Cullen

Houghton Mifflin, 250 pp., $6.95

VICTORIA IN THE HIGHLANDS: The Personal Journal of Her Majesty Queen Victoria

edited by David Duff

Taplinger, 398 pp., $12.50

THREE OF THE MANY FACES of England's Queen Victoria are currently on literary display. One is an altogether charming cameo; the other two have a fair sprinkling of warts. Together they form a montage that adds revealing texture to the Old Queen's image.

Probably the least flattering representation is a self-portrait. It will be found in parts of *Dearest Mama*, Queen Victoria's correspondence with her eldest daughter and namesake, the Crown Princess of Prussia, between 1861 and 1864. This period was the most agonized of the Queen's eighty-two years on earth. She was then reeling from the blow of her husband's death, and her letters express her grief with an intensity so overwhelming that to some readers it will probably seem ludicrous. The Crown Princess shows not much more restraint; indeed, the spectacle of two grown women howling and wailing at each other across the North Sea is likely to embarrass: you want to feel for them, but you may find yourself amused or annoyed instead. The Queen's performance is especially trying; it isn't pleasant to see her in the role of self-pitying nag. Her "married daughters," she complains, "care (of course) much more for their husbands and children—and the wretched, broken-hearted mother, who was the dearest object of [her own husband and mother] for so many years, is now daily learning to feel that she is only No. 3 or 4 in the real tender love of others." Or: "Yes, dear child, I do deserve pity for my lot is a terrible one!" It is quite true, of course, that the anguish was no less genuine than it was profound; moreover, this sort of carrying on was commonplace in those days. Still, the Queen comes out here at anything but her best. Even the staunchest of Anglophiles, in fact,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will sometimes find more to admire in Germany's future Empress Fredericka.

Despite its biblical deluge of tears, a vast amount of the correspondence manages also to deal with politics, and at least one exchange might puzzle some readers. "Oh if you knew how my love daily increases for my dear home," writes the Crown Princess in 1863; "attached as I am to this country . . . the other will ever remain the land of my heart and I shall ever feel the same pride of being born there." To which the Queen replies, "That unbounded love for every thing English I own I can't share. Loving and admiring my own country as I do, I have seen so much of the cold, harsh cheerlessness of my countrymen . . . that I cannot admire much of it as you do . . . Pray, dearest, when you write to Bertie and Affie [Princes Edward and Alfred] don't write with frantic adoration of the Navy and all English feelings—for our sole object is to smooth that down and to Germanize them"! True, the "Germanizing" campaign was largely an exercise in reverence for the memory of the Prince Consort, but one might still wonder at this point which of the two women is Her Britannic Majesty.

The identities become clearer—and the Queen's character more sympathetic—as the political plot thickens in one of the major European crises of that time: Prussia's dispute with Denmark over the postal-zone duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Early in 1864, when Bismarck hurled what Winston Churchill has called "that superb weapon, the new Prussian Army" at the Danes, anti-German feeling ran high in England. Although Queen Victoria herself happened to favor the German cause and was instrumental in forestalling active British intervention, this did not prevent the outbreak of an ideological brush-fire spat in the mails with her daughter. Suddenly we see the Crown Princess taking as martial a stance as the Bismarck she loathed, and almost (although not quite) goading the Queen over to the other side. Now every inch a Teuton, the Crown Princess cries out that "the most absurd, unjust, rude and violent attacks in *The Times* and in Parliament upon us can only increase the irritation or rather more contempt which is expressed in no measured terms here . . . I can see nothing inhuman or improper in any way in the bombardment of Sonderburg; it was necessary—and we hope it has been useful." Replies the Queen, her British spine stiffening, "I forbear answering your letter the tone of which was not quite the thing to your own Mama. I am no defender of those shameful attacks in the papers . . . but I wish I

Yesterday Rosalba became a Foster Child.

• Tomorrow she will get soap so she can wash her hair. And everyone in her family will have soap, too.
• Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.
• She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.
• Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.
• For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

Most of all, she'll understand that someone somewhere cares. Someone thoughtful and loving enough to give $16 a month to Foster Parents Plan. Someone whose sole satisfaction will be to read of his Foster Child's progress in monthly letters. Letters from Rosalba herself and translated by PLAN. Someone who knows how important it is in this world to change a dismal, hopeless yesterday into a tomorrow worth living for.

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Hong Kong, Korea, the Philippines, and South Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for Int'l Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex _____, age _____, nationality _____. _____ I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. _____ I enclose herewith my first payment $_____.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_____.

SR-9-69

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could think the conduct of the Prussian Army quite free from blame!" Shortly afterwards, with Denmark on the ropes, Queen Victoria's real majesty begins to emerge: "Let Prussia, who is master of the position, be magnanimous . . ."

The letters also offer a harvest of tidbits on the social and private life of mid-nineteenth-century European royalty. Of special interest are the Queen's exquisitely Victorian outbursts of displeasure with the wayward Prince of Wales ("poor, wretched Bertie"), and the Crown Princess's agonized accounts of the barbaric therapies that were used to treat the deformity of her little boy Willie—the future Kaiser Wilhelm II. But mainly *Dearest Mama* offers an illuminating look at Victoria's first halting steps out of the pit of her grief.

During the many years she spent in seclusion after Prince Albert's death, the most striking feature of the Queen's life was her almost bizarre friendship with her personal attendant, the coarse but devoted Highland gillie John Brown. So conspicuous, in fact, was the special favor Brown enjoyed with his imperial employer that England's eyebrow-raising machinery went to work and produced the juiciest royal scandal of the century. But it didn't have to happen, asserts journalist Tom Cullen in *The Empress Brown*, a well-documented, highly entertaining reappraisal of the mud-slinging spree. What touched the whole thing off, as Cullen sees it, was public resentment of the Queen's withdrawal from the world. "At the opening of Parliament each year," he says, "the sight of the vacant throne with the sovereign's purple robes draped over it like a discarded skin was an affront to all those brought up in the tradition that the royal show must go on . . . All of this accumulated ill will could find no outlet in a direct attack on the Queen—that was not the English way. But her discontented subjects could get at Her Majesty through her attendant."

And Brown was certainly vulnerable, for he occupied a position unique among the hired help of royalty. No other servant would even have dreamed of assuming the "offhand, almost cavalier manner in which Brown treated his Royal Mistress"—who in turn showed no objection to being addressed by him as "wumman," or to rudenesses like "canna ye hold yer head still!" while he pinned a cloak over her shoulders. "The many accounts of such scenes," says Cullen, "rank among the great comic valentines of modern history." But Queen Victoria's subjects were not amused by the vignettes—even though public indignation often vented itself in the humor of crude newspaper spoofs and cartoons starring Brown as a sort of hayseed Mephistopheles. Private comment was less polite. At the Annual Spring Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1867, Sir Edwin Landseer's equestrian portrait of the Queen drew "frank laughter that was punctuated in places by guffaws and ribald comments"—because the painting had the sovereign sharing the spotlight with Brown, who appeared "bold as brass . . . very much in command of the situation." In 1868, Cullen tells us, an American visitor to England wrote of having learned, during the course of a dinner in an upper-class home, "that the Queen was insane, and John Brown her keeper; that the Queen was a spiritualist, and John Brown was her medium —in a word, a hundred stories, each more absurd than the other. . ."

Including, of course, the spiciest item of all. This might even have seemed plausible, for Brown was, to put it mildly, all man, and the Queen herself "a full-blooded, passionate woman widowed in her prime." Yet any exercise of common sense virtually rules out a swinging relationship between monarch and servant; there are simply too many circumstances that demonstrate its extreme unlikelihood. Cullen draws particularly on the explosive Household dispute that raged after Brown's death in 1883, when the Queen wrote a memoir of the gillie and was thwarted in having it published by "the combined pressure of her spiritual and temporal advisers." Yet she herself had seen nothing improper in the intimacies which the memoir touched on, and her readiness "to share such confidences with the world," says Cullen, "is perhaps the most convincing argument . . . ever been put forward as to the innocence of the Queen's love for Brown."

Like her attachment to the gillie, the Queen's romance with Scotland was less than a private affair, although it had national repercussions of a far different sort. For the royal presence at Balmoral Castle in Aberdeen went far to disperse the smog of ill feeling that had hung over Scotland and England since the defeat and humiliation of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" Stuart followers at Culloden in 1746. It can almost be said, in fact, that Queen Victoria personally brought Scotland back into the Empire. In any event, "beloved Scotland" was the scene of the Queen's happiest days, and it is in the journals she wrote there—now published as *Victoria in the Highlands*—that we see her most winning side.

What she has given us is a breath of pure air off the craigs, and a talent for unpretentious prose that contrasts refreshingly with the sodden anguish of the letters. In these journals Queen Victoria throws aside the literary curlicues that we usually associate with the Victorian style, and her accounts of the "expeditions" she made (often incognito) through the Scottish countryside are as clean and unspoiled as the lochs and glens themselves. To be sure, she had some editorial help when the journals were originally published in 1867 and 1883, but the tone of the writing is set by the Queen's own character —or, more correctly, that facet of her character which shone brightest whenever she was able to throw off the stifling cloak of regal formality and revel in "this solitude, the romance and wild loveliness of everything here."

Readers who know the Empress of India only as a formidable old crosspatch will have their eyes opened, when they meet the buoyant outdoor girl who graces these pages.

Charles Miller

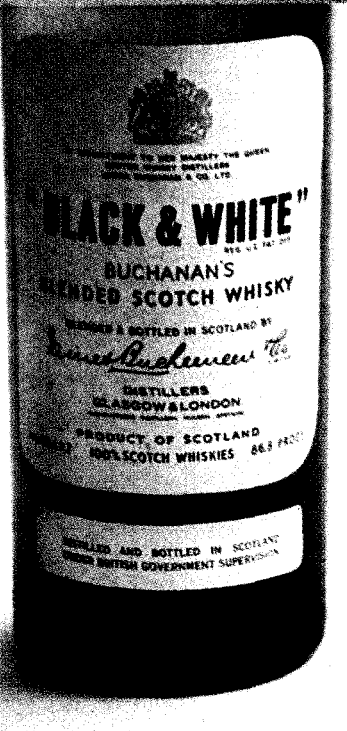
Charles Miller is writing a book on the British Empire and East Africa.

Queen Victoria at Osborne—"a mud-slinging spree."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scotch for people who know the difference.

We make Scotch for the hard-to-please. "Black & White." Smooth. Light. The one that sets the standards for all other Scotches. Tonight.
"Black & White."



"Black & White" Scotch.

AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monte Carlo. Ours. All seventeen scrumptious feet of it.

The 350-cubic-inch base V8 is ours.

The power disc brakes are ours.

Those big high-powered headlights are ours.

The deep twist carpeting, the thick foam-cushioned seats, the quiet electric clock. All ours.

The 116-inch wheelbase that helps give the Monte Carlo a kind of maneuverability you'd never expect to find in a car of this kind is ours.

The 5-foot front tread is our For super stability out on the roa

The extra body insulation, tl front and rear armrests, the simulate wood burl accents on the instrume panel: Ours, ours, ours.

Ah but here comes the sad pa

Relax, Chevrolet dealers

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UAZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

gentlemen.

Here comes the part about price.

Not ten grand, like some luxury cars we know. Not six or five, like we've been told it looks.

The fact is, anybody who can afford a new Chevrolet can afford a new Monte Carlo.

And you know what that means.

It means we're going to have one heckuva hard time keeping these beautiful cars to ourselves.

Right, America?

Putting you first, keeps us first.

On the move.
The Chevrolet '70s.

CHEVROLET

It's one of ours.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT RUM DRINKS

–four simple recipes

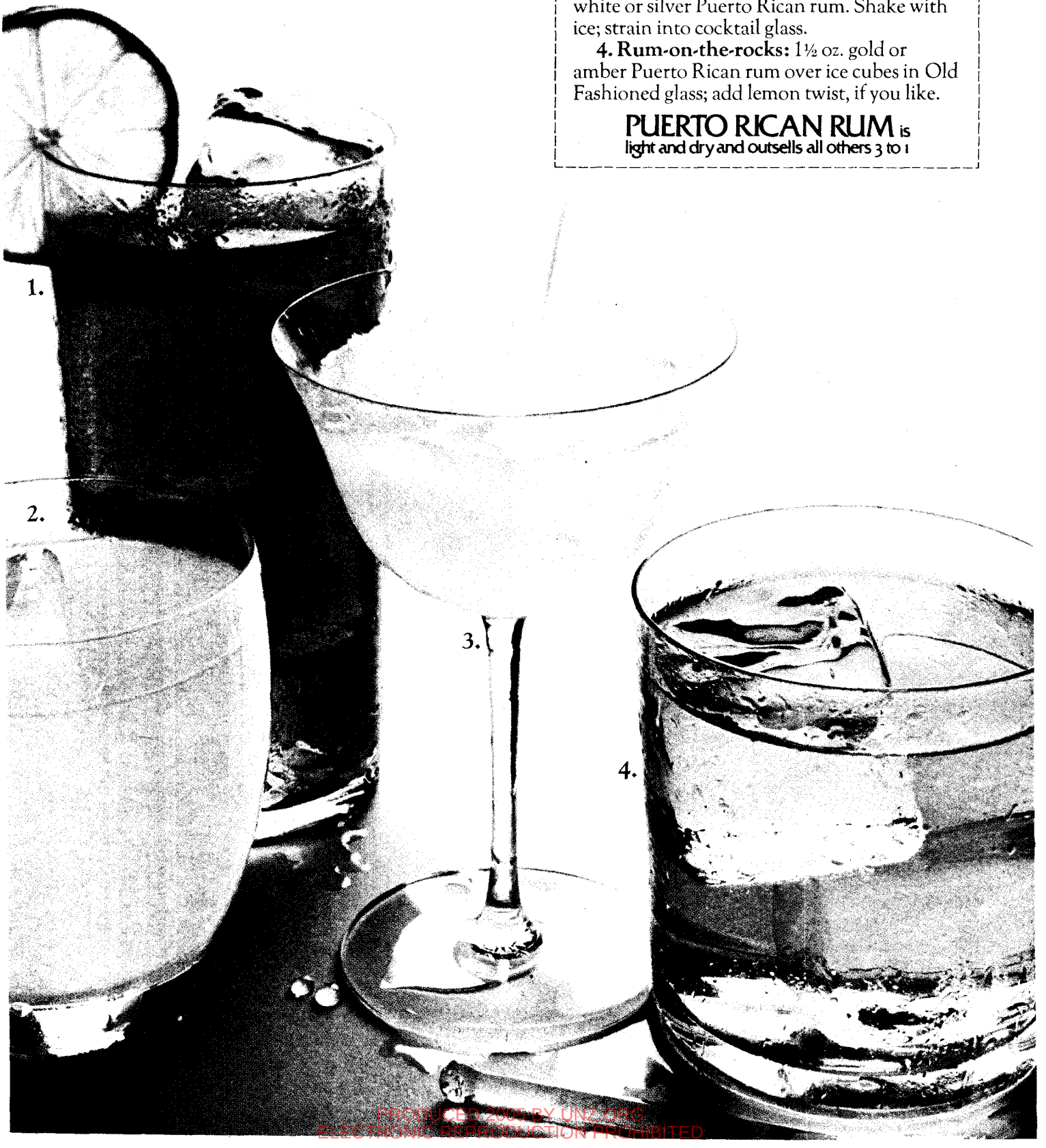
1. Rum & Tea: 1½ oz. white or silver (or gold or amber) Puerto Rican rum in a glass of iced tea. Try it with 100% India tea – tea from India.

2. Rum & Orange: 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 3 oz. orange juice. Serve over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass. Float a few drops of Angostura bitters on top.

3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

One Morning in Corsica

IN THE FALL of 1947 when the world was new—at least to me—I deviated from a plan that was to take me on a grand circle tour of metropolitan France, and flew south from Marseilles across the Mediterranean to Corsica. It was, as I say, early in my explorations, and Corsica seemed at the time no less remote than Khartoum does today.

I put up in a hotel on a hilltop in Ajaccio. It had seen better days, but then the war was just over and the notion of a wave of tourism to this island which gave Napoleon to France seemed, if plausible, certainly less than imminent. I embarked on a number of excursions around the island, admired its beaches, and was charmed by its pure rurality. The roads were clogged with sheep and goats in enormous herds, and the cafés were filled with olive-skinned descendants of the Moorish invaders in black hats and black capes. The effect was sinister, and it seemed to confirm the reputation Corsica had won for intrigue and mystery.

What with the Riviera crowded even then, this handy isle, seedy as its hotels were, seemed destined to become as available and as popular as Cuba was in those times to visitors from the northlands of the U.S.A.

It has taken twenty years and then some, for reasons I don't altogether understand, for Corsica to begin the realization of the hope that was expressed back in those early postwar days. Hotels and beach clubs, to say nothing of private villas, have blossomed in the maquis, and along the beautiful sand-fringed bays.

There is, too, that faint essence of foreign flavor to add a certain piquancy. Corsica, after all, was everybody's pigeon, having been invaded by Greeks, Romans, Saracens, and the armed floating legions of both Pisa and Genoa, to mention but a few. The result is a population and a geography heavily marked with Italian names, dreamy with indolence, and renowned for its cunning.

While its citizens have served France well in two world wars, Corsica has managed to gain special dispositions on taxes, duties, and other federal imposts. Subjugated by one ruler or another for so long, it has lapsed into the comfortable ways of a privileged colony. On the other hand, there are

Ajaccio's best-known native son.

those observers of the Corsican scene who recall that the development of the island has been impeded by local partisans who applied a *plastique* explosive here and there to burgeoning hotels that were not making enough use of Corsican labor.

The biggest lift of all has come this year with the celebration of the bicentenary of Napoleon's birth in Ajaccio. It is a huge irony, or at least a curious circumstance of history, that France's greatest military figure was a Corsican, born only one year after France had bought the island from the Republic of Genoa. It is an inevitable topic of contemplation, for those who delight in such musings, that had Napoleon been born one year earlier he would have been a Genoese citizen, and the flow of history would have been enormously altered.

I flew down from Paris on the eve of Napoleon's 200th birthday. Air France now sends its Caravelles nonstop from Orly in an hour and three-quarters, but the weekend traffic was so heavy it had laid on extra sections. When our plane put down on the tarmac, troops were marching and countermarching, busy greeting arriving ministers who had interrupted their traditional August vacations for the grand event.

The shops were filled with every conceivable Napoleonic souvenir, from the obvious books and scarves to overfed plastic baby dolls crowned with a Bonaparte hat. Napoleon's figure appears on the heads of ball-point pens, on letter openers and tea sets and miniature porcelain pianos. A facsimile of his pronouncement made at St. Helena ("I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy. . . .") imprinted on parchment, affixed with a red Napoleonic seal, and suitably tattered at the edges by machine, sells for $3.

The sun rose bright and hot on his birthday, and I was up with the dawn to drive in from San Bastiano in the country before the police sealed off the entrances to Ajaccio. The town was aflutter with the air of fiesta. A giant imperial crown made of light bulbs hung over the intersection where the Cours Napoleon meets the Place Général de Gaulle. On the palm-lined Place Maréchal Foch soldiers dressed as grenadiers even to their enormous bearskin hats marched at slow cadence. The thermometer was edging up to ninety and it was scarcely 10 o'clock.

Le Provençal Corse hit the newsstands, its entire front page a color portrait of Napoleon adapted from David's painting in the Louvre. The shutters were thrown open on the chipped yellow buildings so characteristic of port towns in the Mediterranean, and the second-story citizens surveyed the milling spectators below, many of them in bathing suits, summoned from the nearby beaches by the excitement. At the Napoleon monument where Bonaparte is depicted as First Consul, albeit in Roman robes, the stone lions were spitting green water—imperial green, a Corsican companion informed me.

We retreated to the Napoleon Café for a cold drink. The tourists had the front tables on the sidewalk where the President was due to pass, and the senior Corsican citizens, short, dark types in black fedoras and Sunday-go-to-meetin' suits, chewed on the issues of the day over glasses of milky *pastis*.

Pompidou came at last, standing in an open Citroen, waving amiably and giving off—to American eyes, anyway—startling reflections of Spiro Agnew. His caravan made its way down toward the port where, in the open air in the Place des Palmiers, the Bishop of Ajaccio said mass. The event scarcely disturbed the fishwives in the market that faces the square, the sale of coral-hued lobsters and silver smelts continuing unabated. Loudspeakers carried the French service to an international coterie of beautiful people gathered on the fantails of yachts that were moored stern-first to the quay. The yachtsmen had strung their craft with the *grand pavois*, and signal flags flew gaily, bow to stern. For those in the pews, shaded by the palms, it was going to church in the street. For those on the yachts, Ajaccio, that morning of August 15, was surely one of the few

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avoid the 5 o'clock rush on Duke of Gloucester St.

This is a good time to get away from it all in Colonial Williamsburg.

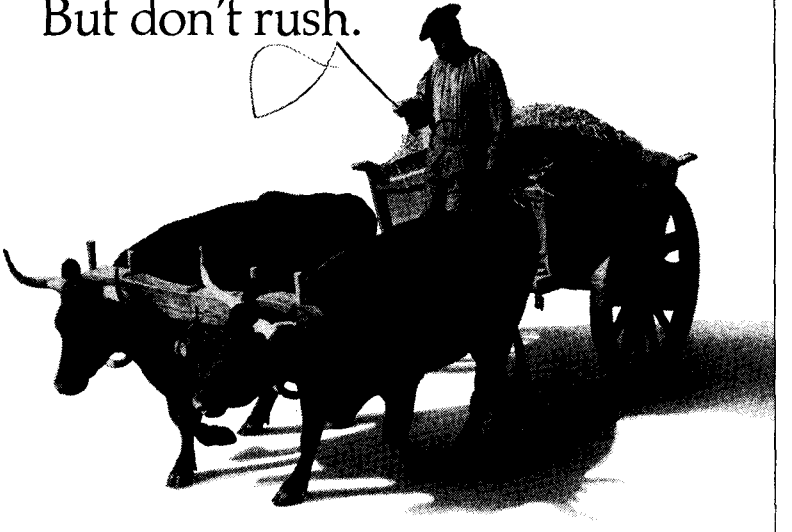
There are no crowded subways, people pushing or trafficopters in the eighteenth century.

But there is a lot to see: historic buildings; outstanding furnishings; colonial craftsmen at work.

And there is time: time to think; time to reflect; time to gain peace of mind.

Come and enjoy the experience of Williamsburg.

But don't rush.



COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $24 double; its Colonial Houses, from $15 double. The Lodge, from $15 double. The Motor House, $19-$21 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Betty Fisher, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Baltimore for Enterprise 9-8855; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Westchester County, Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805.

places on the Mediterranean circuit where one could hear mass dressed in a bikini with a cigarette in one hand and a bloody mary in the other.

When the last pot of incense had been swung and the last of the litany intoned, Pompidou was conveyed up the block to a covered podium. There, facing the sea and yet another monument of Napoleon, this time with his four brothers, the whole lot of them in Roman robes, the President delivered a historical récitatif on the glories of the Bonapartean time. "Napoleon had one passion, one mistress—France," intoned the President, while below him, in the sparse shade of a scorching day, the dutiful ladies of Ajaccio, proud but overcome, toppled one by one from the heat. In the distance an ambulance siren wailed. We retreated across the square and down a back alley. The ladies in my party didn't look so cool either, and we stopped at a tiny grocery and bought a bottle of Vittel, which comes now in plastic bottles, sat on fruit boxes, and drank from it. Somewhat cheered, we mushed on past the house where Napoleon was born to Au Bec Fin where we had a table reserved for lunch. Live lobsters swam about in a *vivier*, their demise, we thought, no less imminent than ours. We were too scorched to eat much and dabbled only with a *pâté* of *merle*, made of blackbirds foolhardy enough to get smashed on grapes in the autumn only to fall easy prey to farmers who pluck them and mash them into a toothsome paste. We sipped a Gewurz Traminer, a noteworthy blessing for which one must be thankful to the Alsatians, and jumped in the car for the drive back over the mountains to the Gulf of Sagone. After forty minutes of hairpin turns, the Transat Hotel Club at San Bastiano came into view in all its nautical glory. The white beach stretched for a mile or more, and a breeze down from the mountains sent the sailboats skimming over the blue. The pool was surrounded by lollers who had stayed home, clearly preferring comfort to history. Who was I to fault them? —Horace Sutton.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 q, 2i, 3o, 4r, 5p, 6m, 7n, 8a, 9c; 10h, 11 l, 12e, 13j, 14k, 15b, 16f, 17d, 18g.

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Cleveland, George Dawson, 30559 Pine Tree Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44124; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104. Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140 **Printed by the McCall Printing Company, Dayton, Ohio.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chess Corner—No. 141

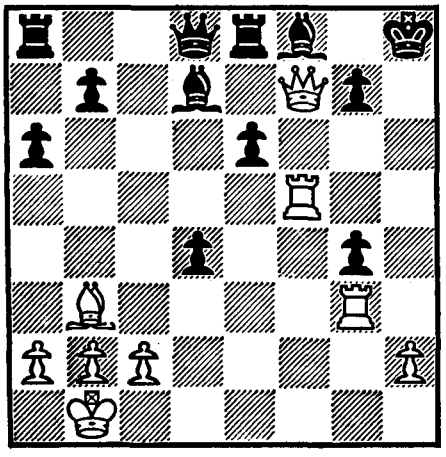
The nineteenth game of the recent world championship match between Tigran Petrosian and Boris Spassky, both of the Soviet Union, shows Spassky conducting a brilliant king-side attack. When Spassky plays 15 P-N4!, he challenges Petrosian to a battle of judgment. Is Black's position after 15 . . . NxP defendable? Petrosian obviously thinks so; he captures. Spassky demonstrates, with a series of sacrificial combinations, that his judgment is better; he scores a vital point, assuring himself the world title.

With 22 N-K4, Spassky sacrifices a piece. After 22 . . . PxN, he can play 23 RxN, and if 23 . . . PxR, Q-N8 mate. Moves later, he offers another (24 N-N5! !). Petrosian cannot refuse; Spassky threatens 25 N-B7ch and also 25 Q-R7 mate.

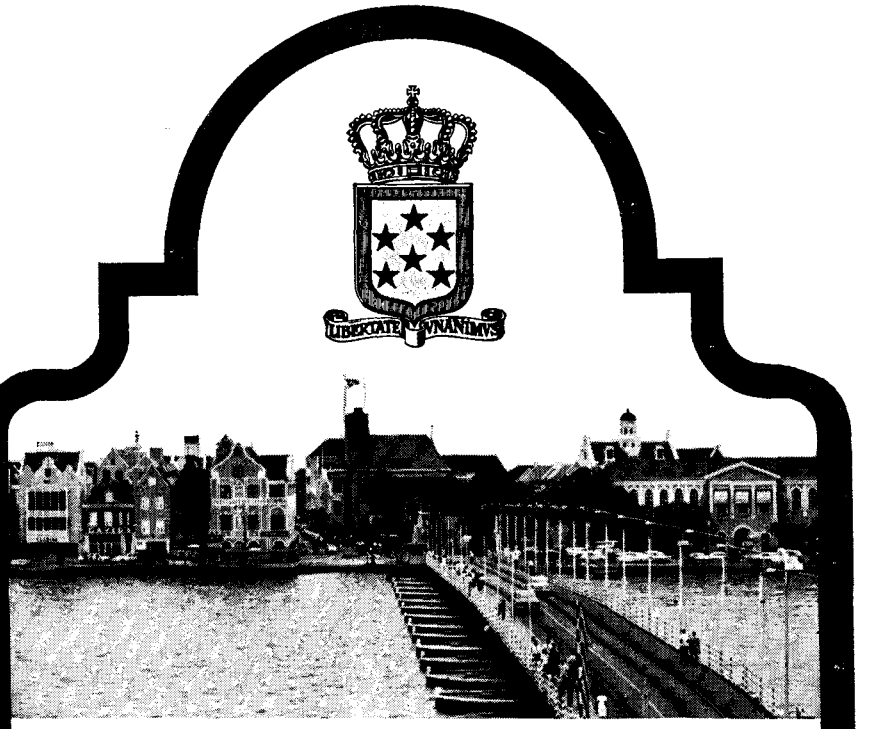
Spassky's 27 R-N3 threatens 28 R-R3 mate. Petrosian cannot reply 27 . . . P-K4 (guarding KR3 with his bishop) because of 28 Q-N8 mate. The same motif recurs a move later: 28 R-B5! ! threatens 28 R-R5 mate, and 28 . . . PxR allows 29 Q-N8 mate. This time there is no defense: Petrosian resigns.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Boris Spassky		Tigran Petrosian	
White	**Black**	**White**	**Black**
1 P-K4	P-QB4	15 P-N4	NxNP
2 N-KB3	P-Q3	16 Q-N2	N-B3
3 P-Q4	PxP	17 R-N1	B-Q2
4 NxP	N-KB3	18 P-B5	K-R1
5 N-QB3	P-QR3	19 QR-KB1	Q-Q1
6 B-N5	QN-Q2	20 PxP	PxP
7 B-QB4	Q-R4	21 P-K5	PxP
8 Q-Q2	P-R3	22 N-K4	N-R4
9 BxN	NxB	23 Q-N6	PxN
10 O-O-O	P-K3	24 N-N5	PxN
11 KR-K1	B-K2	25 QxNch	K-N1
12 P-B4	O-O	26 Q-B7ch	K-R1
13 B-N3	R-K1	27 R-N3	P-N5
14 K-N1	B-B1	28 R-B5	Resigns



—Al Horowitz.



Two for the Money Two for the Show

Curaçao and Bonaire . . . *the* places to go! Treat yourself to an unforgettable vacation on both these tidy little islands in the southern Caribbean. Your round trip jet ticket from New York or Miami to Curaçao gives you a visit to Bonaire at no extra cost! Both islands are delightfully Dutch and each will charm you in its own special way. Curaçao has plush hotels, fine restaurants, exciting casinos and nightlife that's a challenge. It has a unique swinging pontoon bridge, gabled pastel-colored buildings and fabulous free port shopping. Bonaire is equally picturesque, with friendly little villages, fishing and skindiving without equal, and hundreds of stately flamingoes. Low summer hotel rates are in effect for both islands through December 15th. Ask any Travel Agent for details or write for more information.

Curaçao Bonaire

NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

S-920

CURAÇAO & BONAIRE TOURIST BOARDS
604 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020 • 203 SW 13th St., Miami, Fl. 33130

Two islands for the price of one? Yes, tell me more!

Name_____

Address_____ City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Cheers for John Nims: When the book is closed on my generation of poets, and their successes and failures are all listed in the dry syllabus of the dead, I hope someone will note, if only in passing, that they produced a great age of translation. I shall make no attempt here to compile a list of the great Englishments of the last twenty-five or thirty years: a proper listing would take up a book of its own. Let me only note that the nineteenth century, as a sometimes broken rule, tended to leave its translations to scholar-pedagogues; whereas in this age, the best translators have often been our best poets. On any list of our poet-translators, an especially honored place must certainly be reserved for John Frederick Nims.

Nims is graced with a meticulous ear for poetic sound effects as they work to give a poem the uncanniness of a true voice. He knows, therefore, how much in a poem refuses to cross the language border. The wonder remains how much he is yet able to smuggle across.

I am especially indebted to him for the grace with which he has translated Bernart de Ventadorn, a Provençal poet who flourished circa 1150-1180, a time when the poet's flourish went from lady to lady and from court to court, with departures sometimes speeded by grossly unpoetic husbands. Nims is in the process of translating all of Bernart's forty-plus surviving poems, always in the stanza form of the original, though with no hope of matching the complexities of the troubadour rhyme-schemes. One of Bernart's poems, for example, runs for seventy-seven lines on only two rhyme sounds. In translation, merit must lie in how much one rescues from the certainty of loss.

The art of translation is the art of balance. The nineteenth-century scholar-translators practiced a strict literalness that was supposed to be philologically exact, though the fashion was always to prefer an archaic word to one in contemporary usage. The theory seems to have been that only old-fashioned English could properly express the quality of poems written in the past. What was lost to such a school of translation was the vitality of the original: translation became the art of embalming rather than of life-giving.

The more recent poet-translators have been willing to take responsibly balanced liberties in order to keep faith with the voice and the mood of the original poet. In so doing they have breathed life into many a scholar-strangled poet, and seldom, I think, more winningly than Nims has done in revivifying the idiom, the flavor, and the caught mood of Bernart de Ventadorn's worldly, yet love-tormented, plaint:

Bernart de Ventadorn, VI

Era·m cosselhatz, senhor . . .

Translated by John Frederick Nims

Men, a word of wisdom. Give,

You that know a thing or two.
One for whom alone I live
Said she loved me. Very true:
Yet it's true the rumor's out
There's a secret friend about.
Nothing I've gone halves in yet
Would I share with such regret.

Head a whirl of worries, I
Sit and puzzle: what to do?
Let her practice on the sly
And assume I never knew?
Or would humoring hurt more
Than it would to rant and roar?
Should or shouldn't? Shouldn't?
Should?
What's the best of nothing good?

Say I'm mum: they nudge and wink
And I'm everybody's fool.
Just an easy mark, they think;
Too adjustable a tool.
If I lose my love, to boot,
I'm forever destitute.
Nothing to inspire me then;
Damned if I could write again.

Close to bedlam as I live,
I'd be in the place for good
If I simmered "Won't forgive!"—
Play it smarter's what I should.
Seeing how the chances run,
Better half a girl than none.

Lovers loud about their "right"
Pace the empty rooms at night.

Since my lady rides her heart
Tandem, should I lift a voice?
No, I'd stutter, for a start—
See? it's really not a choice.
And, if any heard "Thank *you*!"
For a thing he's forced to do,
Then she owes me thanks—and
more.
That's the day I'm waiting for.

Beautiful deceiving eyes
Once upon my own would play
In a flicker of surmise.
Though they've turned another
way,
There's a fact I can't forget:
How, when gala crowds are met,
Though her eyes go hither, yon,
Still it's mine they linger on.

Tears are in the ink I fling
Harum-scarum: greetings to
The world's most attractive thing,
Madly most delicious you!
With a thought no years erase:
How you covered up your face
At good-by—were sobbing so
Couldn't breathe a yes or no.

Lady, in the eyes of men
Play at love and play again.
Love me where there's none to see:
Words for others; lips for me.

HANDY FILE
FOR YOUR COPIES OF
Saturday Review

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies
  $3.50 each, postpaid
  (3 for $10.00)
  (6 for $19.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied

ORDER DIRECT FROM:
JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. 19141

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

A young brave, with flute and papoose, dances the steps of his ancestors.

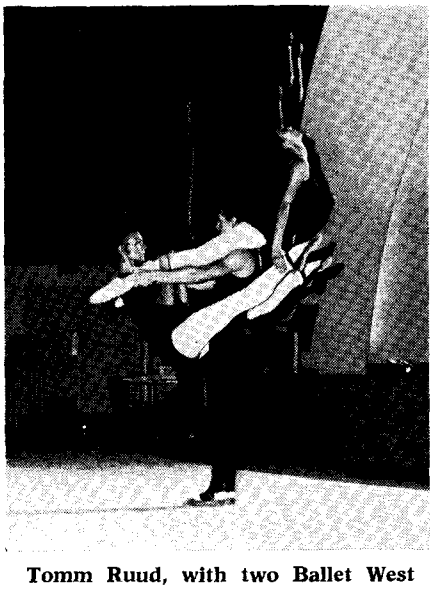
WICHITA, KAN. THE SECOND annual American Dance Symposium, presented by Kansas Dance Councils and Wichita State University, not only dealt with intensive dance classes in a variety of styles, lectures, seminars, workshops, and even "sensitivity sessions" for the enrolled students (coming from most of the states and five foreign lands, and ranging in age from twelve to sixty and in technical training from absolute beginners to intermediates), but also with programs by professional dancers presented for the general public as well as for the enrollees in Wichita's stunning new civic center.

For modern dance, there was a really beautiful concert by Paul Taylor (once again very slim, and as always the master of muscle wit and movement celerity) and his handsome company in a concert composed of *Private Domain* (music of Iannis Xenakis), *Public Domain* (John Herbert McDowell), and that work which both moderns and ballet artists love to dance, *Aureole* (Handel). One can see Taylor and his group in New York or Paris and very probably in Tegucigalpa as well as in Wichita, so I want to center my remarks on the new Ballet West, which was danced in the new auditorium in Wichita, and the American Indians who made unforgettable ceremony nearby.

Ballet West, which draws its talent and its support from eight Rocky Mountain States, is directed by Willam Christensen and is an outgrowth of the Utah Civic Ballet which he founded and guided over the preceding years.

The program that Ballet West presented here was George Balanchine's *Symphony in C* (Bizet), very well danced, especially the second movement (Adagio) by Janice James and John Hiatt; Jacques d'Amboise's *Irish Fantasy* (Saint-Saëns); Lew (Willam's brother, director of the San Francisco Ballet) Christensen's *Three Movements for Short Hair* (John Lewis), and Willam's *Bravura* (Chabrier). The *Short Hair* ballet has a bare backstage setting—one even sees the elevator bringing the performers to stage level—and the boys and girls are dressed in ordinary street clothes. In the first movement, arms and legs dart in various directions as if the individual had no control of his parts—all of it fun but very reminiscent of Jerome Robbins's *Pied Piper*. Choreography for the second and third movements is lively and witty, and the Ballet West dancers are lively and personable.

Bravura is exactly what its title promises, but in addition to feats of skill, it has sweep and flow, all kinds



Tomm Ruud, with two Ballet West dancers, in "Mobile," his first choreography, which he describes as "Movements Of Bodies In Linear Equipoise"—"fascinatingly non-literal."

After you've admired his savoir faire, ask to see his Marie Brizards.

"That's how to learn for certain whether he's really as polished as he seems. If he proves he has taste enough to own a Marie Brizard liqueur, consider him worth your time. If he proves rich enough to own all 18, start working overtime to show him you're worth *his* time."

Crème de Menthe, Crème de Cacao, Anisette, Apry (Apricot), Blackberry, Curacao, Banane, Café Brizard, Crème de Cassis, Cherry, Kirsch, Kummel, Mandarine, Marasquin, Parfait Amour, Peach, Prunelle, Triple Sec.

Marie Brizard
Imported liqueurs

Marie Brizard Liqueurs. 50-100 Proof. © Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of movement surprises, and a sunny, exuberant air.

The dancers of Ballet West are young, good-looking, and excellently trained. The company itself has a distinctive style that is expansive rather than tightly elegant, gracious rather than haughty, dashing rather than stately. Most delightful.

At the close of a ballet lesson conducted by Christensen for symposium students, Tomm Ruud, one of Ballet West's highly accomplished dancers, showed us his first attempt at choreography, *Mobile*, to music of Khachaturian (*Gayne* Ballet Suite). It is a dance for a strong young man and two girls. The form, intent, and content might best be described by its title: **M**ovements **O**f **B**odies **I**n **L**inear **E**quipoise.

It is, of course, an abstract ballet, as fascinatingly non-literal as mobiles stirred by breezes or momentarily still. The comprehension and exploitation of weights, pressures, leverages, and balances are as absorbing as the designs themselves.

A special treat for symposium guests was a visit to nearby Cow Town, a reconstruction of a frontier village. Here, as the sun set, a small group of Indians—representing several tribes and directed by Jan Hunter—danced, sang, and played the drums. A dignified old gentleman, wearing a dazzling war bonnet, led the group. There was also a handsome young brave who played a flute with one hand and held a papoose in his other arm while dancing. A pre-teen-age dance virtuoso, Corwin Jay Nesahkluah, stirred the dust with some of the fastest footwork I've ever seen.

As dusk settled and the Indians had finished their formal presentations, they invited their visitors to take part. Side by side with the bronzed Indians you would have seen fair-haired "Anglos," a youth from Korea, a pretty girl from Lebanon, a Russian, a black native of Trinidad, and others remote from the heritage of the American Indian. But in the rhythms of dance, all found unity. I was amused, however, when a white girl (a professional musician) got so carried away by the steps of the stalwart braves that she stomped fiercely with them until an Indian woman stopped her and said quietly, "I think you had better come with me and join the women. After all, you should dance like a lady!"

You bet it does. It makes the case for coexistence very strong. Bolla Valpolicella, a real red wine, brings out the Stroganoff in beef. For a gourmet recipe booklet, please write Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., Box S9, 555 Madison Ave. NYC 10022 © 1969, The Jos. Garneau Co.

Editorial

Continued from page 24

reach a unanimous decision in favor of the young lady.

To repeat: What seemed most significant about the TV debate to an American viewer was the frequency with which the debaters referred to life in the United States for their main arguments, and the ease with which they could find evidence that was salutary or saddening. There is nothing new, of course, in the fact of the American mixture as a center of world attention. This side-by-side abundance of the good and the bad in the United States is a phenomenon that has attracted the analytical eyes of America-watchers all the way back to Tocqueville and Crèvecoeur. What is new today is that we have aroused fresh expectations and anticipations.

The message from the moon which we have flashed to the far corners of this planet is that no problem need any longer be considered insoluble. When we mobilized brains, energies, money, and resources on an unprecedented scale in putting a man on the moon, we also proclaimed the doom of disease and squalor in the human habitat. For no one is going to believe any longer that we can sustain human life on the moon but are unable to do it on earth.

The young Nigerian lady, in her television debate, spoke for millions of people everywhere when she declared she had new hopes about the human future as the result of America's demonstration of man's infinite capacities.

Now, when does our mobilization against famine, wretchedness, and unnecessary death begin? —N.C.

December 31st

by Ruth Lechlitner

Like a snail shivering on
the highway's frozen stem
I'm sealed by my shell
from a blown pollen of snow
whirling headlight yellow.

The signal's red eye
stops me. Here Law is a switch
of color; Order is housed
in a time-controlled rose
top blooming from steel.

I ask myself whether
Change frees or prisons me.
But I know
(and so do you, so all
who wait in these lanes together):
on green, we go.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dying Lake

Continued from page 21

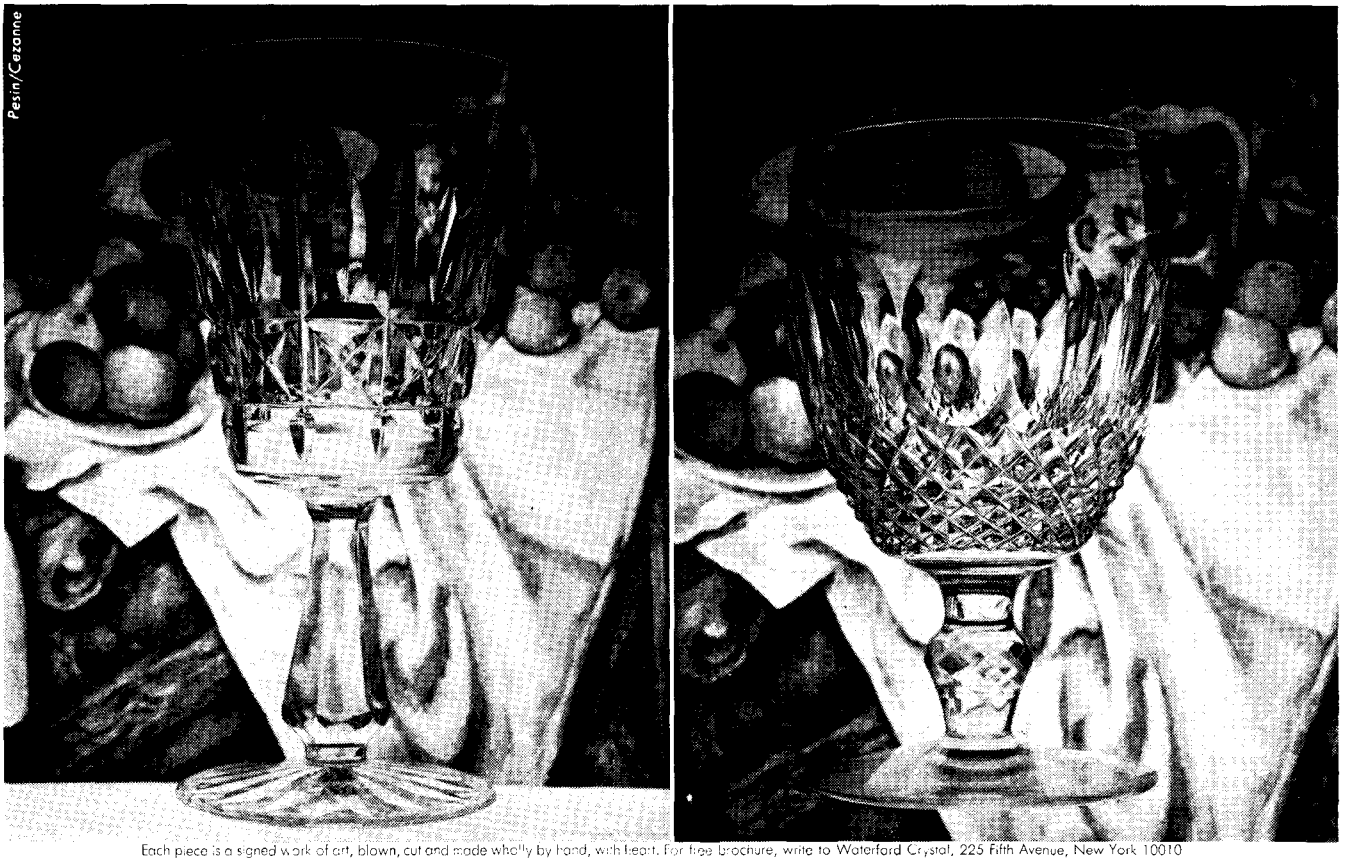
one of his twenty-one children, casting for sheepshead or carp or whatever cares to bite. The lake is not large, yet large enough to be infinite. It offers its lore of ships and waves and weather, the summer storms that drift across the water, driving the waves into the narrow beaches, perpetuating sailor stories and quarrels about which can be worse, the lakes or the Atlantic. Thus there are legendary events and records of disaster: huge steamboats that went down in flames, taking their immigrant passengers with them, Commodore Perry in 1814, Indians in their silent canoes.

The lake is life: Euclid Beach and Cedar Point, Catawba and Sandusky Bay, amusement parks, boats for hire, elegant summer houses tree-shielded from the curious roadway, beach-club privacy, and breakwaters spiny with the antennae of fishing poles. The beer cans collect between the rocks of the jetties, and behind them ragged rubber tires, twigs, and oily cartons undulate against the stones. A CLEAN BEACH IS A FUN BEACH reads a sign posted two hundred yards from Cleveland's own outfall of sewage. "Why can't we have swimming in Lake Erie?" the mayor asks his commissioner of public utilities, and so the water around the beaches is fenced in with heavy sheets of Dacron anchored to the bottom, the chlorine is piped in, and the black workmen rake the accumulated algae into little piles. On July 4 the beach is dedicated to safe swimming. "I have this vision," says a smart mouth. "The mayor arrives in a helicopter and climbs down a rope ladder onto the algae, while the Cleveland Orchestra plays 'Shifting Sands.'"

Who controls this environment? Whose rights are invested in it? The mayor—in this case Carl B. Stokes of Cleveland—is accused of being more interested in creating an image through waterfront chlorination projects than in attacking the fundamental problems. After the Cuyahoga fire, he begins legal action to make the state enforce its own anti-pollution standards against the industries on the river (and perhaps to put a little pressure on the corporate managers); the state, in turn, accuses the mayor and the city of lagging behind in their own anti-pollution efforts: "It is obvious," said an official of the Ohio Health Department, "that Cleveland itself is a major contributor to the problems of the Cuyahoga River and that a major cleanup cannot be accomplished until the city corrects its own faults."

All the states claim that their industries are in compliance with state health and pollution regulations, which simply means that each year they issue a few admonitions, ask the corporations what efforts they propose to make, and let them continue to operate. "All they're doing," someone said in Cleveland, "is licensing the polluters. It seems that it's impossible for anyone to be in violation." (To which the federal people reply that industry is making more progress with waste-treatment than the cities.)

The buck is supposed to stop at the federally conducted enforcement conferences. Under the club of federal authority, all the states in the lake region—Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, New York, and Pennsylvania — have committed themselves to upgrading their municipal waste-treatment facilities to the point where 80 per cent of all phosphates are removed from sewage effluent before it is discharged into the lake. (Some cities are already behind schedule and have received extensions.) Detroit and Cleveland, among others, are building new plants and collection facilities, using local, state, and a little federal money. At the same time, their officers are angry at the pal-



Each piece is a signed work of art, blown, cut and made wholly by hand, with heart. For free brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010

Every Piece of Waterford is a Signed Original.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try federal contribution. While Detroit is scheduled to spend $159-million and Cleveland has voted its $100-million bond issue for better treatment and collection, the federal government spends barely more than $200-million a year on pollution research and development for the entire nation. "The federal people are the biggest hypocrites in the bunch," said a Detroit official. "They go around the country making speeches. Maybe if they made as much noise about getting us more money as they do about dirt, we'd be able to move a little faster." The reply from Washington: "The people who are polluting are responsible."

So far, the lake has been unaffected, and there is doubt that even after the scheduled projects are completed they will be sufficient. In New York State, a Health Department advisory committee of scientists was asked the question: Will phosphate removal retard eutrophication in Lake Erie? The answer, in simple words: Don't expect too much. Nonetheless, FWPCA has committed itself to the process as a necessary first step: phosphates, which come largely from detergents, say the FWPCA technicians, are essential to the growth of algae and plankton, so (because it is relatively easy) phosphates will be removed. No one has yet figured out what to do with the phosphates once they are precipitated out. They will be trucked to . . . where? (Nor is it certain that nitrates, which flood into the lake from agricultural fertilizers, and other sources, are not major factors in eutrophication.)

"The scientists can raise all sorts of questions," says Murray Stein, who is charged with FWPCA's enforcement work. "It doesn't mean they aren't good questions, but every day's delay in studying means time lost forever. You can only hope." (In Ontario, the Water Resources Commission, which has its own problems, speaks about a "breakthrough" in sewage treatment—a chemical-physical process that is said to remove nutrients more effectively and cheaply than existing methods. But the process, so far, has only been tried under experimental, not operational, conditions.)

The FWPCA has estimated that it will cost $1.1-billion in pollution control projects to arrest the process of eutrophication in the next twenty years. Some critics believe the figure is far too low, and a few believe that the job is already impossible, that the lake may already be too far gone.

Who controls this environment? Whose rights are affected, whose life? The issue of pollution creates its own bureaucracies, its own inertia, its own zones of indistinct responsibility. Even though there are federal laws dating back to 1899 that prohibit the dumping of oil and refuse into navigable waters, and even though the various states have established their own regulations, there has never been—in the memory of federal officials—one suit or one criminal proceeding against a polluter. "Pollution law is a little like antitrust law," a federal official tells you. "It's hard to establish a connection between discharges and damage." (Two weeks ago, the Interior Department began to show signs of impatience with the polluters. For the first time since the 1965 Water Pollution Control Act was passed, the government threatened to take court action against private corporations and municipalities that pollute Lake Erie and other bodies of water. Among those cited in the government's announcement were three steel companies—James & Laughlin, U. S. Steel, and Republic—and the city of Toledo.)

Whose rights are affected, whose environment is it? "Every year there's more talk," says David Blaushild, a Cleveland automobile dealer who heads a group called Citizens for Clean Air and Water. "The governor and the mayor come to the conferences, and make speeches, and go home, and the pollution goes on. You don't have to study anymore. You can smell and see it. It's time to file lawsuits. Why should people take this crap?"

Does the individual have a constitutional right to clean air and water? "It's going to take a disaster to wake people up," Blaushild says. "If this generation doesn't do it, the next generation won't know any better. They'll think that swimming in filth is the normal thing to do. They'll think the moon is supposed to be yellow. They'll think they're breathing clean air and drinking clean water, because they won't know any better." Blaushild writes the Cleveland science museums to ask why they don't take a stronger position against industrial polluters. (Among their trustees are directors of several local corporations.) One of them answers that Blaushild, by selling Detroit's products, has his own share of responsibility.

Who controls this environment? Pollution, pesticides, fallout. The world's experience with nuclear tests has begun to create a wholly new concept of civility and community. In a strange way pollution became a problem by analogy: we learned, for example, that the same ecological processes that concentrate strontium-90 in bones concentrate DDT in fish, that contamination in one place jeopardizes life in others. A bomb test in New Mexico kills infants in Mississippi and Alabama; pesticides on Michigan farms poison fish in distant lakes; sewage from Detroit fouls beaches in Ohio. One can respond cheaply by lamenting the fix that science and technology have gotten us into, but a bumper sticker proclaiming SAVE LAKE ERIE pasted barely a foot above a smoky automobile exhaust is more an illustration of the problem than a solution.

The burden of moral compromise symbolized by Hiroshima and Nagasaki will not be lifted by building a new sewer system in Detroit, however necessary that system may be. Technological amelioration of one facet of environmental destruction can be no more than a surrogate for continued acceptance of its larger and more catastrophic forms. Can one take seriously an organization whose interest in conserving fish is unmatched by a position on the ABM?

The questions are backwards: how much civility can we afford after we have paid for Vietnam? For the car? For our missiles? Can we sustain a decent welfare program despite the war? Can we clean the river without jeopardizing the profits of industry? Because we are trying to satisfy a new, though still unclear, sense of community with old priorities, evasion is inevitable. Which is to say that a professed commitment to protect an environment that ends with a squabble over sewer taxes is no commitment at all. The issue of pollution can produce a paranoid fanaticism just like every other; no one has died from swimming on a contaminated beach on Lake Erie or from drinking its water. Yet somehow, if we cannot distinguish between fanaticism on behalf of a distant generation and that which defends immediate returns and private ends we have simply lost our claim to live.

As Barry Commoner wrote in *Science and Survival:*

> The environment is a complex, subtly balanced system, and it is this integrated whole which receives the impact of all the separate insults inflicted by pollutants. Never before in the history of this planet has its thin life-supporting surface been subjected to such diverse, novel, and potent agents. I believe that the cumulative effects of these pollutants, their interactions and amplification, can be fatal to the complex fabric of the biosphere. And because man is, after all, dependent on part of this system, I believe that continued pollution of the earth, if unchecked, will eventually destroy the fitness of this planet as a place for human life.

If the greatest thing since the creation is worth twenty-four billion clams, how much is the creation worth?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Editor-at-Large: PAUL WOODRING

Education Editor: JAMES CASS
Associate Education Editor: WALLACE ROBERTS
Assistant Education Editor: BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

57 Editorial

58 The Politics of Resegregation
by Gary Orfield

64 Letters to the Education Editor

67 Cool Man In a Hot Seat
by Richard H. de Lone

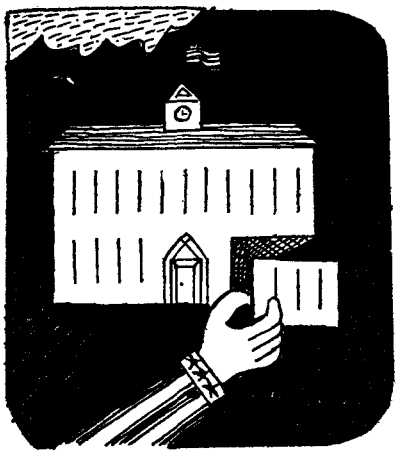
70 Bristol Township Schools: Strategy for Change by Thomas J. Cottle

72 The Dream of the Kibbutz
by Urie Bronfenbrenner

74 Schools Make News

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



Tax Reform and Education

The tax reform bill passed by the House last month (H.R. 13270) and scheduled for action by the Senate early this fall, is hailed as the most sweeping revision of the federal income tax structure in history. Few would deny that reform of the patchwork of tax legislation that has accumulated over the years is long overdue, and many provisions of the House bill are designed to eliminate special privilege and correct inequities of long standing. But the nation's educators are concerned because the new legislation affects the education enterprise directly at a number of points—and in a few cases promises to have a seriously negative effect.

New limitations placed on gifts to private schools, colleges, and universities will prove particularly crucial. At a time when these institutions are fighting desperately to survive as independent centers of learning, any action that inhibits the flow of private funds to their support inevitably will increase their dependence upon federal and state funds. In the past, tax law has not only allowed, but actively encouraged private philanthropic giving for the support of institutions dedicated to the public welfare. The new legislation, as it was passed by the House, eliminates major incentives to such giving.

Under the present law, donors are allowed to make a gift of securities to schools and colleges and claim a tax deduction equal to the market value at the time of the gift, no matter what the original cost. Thus, no tax is paid on the appreciation in value of the securities, and the whole amount (original cost plus appreciation) goes to the recipient institution. The new House bill is a long and enormously complicated document that defies easy understanding and interpretation even by tax experts. It seems clear, however, that even though more restrictive provisions were eliminated from the bill, the deductions allowed many donors of appreciated property will still be sharply reduced.

Comparable provisions of the new tax bill limit the benefits accruing to donors of other kinds of tangible personal property, such as works of art and manuscript collections. In addition, the donor who leaves his entire estate to a school or college, but arranges to continue to receive the income from the estate for the duration of his lifetime, is placed under new restrictions that reduce the value of his gift.

The incentives to giving that are included in the present tax law have stimulated the flow of many millions of dollars to the support of private educational institutions each year. The provisions governing gifts of appreciated property and life income contracts have attracted primarily the donors of very large gifts. As a result, the larger and more prestigious private universities each receive several million dollars in such gifts annually. But even more crucial for the welfare of higher education generally, perhaps, are the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars that the smaller, less prestigious institutions receive each year, for it is these institutions that are most seriously threatened by the current financial crunch.

The United States has long been proud of the diversity of its educational enterprise, with public and private institutions existing side by side. But this picture could change rapidly if the flow of funds from the private sector is discouraged, because these funds play a crucial role in nearly every private institution's budget. Certainly efforts to eliminate inequities that allow wealthy individuals to avoid their just tax responsibilities are to be applauded. But "reform" should not curtail legitimate incentives to private giving.

—J. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Politics of Resegregation

by GARY ORFIELD

A year ago it seemed that this September would bring the decisive victory against school segregation in the South. Southern school administrators, facing a firm deadline set by the Johnson administration in October 1967, resigned themselves to the inevitable, and prepared belatedly to accept the law of the land. The growing willingness of Southern educators to abide by the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was an immensely hopeful sign. Now, however, political decisions made by the Nixon administration have jeopardized that hope and the educational future of the Southern black population.

When, on July 3, the administration announced the revision of the guidelines governing school desegregation, it was clearly a victory for South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond and his segregationist allies. And when last month the Legal Defense and Education Fund of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People broke publicly with federal civil rights officials over a delay in Mississippi desegregation, it was the result of months of drift toward the Southern point of view by the administration.

The school desegregation guidelines are the regulations designed by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) to implement the most important provision of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The act required federal agencies to end all financial aid to local school districts that refused to end discrimination, and the guidelines spelled out just what the South had to do to retain needed federal aid. The guidelines, denounced as excessively timid by most civil rights leaders, asked significant annual progress in each school district toward the creation of a unified, nonracial school system. Two years ago, the Johnson administration set this fall as the deadline for completing the task, except in a few districts which could demonstrate special problems.

During the Presidential campaign last year, most Northerners ignored the political arguments about the school guidelines and took little note of the attacks on them coming from both George Wallace and Richard Nixon. Since his election, however, Nixon has come under heavy pressure from Southern politicians who were responsible for swinging five Southern states into the Republican camp. As the September deadline approached, Southern political pressure on President Nixon became intense and generated a bitter internal debate in his administration. Finally, HEW Secretary Robert H. Finch, who had urged strict enforcement, was overruled and the September deadline was scrapped. Most enforcement powers were taken from HEW, and primary reliance was once again placed on the federal courts of the South, the very institutions that had failed so seriously between 1954 and the enactment of the Civil Rights Act.

Although the new school guidelines were intended to demonstrate the administration's appreciation for the electoral votes of five Southern states, there was little jubilation among Dixie school officials. Southern educators, who thought they were finally finished with the desegregation battle, realized that the President had once again politicized the issue. It was painfully obvious to them—veterans of fifteen years of slow, tedious, and expensive court skirmishes—that moderate school officials would be right back in the midst of explosive racial politics. Once again the work of improving education in the region's lagging public schools would have to be postponed.

"Political decisions of the Nixon administration have jeopardized the educational future of the Southern black population."

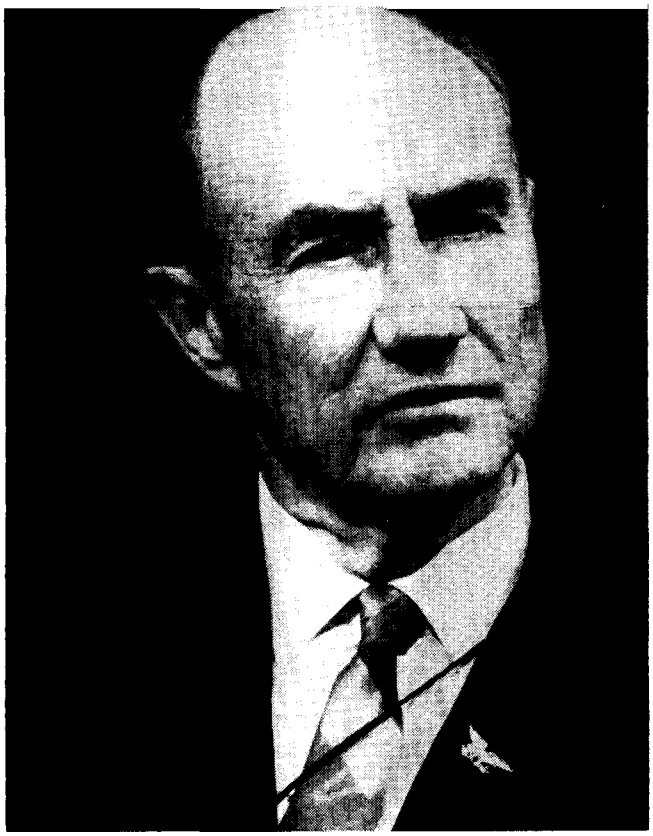
The new policies fail to recognize that there are only two ways to quiet white segregationist uproar in the heart of the Deep South; either the federal government can permit restoration of the old and unconstitutional system of separate schools, or it can demand creation of unified school systems in all districts. Virtually all the political trouble comes in communities suspended in uncertainty and fear somewhere between these alternatives. Once desegregation is accomplished, the unified school system generally becomes part of a new status quo. In four of the five Southern states Nixon carried last fall, the process is near completion and the school issue has lost most of its political force.

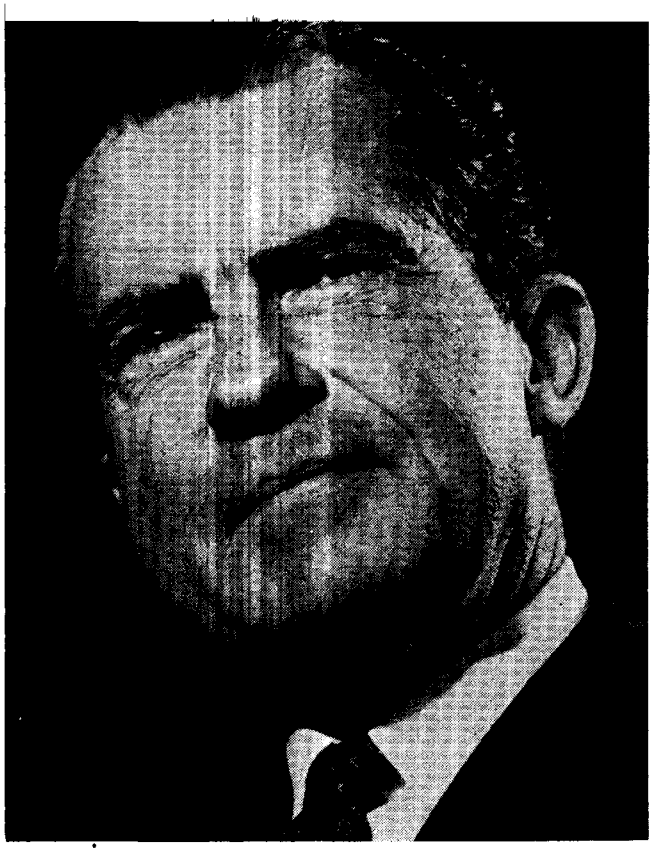
Most school officials saw the administration's decision to permit further desegregation delays not so much as a concession to the "South" or even the "Deep South," but to the principal followers of Thurmond and Wallace, the recalcitrant segregationists of a few hundred black belt school districts. Almost 4,000 of the 4,476 formerly segregated school districts of the Southern and border states were already committed to meeting HEW deadlines for eliminating separate schools. Interviews with leading educators in Strom Thurmond's South Carolina and Lester Maddox's Georgia in the days immediately before and after the announcement of the new guidelines demonstrate that even Deep South schoolmen were ready to desegregate. When the Nixon administration attacked existing desegregation standards as "unrealistic" and "arbitrary," it was undermining the efforts of some of the Deep South's leading educators, men who had belatedly put their prestige behind the desegregation effort.

In political terms, the new guidelines have their most immediate im-

GARY ORFIELD is assistant professor of politics and public affairs at Princeton University, and is the author of *The Reconstruction of Southern Education*. This summer he toured Southern state capitals, talking with state school administrators about the effects of the Nixon administration's civil rights policies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





South Carolina's Strom Thurmond (left) and President Nixon—"If the President really wishes to make the Deep South Republican, he can do it by restoring school segregation, but the cost will be abandoning Southern blacks, sacrificing the best leadership in southern education, and devastating the powerful moderate wing of his own party, South and North."

pact on the remaining holdout counties in the Southern black belt. These terribly poor counties, stretching along an arc from southside Virginia to the Mississippi Delta, are steeped in the old plantation traditions and dominated by staunchly segregationist political machines. These are counties with heavy black populations and local political climates so rigid that racial change is impossible without federal force. These communities will not be satisfied with the kind of delays and fudged-over compromises the administration appears to be offering. Unless the President intends to allow changes that would completely undermine desegregation across the South, says one prominent Georgia educator, the GOP cannot outbid Wallace in the black belt. If the President and his advisers really wish to make the Deep South Republican, they can surely do it by restoring school segregation, but the cost will be abandoning Southern blacks, sacrificing much of the best leadership in Southern education, and devastating the powerful moderate wing of their own party, both South and North.

If the new policies merely mean delay, they will only postpone the bitterness from this September to the months before next fall's Congressional elections or perhaps even until the next Presidential campaign. Delay will taunt local segregationists and maximize moderate and black alienation.

While the political value of compromise is obscure, the damage to education is clear. "Some fine men are having their careers and their health ruined by this indecision," Reg Murphy of the Atlanta *Constitution* wrote of the administration's vacillation. "If they are left without laws to rely on and Presidential guidance to quote, they are helpless to combat the forces of anger and hate in their towns."

The kind of local pressure that frightened state school officials even before the federal slowdown was painfully evident in South Carolina's capital of Columbia a year ago. After several hundred angry white parents took over a school board session, the city school system withdrew its desegregation plan, which would have required some white children to walk a few blocks more to formerly Negro schools. Strom Thurmond attacked HEW on the Senate floor and reportedly discussed the city's problem with Nixon at the GOP National Convention. Before withdrawing its plan, the school board was assured by leading state politicians that Columbia could defy HEW without risking loss of federal funds. The case has been stalled for months before HEW's Reviewing Authority, which was recently expanded from three to five members with a position going to a Columbia GOP politician. Now, in the words of school board member Heyward McDonald, there is a "general feeling of uncertainty as to what the law requires right now and what it will require six months from now." Columbia is still receiving federal funds, and school officials all over the state are watching to see if the city can get away with it.

Local superintendents will bear the brunt of rekindled pressures. "Some very good superintendents," says South Carolina State Superintendent Cyril Busbee, "can find themselves in a very awkward position." More than fifty Georgia superintendents have left their jobs in the last year, largely because of the desegregation issue. Now the federal policy reversal "has placed those systems that have done something in a very embarrassing position," says Jack Acree, executive secretary of the Georgia School Boards Association. In both states, local superintendents have called state school authorities seeking ways to renege on their HEW desegregation plans and thus salvage their political positions. Just before school opened, nine Georgia school districts that had pledged earlier to desegregate this fall refused to meet their commitments.

Nixon's guidelines surprised and threatened many school boards that had gone ahead with the desegregation process, trusting in repeated administration assurances that no change

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be made. South Carolina illustrates both the general movement of opinion in the Deep South and the damaging consequences of politically motivated enforcement. Dozens of South Carolina school boards agreed to desegregation plans last year. Goaded by the realization that the state's development was being held back by poorly trained manpower, state educators have been seeking and obtaining increased state and federal funds to upgrade the traditionally substandard public schools. This progress made local leaders more willing to solve the race question as a necessary preliminary to economic development.

The state school superintendent decided to offer help to local superintendents in what he saw as an inevitable transition to desegregated schools. During the summer of 1968, the elected state superintendent, Cyril Busbee, a salty and candid man somewhat reminiscent of Harry Truman, told a conference of local superintendents that desegregation was their "immediate problem." "The recent Supreme Court decision," he told them, "has said that the dual system will be eliminated." He promised state assistance. Expecting sharp criticism, he was surprised to be thanked by a number of local school officials. These men, who finally faced up to the race issue, are both the state's principal hope for better schools and the victims of the new policies.

Until the issue was plunged into politics, Joe Durham, Busbee's desegregation aide, noted great progress: "Attitudes are changing much more rapidly than we had anticipated three years ago or even two years ago." His observations were echoed by Professor H. L. Winecoff, director of the University of South Carolina's School Desegregation Consulting Center. The general feeling, Winecoff said, was "Let's do it, painful as it is." People were gradually realizing that their fears about integration were unreal. School superintendents who expected resignations from a fourth of their teachers found that they actually lost only 2 to 3 per cent. "What really amazes me," Professor Winecoff said, "is the progress that has been made and what can be made if moderate pressure is maintained." Before Nixon reopened the political floodgates, Lamar Clements, HEW's South Carolina civil rights coordinator, saw the state finishing the desegregation process in a couple of years.

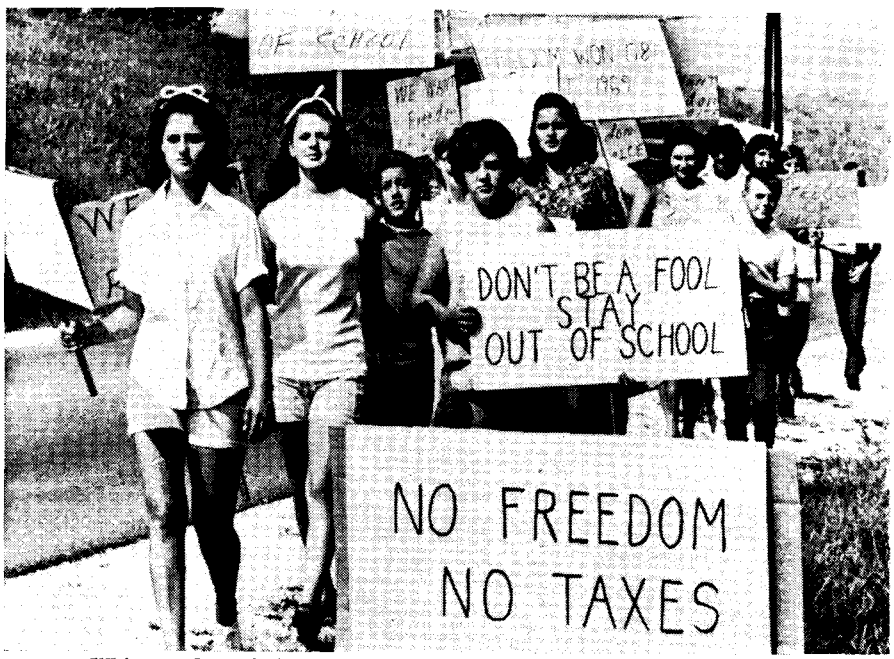
State Superintendent Busbee is no crusader for integration, but he was convinced that the guidelines were the law of the land. In spite of his skepticism about the possibility of integration in systems with overwhelmingly black enrollments, he saw no legal alternative to compliance. Busbee kept in his desk a letter from HEW citing court decisions and quoting President Nixon in defense of the same guidelines the President subsequently junked. To his mind, Busbee says, the Supreme Court's sweeping call for unified school systems in the 1968 *Green* decision is "about as unequivocal as anything I've ever seen." On the basis of court decisions and repeated assurances from HEW, Busbee and many leading local school officials had moved toward compliance with the law. Desegregation doubled in South Carolina last year, and HEW had negotiated about thirty-five plans for ending separate school systems by 1970.

The tardy policy announcement on July 3, coming in the midst of preparations for the next school year, produced rank confusion for school administrators. Local constraints on school officials were multiplied after prominent Southern newspapers proclaimed SCHOOL DEADLINES SCRAPPED and NIXON KEEPS HIS WORD. Experience of previous summers suggests that commotion will build to a showdown in September on what the new guidelines really mean. Very soon the administration will have to make some fundamental decisions about the future of the South. Administration leaders have assured Southern officials that "extensions would be available," according to James Batten of Knight Newspapers. "A hell of a lot of districts," one federal official told him, "will get extensions beyond 1969-70." If he is right, the entire structure of desegregation across the South will come under attack. At worst, the new guidelines may be, in the words of Georgia's Julian Bond, "the old compromise after Reconstruction all over again."

At best, a heavy price will be paid by school leadership and the HEW enforcement program. Nixon's commissioner of education, James E. Allen, Jr., commented on the danger in Atlanta just days before the new guidelines were issued. A change, he said, would be "educationally unsound" and "harmful to the South."

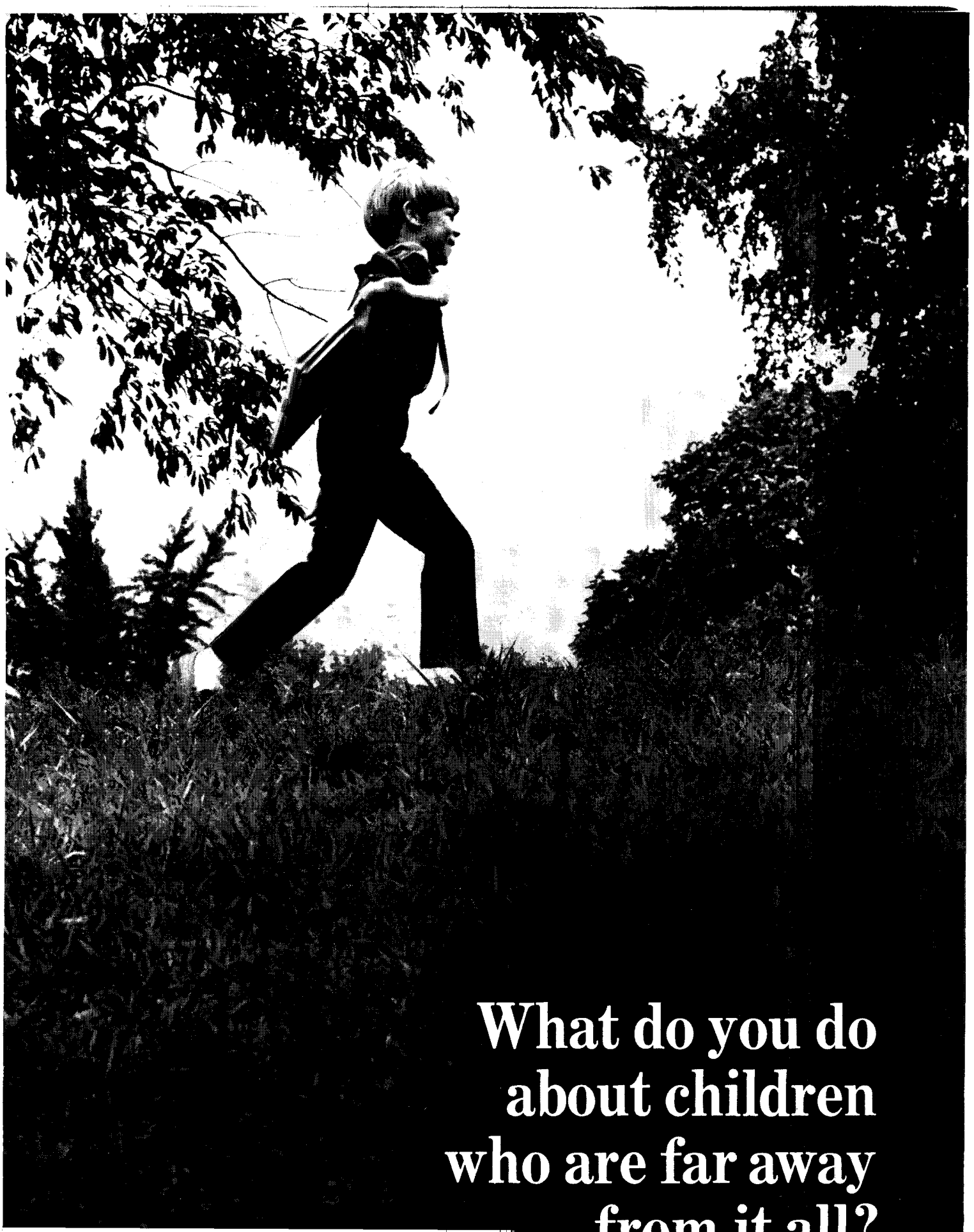
In South Carolina, politics has pervaded the school controversy since last fall, because the state Republican organization hopes to use the school issue to take control of the state. In an interview in Columbia the day before the new guidelines appeared, Jimmie Howle, the party's research and information director, told of the pressure on the party from all over the state to fulfill the promises to weaken civil rights enforcement made in the Presidential campaign. Since January, he said, the state organization had repeatedly obtained concessions for school districts from HEW, but couldn't claim public credit because "all the damn liberals say Strom Thurmond is President of the United States." One school district, he claims, received a year's extension "inside of ten minutes" after the party's executive director called Washington. "They've got a pipeline to Washington," one frustrated official in HEW's Atlanta regional office sadly said. "Why should they call here?" There have been repeated political appeals for special treatment of individual districts, and at least one district was allowed to by-pass the

(*Continued on page* 77)



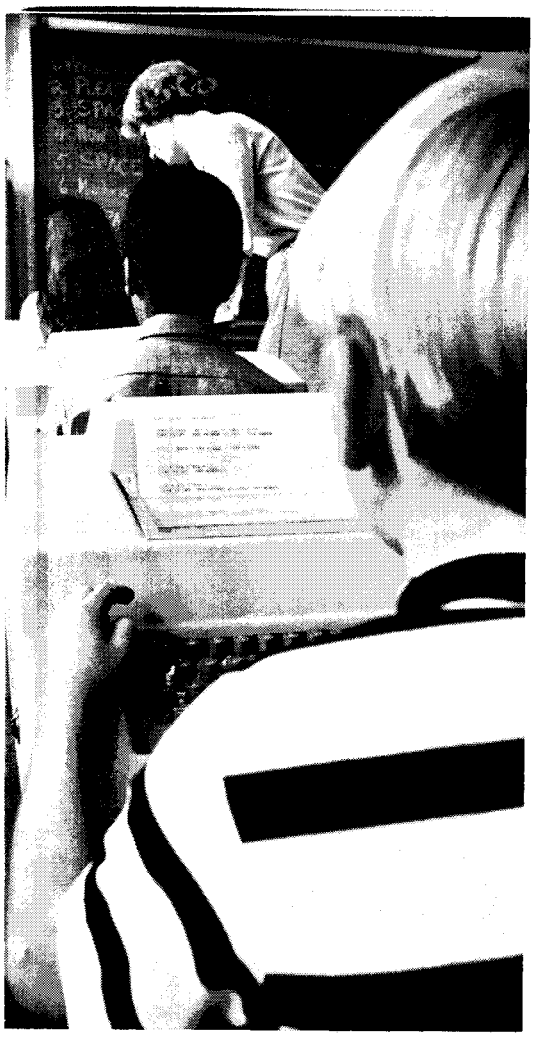
White students in Reserve, Louisiana, protesting school desegregation this fall—"Nixon's guidelines surprised and threatened many Southern school boards that had gone ahead with the desegregation process."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What do you do about children who are far away from it all?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Students in the metropolitan cities can be as far away from it all as rural youngsters. It happens every time some of education's best advantages pass them by.

Today, small communities like Medicine Bow, Wyoming (population 392), as well as big-city systems, like New York City (population 7,795,471), are making use of the nationwide telephone network to give young pupils rich—and occasionally unique—learning experience.

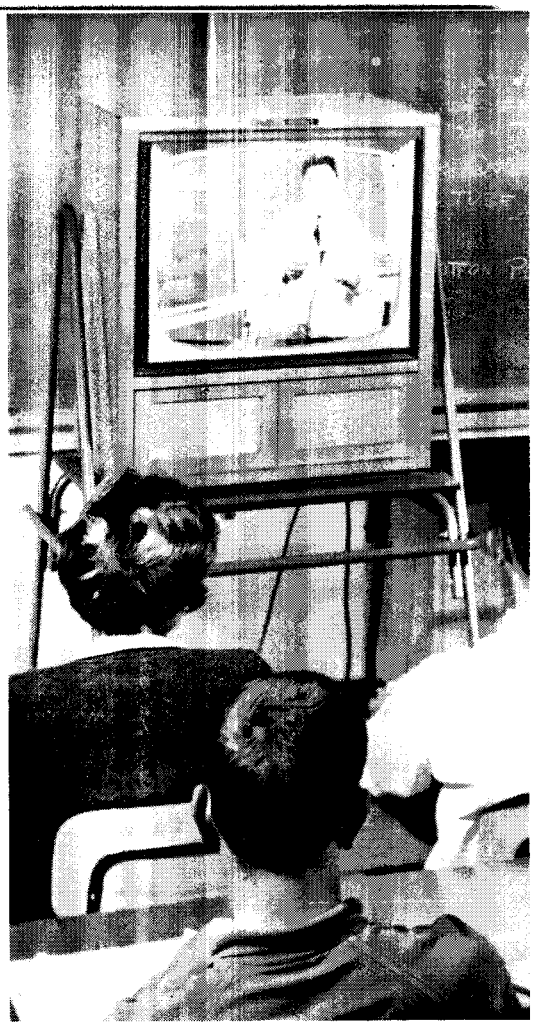
This network, for example, recently gave music students in Medicine Bow, Wyoming, a chance to visit with Leonard Bernstein. The science students learned about some of space travel's complex elements from a NASA official in Houston. It was a system of Tele-Lecture combined with telewriting that gave Medicine Bow's pupils the chance to reach out beyond Wyoming to the whole country.

Tele-Lecture, telewriting, and remote computer access is available to today's students over Bell System's nationwide communications network.

For example: In New York City, more than 2000 elementary school pupils, using Touch-Tone® phones in their homes, are reinforcing math skills by 'talking' with a computer.

The pupil hears the computer say, "What is four plus four?" He responds to the computer by pressing the buttons on his Touch-Tone phone. If he presses the right buttons, another problem will follow. If he is wrong, the question is repeated and if he is wrong again, the computer gives the correct answer and presents a different problem. The pupil's progress is recorded and future drills are structured to the student's achievement level.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Computer math programs are coming to rural children as well. First-through-eighth graders in several schools in eastern Kentucky are now learning math with the help of a computer-assisted instruction program that comes from Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, via the telephone network.

Edwin R. Jones, Director, Eastern Kentucky Educational Development Corporation, describes his thinking about computer-assisted instruction:

"What catches my mind and imagination about CAI is the fact that today, for the very first time in the history of education, we can actually provide individualized instruction for a whole classroom of students. Not only is the instruction process individualized, it's programmed so that those responsible for student learning know exactly how the pupil is interacting and progressing with the material. For years and years we've talked about individualized instruction for the student. Now it's a fact in some of our schools. I hope it will some day be a fact in all of our schools."

Delaware is one of several states that have developed a system that provides urban and rural students educational advantages. A statewide multichannel closed-circuit TV system serves Delaware schools with a total enrollment of 105,000 pupils. Programs are designed to enrich the educational process and are transmitted throughout the state over a network especially designed by Bell System engineers.

Today, regardless of location, it's no longer necessary for any student to be far away from it all. Call your local Bell Telephone Company and ask to talk to an educational communications specialist.

AT&T

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Education Editor

Activist Doctors

MEDICAL STUDENT activism, discussed in Michael G. Michaelson's "Medical Students: Healers Become Activists" [*SR*, Aug. 16], focuses attention on problems which confront medical educators and may contribute to their solution. There are several current trends that have serious implications for those who train physicians: First, population is increasing rapidly; second, health care is coming to be expected as a right, not a privilege; and third, medicine is getting more complicated, demanding more erudition and specialization by its teachers and practitioners. Medical educators are thus called upon to increase the numbers of health personnel, basic scientists, physicians, nurses, technicians, etc., to develop better and less costly means of delivering care, and simultaneously to maintain scientific quality in an era when that requires more time and money than ever before. The best thing about student activism in the face of these problems is that it means these students care, and that some of them will continue to work on the problems in years to come.

RICHARD W. HUDGENS, M.D.,
Assistant Dean for Curriculum,
Washington University
School of Medicine,
St. Louis, Mo.

THE SEEDS of understanding the true nature of our medical education system are present in Mr. Michaelson's article, despite his conscious avoidance of thorough analysis.

The following criticisms are not exhaustive, but should stimulate a consideration of the article's superficiality:

1) Abraham Flexner was confronted with a contradiction between what was clearly an explosion of technology in medicine, and its free-lance control. I suggest that it was not in the interest of science or humanism that the Flexner report was so rapidly implemented. It was the clear need to consolidate control over the training of doctors and thereby improve the monopoly of doctors by the dominant economic class.

2) Just as the contradictions became sharp between technology and the form of control in Flexner's era, they have again become sharp and unavoidable. The immense reactionary power vested in the American Medical Association monopoly over the medical industry has been unable to cope with the more sophisticated finance now needed by the second largest industry in the U.S.—"health care." Science and technology have brought about a massive, new world-wide market of sick and suffering. This requires a concomitant change within the organization of the industry to meet this new opportunity. The medical schools stand at the entry position to the industry. It is the critical point for the industry to meet the call for unimaginable growth and profits. Naturally, students would feel the squeeze of expanding enrollment, work speed-ups, assembly-line efficiency called for by the industry in its efforts to produce doctors. Ironically, the student, socially isolated and politically reactionary by long grooming and selection, strikes out at an enemy of both the industry and himself—the curriculum. Everybody wants better, less painful curriculum, i.e., more M.D.s.

3) Dr. Ebert's remark that medicine has been a "middle-class institution" brings out the most fundamental fact that is completely glossed over by Michaelson. Medicine, the industry, cannot be understood if one ignores the precise way in which it is dominated by a single economic class. What Ebert so generously recognizes is that the contradiction between the pattern and availability of health care for the dominant economic class and that available for the working and welfare classes is so glaring that it threatens to burst the American myth that "if you just work hard and partake of the commodity-oriented society, you will inevitably rise into the chosen class." The medical industry, in addition to expanding its monopoly control, must repair this glaring contradiction now visible to the public. Letting a few black students into the profession, altering the curriculum here and there, establishing a skimpy network of neighborhood health centers are token measures to pacify the people, to make it seem as if the industry had real concern for illness and debility.

It is only through establishing intensive self-criticism within the student movement and using guiding principles such as serving all the people that the true struggle against class control of the industry can be waged.

WILLIAM BRONSTON, M.D.,
New York, N.Y.

An Unkind Blow

AS A PARTICIPANT in Harvard's Advanced Administrative Institute this summer, I enjoyed Peter Schrag's report "Gloom at the Top" [*SR*, Aug. 16]. Some of his insights have helped me clarify my own thinking about what happened—and what didn't happen—to the schoolmen in attendance. I would like to point out, however, that Schrag's reference to recent *School Management* articles on student activism is unjust. Our position has been that student activism is entirely a positive force in American education. Our editorial objective has been to persuade school administrators to adopt a positive, cooperative—not co-optive—posture. Perhaps if Schrag—who is one of the finest writers around—had read the articles, instead of just the headlines, he would not have dealt us such an unkind blow!

JAMES E. DOHERTY,
Editor, *School Management*,
Greenwich, Conn.

Catalyst for Women

JAMES CASS's editorial about Catalyst [*SR*, July 19] was excellent and well deserved, but I am sorry that he gave that organization credit for the Partnership Teaching Program in Framingham and in other schools around Boston. That project was conceived and administered by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union and received support for the first two years from the Carnegie Corporation.

FLORENCE ANDERSON,
Carnegie Corporation,
New York, N.Y.

Taylor Demurs

IN HIS REVIEW of my book *Students Without Teachers* [*SR*, July 19], Paul Woodring misses the main point I was trying to make about the origins and effects of the student protest movement. It is too simple to say that I "blame the professors" for student unrest. It is a lot more complicated than that, more like the Kitty Genovese case, with the professors as spectators at the killing of the undergraduate mind. There are five chapters in the book dealing with the complications.

One of these is devoted to making a distinction the reviewer says the author did not make: between the violents like Varnado at San Francisco State, who use terror and disruption as announced tactics for destroying democratic institutions, and the rest of the radicals and activists, who want drastic reforms in the society and its educational system but not through the destruction of the university. My point is that as educational institutions the colleges and universities are by definition instruments for seeking nonviolent means of resolving social conflict, and that it takes not only intellectual courage but moral intelligence to deal nonviolently with situations of the kind that the Reagan-Hayakawa people make into political entertainments.

Mr. Woodring accuses the author of ignoring the "necessary distinction between undergraduate colleges—which are primarily educational institutions—and universities, which have additional responsibilities." But that is the whole issue on which a large part of the book's argument is based. If the additional responsibilities turn the university into a knowledge factory for staffing and running the post-industrial technocracy, the university has lost its mission.

The students are forcing their colleges and universities to come to terms with that issue, and in doing so they have done their country the greatest of educational services.

HAROLD TAYLOR,
Holderness, N.H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NCR has a bold new plan to bridge the information gap!

Libraries are faced with the impossible task of providing vast amounts of information within a limited budget. Already a serious information gap exists at a time the demand for source material is increasing.

PCMI ultrafiche reader is currently in use with major automotive and retail firms as well as educational institutions. New Reader-Printer is available now. Magnification is 150x. That's 22,500 to 1 in area magnification.

Much source material is unavailable, often out-of-print and very expensive as a reprint. And there's not enough room to maintain any but high demand books. Right?

Wrong. An NCR development, PCMI* ultrafiche is the answer. On one 4″ x 6″ transparency we can store up to 3200 pages of written material. Our reader restores each page to full size. Access is quick and easy.

NCR will be offering the PCMI Library Information System, a low-cost subscription service, geared to the library budget. Initial PCMI Publishing will consist of five subject areas: American Civilization, Science & Technology, Social Sciences, Humanities, and Government Publications. Specialized libraries for Law, Medicine, Engineering, Religion, Physics and Chemistry will follow. Standard bibliographic sources will be used to establish libraries in the above subject areas with selection review by prominent librarians and *publisher consultants.*

The initial package will be approximately 100 ultrafiche per subject area (that's about 700 volumes). Standard Library of Congress cards will be available for each title.

Obviously you will need more information. See our Exhibit at the June American Library Association Convention. Or write for a precis at the address below.

*Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Educational Products

NCR®

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY
Industrial Products Division, Dept. "E"
Main & K Streets • Dayton, Ohio 45409

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Support "Radio Free America"

Its official name is The Broadcasting Foundation of America. Its function: To bring the culture and current affairs of other nations to American citizens and students, by providing a constant flow of taped radio programs from all over the world to our own radio stations and schools.

BFA is the exclusive American distributor of all UNESCO radio programs, hundreds of hours of the great music festivals of Europe, from Salzburg, Prague, Bucharest to Vienna, and Tel Aviv, and all Russian programs produced under the East-West Cultural Exchange Agreement. In addition, BFA distributes tapes of foreign Press Reviews from 15 nations, as well as weekly programs on science, literature and the lively arts to radio stations, school systems and libraries throughout the nation. Chartered as an educational institution by the New York Board of Regents, BFA is an independent, non-profit, non-governmental organization. BFA is our listening-post on the world—a "Radio Free America" which brings, each week, the views, feelings and cultural achievements of more than 40 nations to our own people, thereby contributing to increased international understanding and cooperation.

That's why BFA is important. And that's why we're asking your support. BFA would like to carry on its work and expand its program. To do that, it must have public financing. When you contribute to BFA you contribute to world peace. Think about that for a minute. Then fill out the coupon below. Please.

Broadcasting Foundation of America

52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

TO: BROADCASTING FOUNDATION OF AMERICA
52 Vanderbilt Avenue (Suite 1810)
New York, New York 10017

BFA

Enclosed is my contribution of _____
which is deductible from my taxable income.

Signed: _____

Street: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cool Man In a Hot Seat

James E. Allen, Jr. (right) takes the oath of office of U.S. Commissioner of Education—"Riding into battle with Temperance at his side."

by RICHARD H. DE LONE

Shortly before President Nixon's Inauguration, his education task force warned him that in the eyes of most Americans he lacked "the kind of special concern for education the times require." That task force report, which was never officially made public, urged Nixon to demonstrate quickly a "vivid and real" support for education.

He could do so, the report suggested, by a special message to Congress delivered early in the administration calling for increases of about $1-billion in existing federal aid programs; proposing a new, billion-dollar urban education act; and by reversing campaign impressions that he favors general federal aid to education spent solely at the discretion of the states and that he would go slow on desegregation. The task force also recommended a "substantial upgrading"—possibly to cabinet level—of the post of U.S. Commissioner of Education. The commissioner himself, the report said, should be a man of "the highest possible stature" with experience in elementary, secondary, and higher education.

To date, the President has heeded only one of those caveats: he appointed James E. Allen, Jr., commissioner and assistant secretary for education. Allen, in fifteen years as New York State's commissioner of education, had achieved the degree of stature recommended by the task force report. When the Senate confirmed Allen's appointment last May 5, the Nixon administration gained a vigorous, liberal education reformer. That same day, Allen received "vivid and clear"—if somewhat superfluous—reminders that Nixon's Washington is not the most hospitable environment for a man with his credentials: Nixon announced $370-million worth of cuts in the Office of Education's proposed budget; Allen went before a Congressional subcommittee to defend those cuts—about which he had little say and for which he had little enthusiasm—and, for dessert, he learned that his new home had been burglarized and thoroughly ransacked. The allegory was obvious: the administration was cutting back on domestic programs to curb wartime inflation, and "law and order" were needed before education. By nightfall, Allen jokes, he was ready to head back to Albany. "But then I remembered that things weren't any better there."

And indeed, they were not. There are a number of reasons why Allen accepted the U.S. Commissioner's post (and a pay cut of $20,500 to $27,500) from Nixon, although he had turned down the same job eight years earlier when President Kennedy had made the offer. First, the post is an important one now, with a major budget to administer and considerable influence on American education. This was not true during the early Kennedy years. Secondly, men such as John Gardner urged him to take the job precisely because they felt a need for strong liberal voices in the Nixon administration. But it is also true that Allen's credit in Albany had just about run out, and he knew it.

With a shrewd and careful—if often controversial—use of power, the aid of two supportive governors, and a strong state tradition in education, Allen compiled a record in New York that made him clearly the nation's outstanding chief state school officer. Under his leadership, the state department sponsored a variety of programs, from prekindergarten to adult education, that reads like an encyclopedia of educational innovation in the Fifties and Sixties. In higher education, community colleges sprang up across the state as part of a master plan that ranks with those of California and Florida as the most comprehensive in the nation. He presided over the growth of the state department from an agency with less than 400 employees and a budget of $383-million to a department of 3,000 employees (about 100 more than the U.S. Office of Education) and a budget of $2.2-billion—losing his ability to know everyone by name along the way.

In the process, he promoted a number of pioneering pieces of education legislation. To name a few, New York state was funding innovative programs before Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Act of 1965 (which Allen helped shape). New York was the first State to adopt a program of aid to parochial schools, providing texts and materials of a nonsectarian nature. In 1967, the legislature approved an urban education bill making $52-million a year available to big-city school systems for projects that are part of a comprehensive plan for institutional change. New York has the only state equivalent of the federal Teacher Corps. This fall, a $26-million program of state aid to private colleges and universities begins, based on the number of graduate degrees awarded.

The list runs on, but it is accompanied by a list of controversies. Shortly after he became state commissioner,

Richard H. de Lone is a free-lance writer and a Whitehead Fellow at the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Allen reinstated six New York City teachers who had been fired when they refused to turn informants during a hunt for Communists. Then he banned posting of the Ten Commandments in classrooms. He pushed hard for school district consolidation. He presided over restructuring of the scandal-ridden New York City school board in 1961. Last year, he stepped into the middle of that city's series of racially charged teacher strikes revolving around the community control issue, and he played a key role in bringing about a settlement that ended the strike but kept the demonstration districts going. And throughout the last six years his strong support and occasional mandating of school integration involved him in constant acrimony.

Not that Allen is either Hotspur or Quixote by nature. He is more like Spenser's Sir Guyon, riding into battle with Temperance at his side. For example, early in his tenure in New York, he risked political and personal knocks (rocks through the window of the $85,000 mansion the state supplied him; threats on his wife's life) to advance desegregation. But it was not until 1960 that the state Regents, following their commissioner's leadership, took a position strongly urging integration—that is, not until the momentum of the civil rights movement began to turn northward.

When he did mandate integration (notably in the towns of Malverne and Mt. Vernon), he did so by broadly interpreting an old statute that gave the commissioner power to adjudicate grievances brought against local school boards by citizens—or, in this case, civil rights groups. Allen was criticized by rights groups for moving too slowly (although no one was moving any faster), and segregation in the state did increase. The defense is that he was trying to conserve enough power to keep using it. (In Washington, because desegregation enforcement has been removed from OE, he will play a less vulnerable role—and one he prefers—by offering technical advice to school systems attempting desegregation.)

If his causes are liberal to the point of sometimes verging on the radical (e.g., his supporting community control in New York), Allen is a self-styled "moderate" in words and action. He is a pragmatist who seeks to present the right package in the right way at the right time. But he has the rare ability to keep his pragmatism subservient to his principles.

He is a member of the education establishment, and to prove it, he has some twenty honorary degrees and sixty-odd memberships. He also looks like a member of the educational establishment. He is a tall, lean man whose features, thin, angular, and keen in his youth, have mellowed with time. His face, with furrows deepening as he listens, his wavy, whitening hair, his dark-rimmed glasses all give the impression of a deliberate, thoughtful man who is part headmaster, part diplomat, and part paterfamilias.

Allen, with Rhody McCoy (left) and Herbert C. Oliver—As state education commissioner, Allen stepped into the middle of New York City's teacher strikes over the issue of community control of schools.

Allen also feels that established institutions are so important they have to be changed and sometimes restructured completely. Not that he has a particularly innovative mind himself, but Allen is, as a friend put it, "a first-rate collector of ideas." And if the combination of ideas and ideals gained him respect, it also brought opposition.

Over the past five years, stimulated by integration battles, frequent attempts were made in the New York legislature to curb what hostile newspapers were calling "Czar Allen's" power. Last year, aided by the conservative tide, they partially succeeeded: Governor Rockefeller signed into law a bill which in effect stripped the commissioner of the power to mandate integration. At about the same time, the legislature passed a bill Allen opposed that requires colleges receiving state aid to file plans for dealing with student disorders; Governor Rockefeller ordered 5 per cent reductions in all state budgets, including, despite Allen's protests, education. The legislature, responding to strong pressure from the teachers' union, emasculated the New York City decentralization bill Allen had backed. It then passed a bill he feels may result in chaos because, among other things, it does not promise to give communities the substantial voice in their own school affairs Allen thinks they deserve. Surveying the landscape, he realized he had reached that point of diminished utility inevitable after time in any public job. "If he hadn't gone to Washington, he would have been somewhere else in a few months," says a man who knows Allen well.

In Washington, Allen's job will be to find new uses for adversity. He may receive some assistance from a Democratic controlled Congress. It is safe to guess that Allen did not feel any pain when the House, on July 30, slapped the Nixon Administration in the face by adding more than $1-billion to its education request. (But he was pained when the House, without administration opposition, also took the decaying teeth out of the desegregation guidelines.) Yet, the House-approved budget of $4.1-billion—while including an increase of $500-million over last year—only brings federal aid in line with the 1967-68 level and, given the upward spiral of education costs, represents an effective reduction from the 1967-68 level of as much as 10 per cent. Furthermore, President Nixon, in his only noteworthy pronouncement on education so far, has threatened not to spend the extra billion.

Allen doubts that there will be any major new funding of education until 1971, at the soonest. And it will take a confluence of several events to make that happen: an end to the Vietnam war, diversion of defense funds to domestic projects, a change in the conservative mood of Congress, and a break in the same mood—particularly the "crime-in-the-streets" phobia—of the country at large. Should all these events converge, Allen will have a ready-made opportunity to shape a new federal approach to elementary and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secondary education, for it is in 1971 that the two-year extension of the existing Elementary and Secondary Education Act expires.

Surprises could occur. The White House is interested in early childhood programs. Some members of OE speak—rather wistfully—of a massive push on reading, setting a national achievement goal that would have as much appeal as the lunar landing.

But Allen is not counting on surprises. Rather, he is adopting the Nixon theme of consolidating, improving, and better coordinating existing programs and approaches. It can be argued that this theme is a way of substituting bureaucratic shuffling for programs and action. But in the case of education, as Allen vigorously argues, there is a clear need to tighten up existing programs and possible merit in pausing to develop what he calls a "national strategy for the improvement of instruction" before plowing ahead.

The need for better program coordination is clear. The rapid growth of OE has resulted in fragmentation, duplication, and multiplication of programs that is confusing in itself and becomes worse when one realizes that the office administers less than one-third of the rough total of $12-billion of federal education assistance.

Moreover, as Allen well knows, federal inefficiency is compounded by the almost magical ability of local school systems to make large sums of money vanish with scarcely a trace. The proper bureaucratic phrase is that increases in input yield no commensurate increase in output. The primary reason is that most budget increases end up, one way or another, in the pockets of teachers, who have always been underpaid but who are also teaching the same stuff in the same way under the same system. In other words, the cost of failure just goes up.

At this stage, the new commissioner's thinking remains quite general. But the broad outlines of an approach, the priorities he will stress, and a style of operation are emerging.

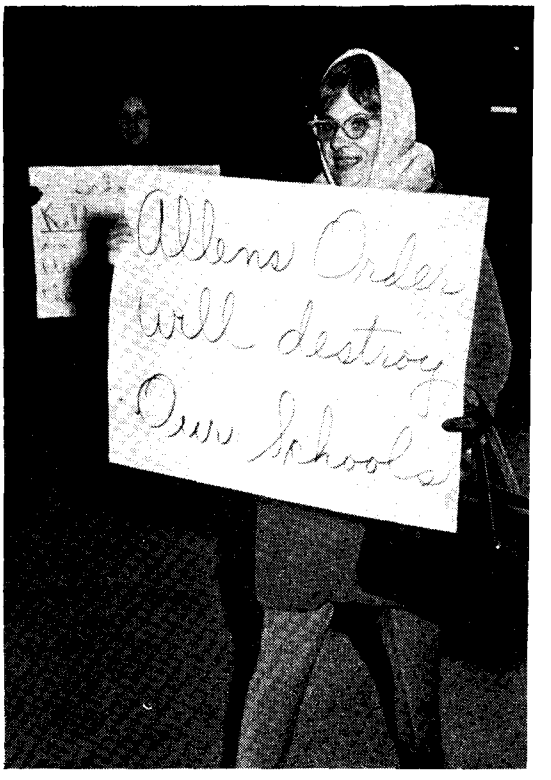
Allen, in the long range, sees a restructuring of school finances as basic. Like most students of the problem, he feels it is inevitable that the federal government support a much greater share of the nation's elementary and secondary budget. That budget has grown from $25- to $50-billion in the last decade, with the federal share now standing at about 8 per cent. The budget will probably double again by 1980, but by then, Allen projects, federal aid will be at least 20 to 25 per cent of it. Neither existing school tax bases nor other forms of state and local tax base will bear any other solution. However, Allen is not among those (as Nixon, based on his campaign remarks, is) who favor simply turning that money over to the states, to spend as they see fit. (One reason being that they rarely see fit to spend an equitable share in the cities.)

Allen believes—and increasing numbers of Congressmen concur—that the federal government has the right to say something about how its money will be distributed. And, while he sees the bulk of federal aid, in the long run, as so-called general aid, he would retain some for "block grants" to the states, focused on broad general problems, and more on top of that as categorical aid, focusing on specific problems such as inner-city education.

To make sure the money is spent in ways that make a difference—without awakening dormant charges of "federal control"—Allen hopes to tie federal aid to "incentives for change." He has made it clear, for instance, that when money becomes available, his top priority will be passage of an urban education act. A task force now laying the groundwork for such a bill has suggested OE require that proposals be part of a master plan for institutional change—including, as one major component, a substantial role in decision-making for residents of an affected community. A second kind of incentive, which appeals to Allen, is to adapt the contract format to federal aid. Local districts would agree to achieve certain specific objectives in return for federal aid. Renewal of the aid would depend on successful performance. He has a small kitty of funds set aside this year to experiment with the idea, and one of the first projects is about to get under way in Texarkana, Arkansas.

Interagency cooperation and coordination are two of those logical and timeless Washington goals that are almost never achieved, but Allen has some advantages in working toward them. He insisted that his appointment as U.S. Commissioner of Education include the post of HEW Assistant Secretary for Education, and it does. By combining the two offices, he has somewhat strengthened his ability to coordinate OE policy with the rest of HEW. More importantly, perhaps, he was able to consolidate about seventy extra jobs into the OE bureaucracy. That move gave him the leeway to reorganize the top of the OE structure. In addition to considerable streamlining, he has created a deputy assistant secretary's post for inter-departmental education. That job will be to try to coordinate OE programs with education programs in other agencies (the National Science Foundation and the Endowment for the Humanities are two obvious examples), as well as to relate education to other programs of social development in, for instance, the Department of Labor or the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Another post Allen created through the merger of the assistant secretary's office is a deputy for planning, evaluation, and research. This is a key job, for the role of research is critical to Allen's conception of a "strategy for improvement." Allen is fond of the statistic that less than one-half of 1 per cent of the nation's basic education budget is spent on research and development activities—compared to more than 10 per cent in many businesses and industries. He sees the federal government leading a movement to change that.

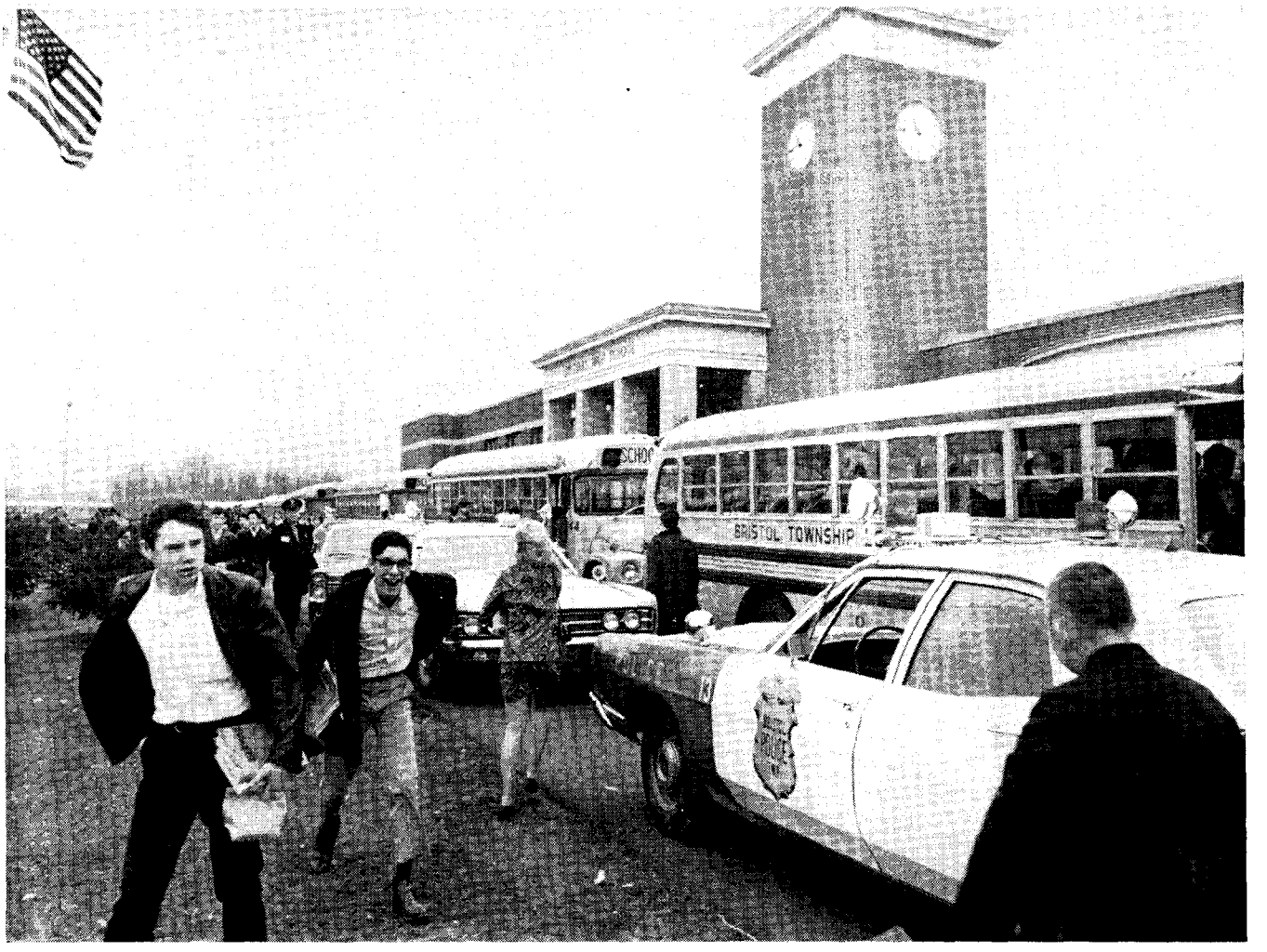


"Allen's strong support and occasional mandating of school integration involved him in constant acrimony."

The new office, which will be headed by James J. Gallagher, forty-three, who has served as associate commissioner for the handicapped in the two years since he joined OE, will have several major purposes. One is to better coordinate existing federal research and development efforts (both inside and outside OE). Another is to shape them into an effective process for collecting data, planning, and monitoring new projects and demonstrations, and to disseminate and help transplant successful approaches. To do so, research, in Gallagher's words, must cease to be a "hit and run operation where the

(*Continued on page* 76)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Police stand by as students at Delhaas High School are dismissed early following racial incidents. To cope with such problems, the school system adopted a human relations training program for its staff and community leaders.

BRISTOL TOWNSHIP SCHOOLS

Strategy for Change

by THOMAS J. COTTLE

The civil rights movement, in recent years, has sparked many efforts to improve school programs and to change the learning environment for both white and black students. Most of these attempts have failed, or have succeeded only marginally. It has become increasingly clear that promoting change in the schools, as in other social institutions, is a far more difficult task than anticipated. The enormous inertia of "the system" seems to defeat all but the most determined and ingenious efforts. A strong commitment to change by a few teachers or administrators in a school system is rarely enough. Rather, it appears that before fundamental reform can take place, all school personnel must be involved in a concentrated effort to remove both personal and institutional resistance to change. One such program that holds high promise for success is taking place in Pennsylvania, just north of Philadelphia.

For the majority of travelers, Bristol Township is merely the inevitable town adjoining the toll booth on the Pennsylvania Turnpike just before entering or immediately after leaving New Jersey. But to the people who live there it is much more.

This sprawling bedroom community contains most of Levittown's 17,000 homes and a population of more than 67,000. Many of the community's husbands and fathers commute to Philadelphia, twenty-one miles to the south, or to Trenton, roughly the same distance to the north. Of the township's 21,000 children, 14,000 attend the public schools, and, therefore, come under the watchful eye of Superintendent Knute Larson and his associates in the Harry S Truman School Administration Building. About 7 per cent of these students are black, but more significantly, enough of the township's families live at a level of poverty to entitle the district to aid under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which provides federal funds for the education of the disadvantaged.

Bristol Township—not to be confused with the town of Bristol—remains essentially a working-class community. Its racial and ethnic tensions are heightened by its proximity to Philadelphia and Trenton with their larger and more militant groups. It is a community that many people point to as "backlash prone"—the kind where racial problems can explode at any moment. The township made nationwide headlines in 1957 when families bitterly swarmed around the first

THOMAS J. COTTLE is an assistant professor of social relations at Harvard University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Levittown home to be occupied by a black family while other neighbors stationed themselves on the front lawn pledging protection to the family inside. But the township is fortunate that its educational leaders are aware of the need for social and educational change if the tensions of contemporary society are to be lessened. Superintendent Larson, a large, raw-boned, pragmatic man, is skeptical of fashionable panaceas in education, but he is also sensitively aware of the community's problems. As a result, a number of fundamental actions have been taken to make the schools more responsive to all elements in the community.

First, the township built fifteen public schools (as well as four parochial schools) during a seven-year period. It also established an "opportunity class" for students who were disciplinary problems in an effort to return them to their regular classes, and launched a community-school program offering a wide variety of activities for both children and adults in a school that remained open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., six days a week, twelve months a year.

Second, it reassigned students in some schools when it became obvious that the overcrowding of black students in two schools was intolerable to both parents and teachers because of increasing disciplinary problems and generalized hostility. Black students were bussed, without significant opposition, to less crowded, predominantly white schools. Indeed, the board of education was unwilling to perpetuate institutions where the disadvantaged grew nowhere together.

Third, the school district formed an Intergroup Education Committee that worked on curriculum changes, and then turned to an examination of the racial conflict in the community that gradually had grown to dangerous proportions. These tensions weren't omnipresent, but they were persistent and troubling. There was talk, for example, of militant community organizing going on in one black neighborhood, night fights between police and students, and an invasion of activists from Philadelphia and Trenton "stirring up unrest" in the three areas where Negro concentration is highest. Then came the action.

The story at Franklin Delano Roosevelt Junior High School began on a date few whites could remember. Blacks, however, recall the day as the anniversary of Malcolm X's death. On that day thirteen students refused to attend their homerooms. They proclaimed it a holiday and insisted that their parents wanted them home. Phone calls revealed that some mothers were confused, but all wanted their children at school. The students persevered, the principal gave them a choice, and they left, their strength and support growing. Temporary suspensions were issued immediately, but within a few days the students had returned, and the social temperature of Bristol Township climbed.

The second eruption came some months later in the second week of May 1968, soon after Martin Luther King's assassination. A black girl "bucked the line" in the cafeteria. A white teacher ordered her to go back, and—wham! She hit the teacher. Two other girls rushed to the student's defense. The three were suspended, one for the entire year. The black community was aroused. "To hear the black leaders, you'd think the teacher hit the girl with her chin," someone recalled. A group of Hell's Black Cobras, young adults, eighteen to twenty-five, snarled about the school grounds. Eventually the police entered the school grounds, and black leaders, too, intervened. Everyone was tense.

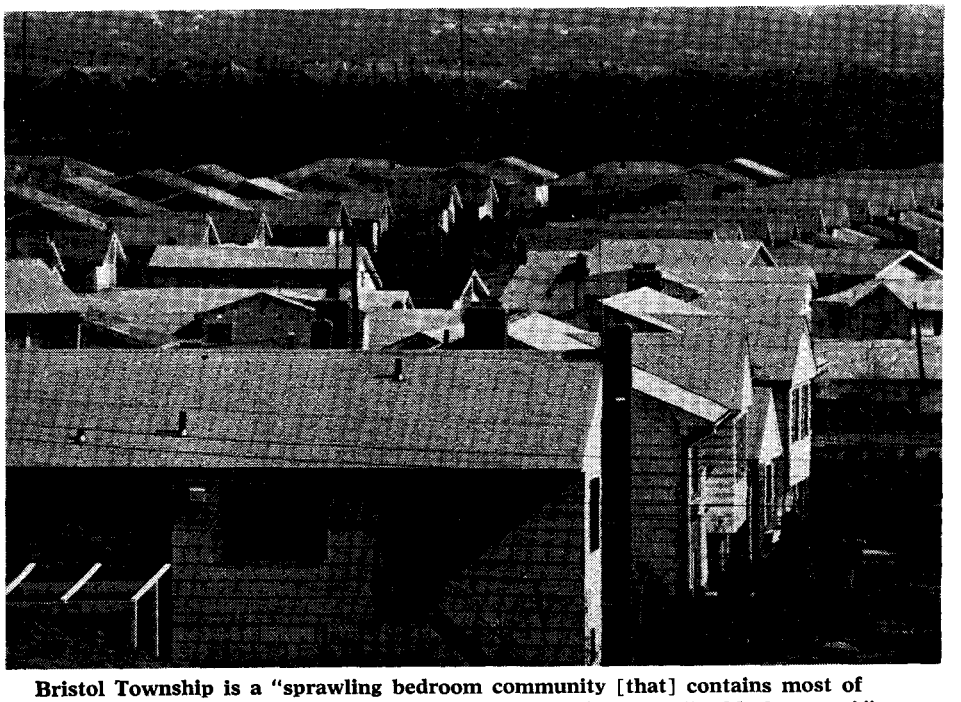
In the main, the police seemed unhappy with their charge of admitting only "proper personnel" to the schools, the teachers ambivalent about the presence of outsiders, the black community upset over the perceived Uncle Tomness of their leaders who seemed to be selling them out. The black students were exploding with demands for reinstatement of their sisters, more black teachers and counselors, and changes in the dress code.

The situation was bad, but it could have been far worse. What helped was the sensitivity and understanding shown by administrators and teachers in their negotiating with students, parents, and community leaders. Somehow, punishment seemed far less important to them than communication, and somehow, too, these administrators and teachers seemed humanly prepared for the situation.

Behind their preparation was a valuable experience with a human relations training program from which the Intergroup Education Committee was an offshoot. The education leaders of Bristol Township had discovered the efficacy of this kind of training and during the winter of 1967-68 had asked Professor Max Birnbaum of the Boston University Human Relations Laboratory in New York City to develop a human relations training program for the school district.

Public attention has focused increasingly, in recent months, on various approaches to "sensitivity training," and as public interest has grown, so has the confusion over just what such training is all about. There are, in fact, a number of different brands of sensitivity training, each with its own objectives, techniques, and outcomes in personal and institutional change. Professors Robert Chin and Kenneth D. Benne in their study, *The Planning of Change,* identify three different approaches. The first, based on the now traditional T-group (Training-group) experience, is designed to produce personal growth, understanding, and development. The second, aimed primarily at developing better intergroup relations, seeks understanding through radical confrontations in which members of hostile groups express their

(*Continued on page* 79)



Bristol Township is a "sprawling bedroom community [that] contains most of Levittown's 17,000 homes [and] that many people point to as 'backlash prone.'"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dream of the Kibbutz

by URIE BRONFENBRENNER

The Israeli kibbutzim, some of them more than fifty years old, constitute what is probably the most significant social experiment in modern times on the "making of men." In these collective settlements, children are raised in group settings outside the home from shortly after birth until late adolescence. Reacting against existing studies of kibbutz upbringing for their "unwarranted assumption that child-rearing methods that are standard in our middle-class culture are therefore best in all cultures," Professor Bruno Bettelheim of the University of Chicago, a psychoanalyst and well-known authority on the emotional problems of children, has carried out what he calls "a study in depth" of kibbutz upbringing and its effects.

For this purpose, he journeyed to Israel and spent seven weeks living in a kibbutz, observing methods of child rearing and interviewing several hundred persons of all ages including parents, professional educators, and, above all, the young people who are the products of the system, many of them now adults raising their own families. The result is a book (*The Children of The Dream*, MacMillan, 363 pp., $6.95) which, because of the dramatic nature of its conclusions and the reputation of its author, is likely to become the most widely read and accepted account of what kibbutz education is and the kind of personality it produces. Moreover, Bettelheim contends that the child-rearing practices of the kibbutzim have implications which are of more than just academic interest for those concerned with education in the United States. Many advocates of change in American educational practices—those who are concerned with the inability of the schools to educate poor black children, and with the often repressive and alienating effects of the schools and society on children of all colors and classes—see in the kibbutzim some potential answers to these problems.

What, then, are Professor Bettelheim's conclusions? To begin with, he sees his study as shedding light on a fundamental question: "Can children be reared successfully away from their mothers, as kibbutz children are?" The kibbutz situation, as Bettelheim views it, entails not only separation from the mother ("a daily occurrence"), but also lack of deep attachment between mother and child. The weakened maternal tie has different origins depending on whether or not the mother herself was brought up in a kibbutz. It is Bettelheim's thesis that adult women who came to live on a kibbutz were motivated to do so, in part, by an unconscious fear "about their own mothering abilities." For these women, the kibbutz way of life served "to quiet their guilt about refusing to personally care for their own children." The story is "entirely different" for kibbutz-born mothers. "Not having experienced intense mothering care as infants, they are emotionally somewhat detached from their own children and from mothering." Despite the difference in origin, both types of mother-child relations are seen as having the same effect. Kibbutz-reared children "wanted more from their mothers than they got, and they learned from infancy what no child brought up in a middle-class family learns—that only the peer group comes close to giving them all they would like to receive but do not get."

What kind of human being is produced by this pattern of child rearing? Bettelheim speaks to this question not once, but many times, and the answers are somewhat difficult to reconcile with each other. On the one hand, at the general level, he repeatedly asserts that the kibbutz experience confirms his fundamental thesis that children can be brought up quite satisfactorily away from their mothers (e.g., "My conclusion must be that despite published reports to the contrary, the kibbutz system seems quite successful in raising children by others than their mothers, and this from infancy on."). On the other hand, when one looks at his specifics, the "success" would seem to be rather seriously qualified in a number of respects.

According to Bettelheim, "the kibbutz-reared youngster seems unable to project himself into the feelings or deeply personal experience of others." This incapacity derives from the pallidness of his emotional attachments to parents, and, in later years, is manifested as an "only limited ability to accept any viewpoint as valid but one's own, which means a limited capacity to deal with hypothetical questions that put in question one's values or way of life."

Bettelheim sees the kibbutz adolescent as "depleted of energy because so much of it goes into keeping up repressions. . . . Again and again I saw groups of late adolescents lying on the grass or on their cots, totally exhausted. . . . They are easily tired out by inner and outer pressures. . . . Most of their vitality is drained by having so much to repress."

The source of repression in kibbutz-born adolescents is to be found, says Bettelheim, in the contrasting experience and reaction of the older generation:

> Their parents were spilling over with energy, because the kibbutz gave them leave, for the first time in their lives, to throw off old repressions. Much of their new and contagious joy of living came also of having suddenly thrown off their sexual repressions. . . . Eventually it turned out that what many had embraced as sexual freedom was a sexual acting out, that promiscuity did not give them the greater sexual satisfaction they had hoped it would bring. But this they did not realize till later in life, when the bloom of exuberance was already receding with age and with the need to come to terms with reality.
>
> It was this later experience with how a heedless promiscuity can breed disruption in the social life that led them to impose on their adolescent children a very high and repressive sex morality. And it is this that saps the youngsters of a great deal of libidinal energy. . . . These adolescents cannot throw off parental inhibitions, because it is not true for them as it was for their parents that their elders seemed puny figures, willing slaves of the ghetto. To them, their parents seem true giants . . . . To the kibbutz-born generation, their parents loom as the great figures who brought freedom to the Jews in the face of a whole doubting world. How can one throw off repressions that seem part of what put an end to two thousand years of bondage?

Kibbutz adolescents must conform not only to the imperious demands of a repressive conscience but also to the equally compelling pressures of the group. According to Bettelheim, "with very rare exceptions, they cannot buck the group, not for a moment; it is too threatening. This is where their emotional security resides. Without the peer group they are lost."

The combined influences of repression and group conformity result in a personality that finds it difficult to express strong, intimate emotions that cannot be shared by all members of the group. In Bettelheim's words:

Urie Bronfenbrenner is a professor of human development and psychology at Cornell University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Israeli kibbutzim constitute what is probably the most significant experiment on the 'making of men,' [but] the uncertainty of their effects prevents any judgment about their implications for American education."

> True intimacy finds no soil to grow on in the kibbutz . . . . Kibbutz generations grow up in a society that neither shows, nor approves, nor provides opportunities for strong private emotions, as powered by a sense of the two or three of us against all the rest. In addition, the community has provided them with such a puritanical background in their formative years (as far as private emotions are concerned) that by adulthood their strong emotions do not press toward intimacy as a means to satisfaction.

Kibbutzniks, Bettelheim concludes, "cannot show deep personal feeling. They cannot commit themselves emotionally to each other." The kibbutznik's devotion to and dependence on the group brings with it both great strengths and liabilities. As an example, Bettelheim cites the performance of kibbutz-born soldiers. While acknowledging the superior record of this group, both in training and in battle, he maintains that "the reality is more complex." He further states:

> From the moment they join the army until the end of their service, they tend to stick together, feeling superior to the others, whom they accuse (and probably rightly) of being selfish, of not subordinating personal interest to the group. But their inner conviction of being superior does not make for good feelings among the rest of the peacetime army.

As for their performance under fire, Bettelheim concurs with the judgment of an unnamed "high-ranking officer" who told him:

> "They make wonderful soldiers in the sense of the Roman sentry at Pompei who would rather die than desert his post until ordered to. But modern war needs soldiers who try to survive the battle in order to fight in the next one."
>
> Despite great courage and devotion, he went on to imply, they are lacking in that immediate and flexible evaluation, a spontaneous adjustment to ever-changing situations that make for the most useful soldier today. Not for them . . . "the lonely deed, when it requires not heroism but unusually complex decisions. For that they are somehow not flexible enough. They are at their very best in the direct attack, in making direct decisions and in sticking with them. They have little taste for the back and forth vagaries of complex developments."

The number and nature of the personality deficiencies, which Bettelheim diagnoses as characteristic of the kibbutz-born generation, seem hardly consistent with his claim of success for the collective system of upbringing. In particular, it is difficult to reconcile his picture of a rigid, emotionally flat, highly repressed personality, limited in capacity for empathy and intimate relationships, with his repeated claim that the kibbutz-born show a "relative absence of emotional disturbance"—both in number of cases and severity.

In addition to internal inconsistencies, there are external ones as well. Although this reviewer's observations were admittedly much more limited than Bettelheim's, they clash sharply with his in a number of respects. For example, in the half-dozen or so kibbutzim which I had opportunity to visit earlier this year, I was struck by the intimacy and warmth of the parent-child relationship, particularly during the two hours in the late afternoon that parents reserve for spending with their children, and in the evening time when the parents put their children to bed. What I saw during these periods was a mutually rewarding experience involving a great deal of play, com-

(*Continued on page* 83)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schools Make News

Mr. Nixon and the South

SINCE JULY 3, when the Nixon administration issued a policy statement that in effect relaxed the September deadline for Southern school desegregation, administration handling of civil rights actions has generated increasing suspicion among blacks, white liberals, and the liberal press.

Last month, the lurking hostility burst into the open when Legal Defense Fund lawyers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People clashed publicly with administration civil rights officials, their long-time allies. The occasion was a court hearing requested by Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert H. Finch to withdraw a plan for immediate desegregation of thirty-three Mississippi school districts.

The plan, filed by HEW in early August, was to have gone into effect when schools opened this month. It would have required pairing of Negro and white schools and the redrawing of school district lines to achieve the first large-scale integration in southern Mississippi.

The plan was severely criticized in Mississippi, and many whites had vowed to take their children out of school, if it had been put into effect. Mr. Finch called for its withdrawal, claiming it would "produce chaos, confusion, and a catastrophic educational setback."

Others saw the move in another light, however. Civil rights lawyers in the Justice Department (which works jointly with HEW in these cases) marshaled an unprecedented protest against the administration's desegregation policies when they learned from their superiors that political pressures had prompted the Mississippi delay. In this case, it was said that the pressure came from Mississippi Senator John Stennis, who gave the administration powerful support in the recent Senate anti-ballistic missile (ABM) debate.

But Nixon has been under pressure since his Inauguration from other Southern politicians, notably Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. The July 3 statement is considered chiefly a Thurmond victory. The new policy relaxes the "rigid" desegregation deadline of September 1969 set by the Johnson administration and shifts the main responsibility for civil rights enforcement from HEW—whose power to cut off federal funds has pressured many districts into rapidly desegregating—to the courts, whose slow, tedious litigation is less threatening to segregationist interests.

The administration proudly claimed that Southern school desegregation would double this fall, but this is due mainly to two actions taken under Johnson. In October 1967, the Johnson administration set this fall as the final deadline for complying with the Civil Rights Act. In May 1968, the Supreme Court declared "freedom-of-choice" plans unacceptable unless they promised "realistically to work" and to "work now."

But as Louisiana Judge Ben C. Davis said, "The new policies give all of us . . . a sort of new breath of fresh air to replace the virtually intolerable situation all of us were faced with." Expressing "great gratitude" to President Nixon, he spoke for much of the South. Deadlines have been scrapped in Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana, as well as in Mississippi. Delays of even a year will give many districts the chance to organize private schools for white pupils, an increasingly popular tactic.

Many districts that were intending to file desegregation plans have failed to do so and, since January, more than thirty districts have reneged on agreements already made.

A further threat to HEW's power came from a House of Representatives amendment to the appropriations bill for the Departments of Labor and

A Landmark Case Is Decided

THE MARCH 15, 1969, issue of *SR* announced that a lawsuit of historic importance for education was going to trial in federal district court in Washington, D. C. The suit was brought in 1966 by Marjorie Webster Junior College of Washington, D. C., against the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools (the regional accrediting agency). Middle States, together with the five other regionals that cover the United States, has restricted its membership in the past to nonprofit institutions. Thus, it had always refused to visit, evaluate, or accredit Marjorie Webster Junior College, which is a proprietary (profit-making) institution.

In its suit the college charged that the exclusionist policy of the regionals was damaging and unreasonable, and not related to the announced purpose of these agencies. The college sought a permanent injunction declaring the policy unlawful, and set forth two principal arguments in support of its case. First, the college, in an unprecedented appeal to the antitrust laws, charged that Middle States and the other regionals were monopolies in restraint of trade; and, second, that they were performing functions inherently governmental, that they were performing them at the request of such arms of government as the United States Office of Education, and that they were therefore subject to the restraints of the Constitution, including the observance of due legal process and the avoidance of arbitrary and discriminatory acts.

After nearly three months of trial, a transcript of 7,311 pages, hundreds of exhibits put into evidence, and factual testimony from dozens of expert witnesses—including such people as James Coleman, Christopher Jencks, and Milton Friedman, all on the behalf of the college—the trial judge, John Lewis Smith, Jr., wrote a forty-three page opinion that promises to become a classic document in education. He sustained the college on every major issue of the case. He found that the college in particular and higher education in general were indeed engaged in trade and commerce in which the element of competition is often strong, that Middle States by itself and Middle States together with the other regionals were both "combinations" in unreasonable restraint of trade, that they were performing governmental functions to such an extent as to require them to observe Constitutional restraints, and that their policy of excluding proprietary institutions was "arbitrary, unreasonable, and contrary to the public interest."

The court denied a request from Middle States to suspend the injunction pending an appeal of the decision to a higher court, and has ordered Middle States to visit and evaluate the college and to accredit it, if the college meets Middle States' normal standards apart from the proprietary exclusion. The trial proved to be a revealing examination of the regional associations, and the decision, if it is upheld on appeal, will have important effects on higher education and quite possibly on the secondary level as well.

—JAMES D. KOERNER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEW. The amendment bars the withholding of federal funds to force the bussing of students, to close a school, or to force any student to attend a particular school against his parents' will. In effect, it should strangle federal efforts to force compliance with civil rights law. The same amendment passed the House last year, but was rendered impotent by rewording in the Senate under pressure from the Johnson administration. So far the Nixon administration has ignored it. (An analysis of the full political implications of these events is presented by Professor Gary Orfield on page 58 of this issue.)

Day Care, Not Baby-Sitting

A CORNERSTONE of the President's new welfare program proposed last month is greatly expanded and improved day-care services, especially for preschool children. If Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) funds are to be dropped and welfare mothers encouraged to take jobs, as the President proposed, care must be provided for the young children involved.

In his speech and message to Congress, Nixon called for day-care centers that would offer "more than custodial care; they would also be devoted to the development of vigorous young minds and bodies." Child development specialists greeted the statement with enthusiasm for its recognition of the cognitive and emotional needs of young children, but with skepticism about its implementation.

Day-care facilities across the nation have always been notoriously inadequate—overcrowded, understaffed, with poor physical facilities and lack of educational materials—and new programs in recent years have hardly touched the problem.

The latest of these—the Work Incentive Program (WIN)—seems to be in serious trouble at the end of its first year. Apparently a prototype for Nixon's plan, WIN aimed to train welfare recipients for employment and to provide day-care facilities for their children. When the program was enacted, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimated that more than one million children would receive day care by 1972. The Bureau of the Budget called for $35-million for day care during WIN's first year; Congress appropriated exactly half that amount. But only 85,000 children received care in WIN's first twelve months, at a cost of less than $11-million.

The problems seem to lie chiefly at the local level—state legislatures unwilling to change existing laws that hamper the program or to appropriate the state's 25 per cent share of the funding. Lack of sufficient funds means lack of trained personnel and the danger of second-rate custodial programs.

The WIN program is only one of several still floundering in their early stages. Parent and Child Centers for mothers and children under three are still in the pilot stage, as is the Community Coordinated Child Care (4-C) program, an attempt to coordinate into a common framework all federal child-care programs within a community. Even the new Office of Child Development (OCD) is still enmeshed in bureaucratic struggles with the Children's Bureau and the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Meanwhile, private and federal efforts are drawing business and industry to provide day-care services for employees and the community. The Day Care and Child Development Council of America (1426 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005) helped launch a child-development center for preschool children of working parents at the KLH Research and Development Corporation in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A more broadly based community-oriented child-care facility is the Twin Cities Area Child Care Center at Benton Harbor, Michigan.

As Jule Sugarman, director of the OCD said, "Day Care is the hottest property right now." But the problem is so vast, the number of children to be served so great, that only full funding and the aggressive commitment of federal and local authorities can hope to alleviate it. So far neither has been available in sufficient quantity.

Urban Corps Goes National

ACROSS THE NATION, in cities trapped in chronic crisis and mired in tired bureaucracies, there are tasks undone and programs never carried out for lack of funds and talented personnel. In those same cities are thousands of college students looking for ways to put their academic knowledge to practical use.

This past summer seventeen cities—from Boston to Atlanta to Minneapolis—adopted a program designed to meet the needs of both cities and students. The Urban Corps, as it is called, brings undergraduate and graduate students to work in city government on "internship assignments" in a wide range of fields. In Dayton, Ohio, for example, students worked for the Department of Community Development, the Division of Correction, and the Model Cities Planning Council, among others. In Minneapolis, they served as management and research assistants in city planning, the city attorney's office, the police and the parks departments.

The Urban Corps sees to it that these assignments are substantive activities that require the talents of college students, and not just make-work routine tasks. While there is a National Urban Corps office to provide information and help launch programs, each city develops its own plan and contracts independently with colleges and universities. Some cities prefer to use students only in already existing agencies. Others see the new manpower as an opportunity to develop projects long neglected for lack of time and talent. Minneapolis, for instance, needed a street-theater group to develop plays especially for neighborhood audiences.

Urban Corps worker organizes youth activities in a ghetto neighborhood.

The program is financed primarily by federal funds through the College Work-Study Program (CWSP). Through the colleges, the federal government provides 80 per cent of the needed money; the city supplies the other 20 per cent. Most of this goes for students' salaries—between $2.25 and $3.25 an hour. The program is student-administered, keeping overhead negligible and allowing a large project to operate on a minimal budget.

CWSP funds are available only to students who could not otherwise afford to stay in college. In a number of cities, therefore, the Urban Corps is seeking funds from other sources to allow a wider range of students to participate. In Atlanta, the Southern Regional Education Board and Atlanta businessmen helped to expand the program.

Urban Corps programs continue through the school year on a part-time basis, and other cities are expected to pick up the idea this fall. Further information can be obtained from Michael Goldstein, Urban Corps National Development Office, 250 Broadway, New York, New York 10007. —B. B. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cool Man, Hot Seat

Continued from page 69

researcher comes in, tells you what's wrong, and leaves." Rather, it must be tied closely to the administration and operation of programs, and provide constant service in problem-solving as well as evaluation.

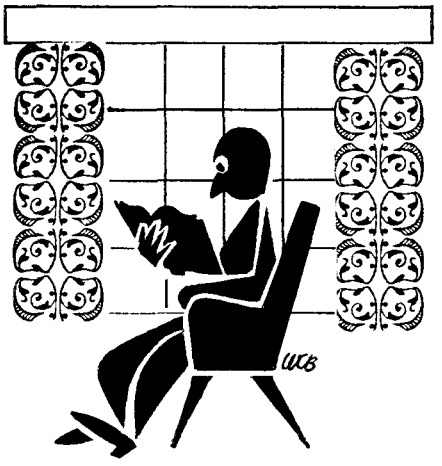
Perhaps the tallest order of all is that Gallagher's office will try—for example, by spreading the word through regional conclaves, and by financial incentives—to start the nationwide "constituency for research" that Allen hopes to build. All are tasks easier said than done, and the work is not glamorous. But Allen believes application of the R&D model to education will ultimately provide a capacity for self-renewal and change. And that capacity must exist if school systems are to spend funds in a way that makes a real difference.

That is the outline of Allen's overall master plan for basic education. Within it, the immediate priorities are urban education and early childhood education, including, of course, the requisite teacher training and retraining. A long-range master plan for higher education may also begin to take shape by December when a little-noted 1968 amendment to the Higher Education Act requires OE to report on the feasibility of guaranteed higher education for all who qualify. Allen's own views, he says, generally follow those of the recent report from the Carnegie Commission, directed by Clark Kerr. The report in essence calls for greatly increased federal outlays in the form of grants to the disadvantaged, loans to all students, and institutional aid based on the number of students receiving federal loans or grants. His expressed priorities in higher education, however, are support for community colleges (both program and construction support) and support for urban programs.

In the months ahead, Allen's attention promises to be focused on these long-range concerns. One exception is a plan to ask Congress for $25-million (already denied once) to establish a series of demonstration "experimental schools," as part of the federal R&D network. But Allen's method of operation, like his expectations, will be geared to the long run. There are currently fifteen task forces completing work on virtually every aspect of OE's operations, as well as on general issues, such as church-state relationships, and administrative concerns, such as consolidation and simplification of existing legislation. Allen expects to flesh out his "strategy for improvement" by drawing on the work of these groups.

The task force method is slow, but given Allen's overall approach, he believes it has several virtues. First of all, in an "age of involvement," it is a way to involve local and state schoolmen in the formulating of national education policy. It is a chance to involve people from outside public education, too—people from universities, from the business world, from governmental and other agencies, and from communities. All of them, Allen believes have roles in education and should be increasingly "interacting" around educational concerns. It is a way to expose those outside OE to some of Allen's own ideas—particularly his concern for research. And it is a way for OE to transcend the bins and boxes of a bureaucracy whose reputation for rigidity has kept pace with its growth.

The cross-disciplinary task force is especially suited to problem-solving



and coordination, which again fits Allen's plans. He is basically a pluralist and will not try to develop specific "solutions" or prescriptions to cure the nation's educational ills. He will encourage a wide variety of models, from curriculum reform to longer school days to establishment of "alternative school systems," operated by business corporations or nonprofit community organizations. But throughout he will emphasize development of sophistication in the process of problem-solving, including use of research, with OE increasingly helping state and local systems strengthen their own processes through advice and financial support.

If Allen's overall approach seems rather general, it is also extremely ambitious. To make it work, he has two primary assets: his experience and his own personal strengths.

James Allen has a Calvinist respect for hard work and integrity that is deeply rooted. He was born fifty-eight years ago in the small town of Elkins, West Virginia, the son of the president of Davis and Elkins College, a staunchly Presbyterian school. (Allen received his B.A. there, later earning his masters and doctorate from the Harvard School of Education.) His mother died when he was twelve, and he carried a heavy load of chores inside the house, as well as gardening and milking the cows.

In Albany, Allen was an elder of his church, and the role fits. He is temperate in habits and language, stays physically lean (by playing very respectable tennis), dresses conservatively, and while his manner is quite warm ("he communicates better in feelings than in words," an OE associate suggests), he can be stern and rocklike when he has to. He has a solid, deliberative mind and speaks carefully, searching for the right word, although he suffers by comparison to the quick brilliance and deft phrasemaking of his immediate predecessors, Harold Howe and Francis Keppel. In describing Allen, friends turn to such words as "guts," "sincerity," "conscience," "depth," "warmth," "a listener," and, it could be added, "toughness." The White House had a chance to learn what those nouns mean last June when it three times pressured Allen not to testify against a student disorders bill in a house committee—and three times failed to dissuade him.

Those are portable assets, but there were other things Allen had going for him in Albany that he had to leave behind. One was time—fifteen years to build good relationships with the legislature (plus five years in the state department before he became commissioner); time to get to know his job inside out, and to develop a top staff that freed him of many day-to-day responsibilities, both in dealing with the legislature and in running the department. As a result, he was able to work on major policy and planning considerations, and able to spend a considerable amount of time gathering data and reflecting before reaching decisions.

Moreover, he was pretty much his own man in Albany. He reported only to the Board of Regents, the fifteen-man lay board that is the state's top education governing body. The Regents are relatively free from political machinations, and therefore Allen was too. He was not a member of any particular "administration," although he combined the blessings of independence and gubernatorial support through most of his career.

Allen does not have that kind of time in Washington—neither in duration nor from day to day. He is at the beck and call of a host of Congressional committees and must pay attention to individual Congressmen and Senators as well. The adjustment, he admits, has been difficult. He is a member of an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

administration, reporting to HEW Secretary Robert Finch as well as to the President. This creates a constraint on ideas and speech, as well as other disadvantages. It is known, for instance, that on a number of occasions he has nominated men for key positions in the Office of Education only to have White House aides veto them because of their political background. (Allen himself is a registered Republican, but, he says wryly, "most educators seem to be Democrats.")

Allen expresses absolute confidence, however, that Nixon will put substantial emphasis on education "when the time comes." He has found that he can pick up the phone and get directly to the President. And he has a long-standing relationship with Daniel Moynihan, who was an assistant to Governor Harriman when Allen became New York's commissioner, and with Lee Du Bridge, Nixon's science adviser, who is an old friend. In addition, Allen places substantial confidence in Finch and a good working relationship is developing between the two.

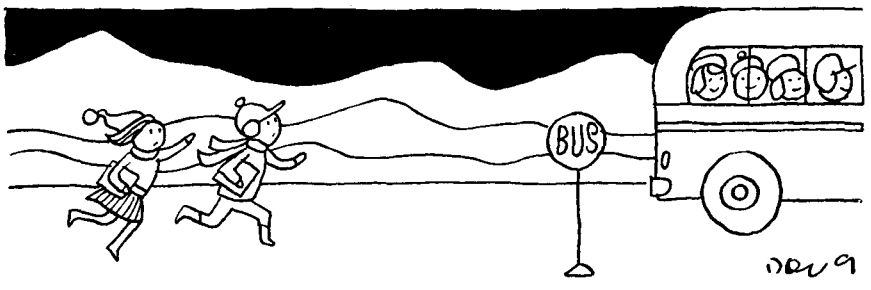
Aside from the immediate politics of his position, however, there are other questions that cloud Allen's strategy. The year-to-year funding of federal programs and the instability of electoral politics are inherent obstacles to long-range planning. Educational research itself is in a primitive stage. Many question whether, given the intangibles that characterize the process of learning, the analogy to the industrial R&D model is valid. The resistance of school administrators across the land to research and evaluation—not to mention change itself—is notorious. To make matters worse, there is a marked shortage of manpower in educational research. (Gallagher estimates it would take at least five to six years of concerted effort to overcome that shortage.)

The logic of a funding pause will certainly be lost on big-city school boards, whose systems are almost without exception facing bankruptcy, as well as on teachers who now have dangling before their eyes the lucrative new New York City contract — a salary range from $9,000 to $13,000 for teachers with a B.A. And if big-city school systems don't collapse while they are waiting for funds, they will no doubt be forced to cut first in many of the areas important to Allen's strategy for improvement, areas such as research, teacher training, and innovation generally.

But perhaps even more important questions are those posed by the radicals in the ghettos and on college campuses — basic questions about power, authority, and relationships between educator and client. The words, however, come not from a college student or a black leader, but from a middle-aged, white associate commissioner in OE: "There are two things wrong with federal aid to education. First of all, federal aid is designed primarily for the disadvantaged, but the American system of education is run by the middle class. And so is OE. We don't need a professional educator as commissioner. We need someone who can speak for the poor. The second thing is that American education is racist through and through. Racist in the big sense of the word. Do you know what I mean? What's Allen going to do about that?"

He will, undoubtedly, do everything an intelligent liberal can, but how much that will be is problematic. But even if Allen were able to change the outlook of OE in these respects, and even if domestic agencies do receive a substantial share of the peace dividend once the war is over (which is by no means certain, as Moynihan underscored several weeks ago), there will still be important issues to thrash out, many of which could have profound effects on American education.

Ten years ago, the U.S. Office of Education was one of those somnolent federal agencies with less of an impact on American culture than many of the more obscure arms of the government. No more. It doesn't yet have the punch of the Treasury or Justice, but it clearly is growing fast and may soon become a pervasive influence in society. When that happens, the way it happens will be determined to a large extent by the decisions made in the next few years by James Allen about values and priorities.



Resegregation

Continued from page 60

Atlanta office completely. Local authorities flew to Washington with Thurmond, met with the head of the Office for Civil Rights, and gave him two hours to accept or reject their plan. The plan, which some officials thought inadequate and none had the chance to study carefully, was accepted. Other districts broke off negotiations in Atlanta.

Federal blessing for South Carolina segregation could rescue a state Republican party that was very badly defeated in last fall's legislative elections. "If the guidelines are relaxed," Howle said, "the Republican party owns South Carolina." It could mean that "we're going to wind up with a white party and a black party in this state." Howle was unconcerned about what might happen to the GOP outside South Carolina if the administration began to act as if Strom Thurmond really were President.

Confusion, fed by Thurmond statements and stories in the state's largest newspaper, *Columbia State*, had brought the desegregation program to a standstill months before the July 3 statement. Four districts had withdrawn their plans and a number of others had been permitted to modify theirs. The night before the new guidelines were issued, HEW officials, still struggling to restore the credibility of their program, met with one of the school boards that had withdrawn its earlier plan. They were greeted with copies of the *Columbia State* forecasting the federal reversal. "We found out," said one HEW official, "that if there were going to be no changes, that particular school district would comply." After the new guidelines came out, the *State*'s Washington correspondent informed his readers that the statement had been "shrewdly drawn" to confuse administration critics, but really meant that everything possible would be done to allow further delays.

The political backdowns in South Carolina and the probability that the new rules will bring similar developments in other states has thoroughly demoralized many HEW staff members. Enforcement officials who were receiving plans a year ago from counties that they never expected to desegregate voluntarily, now wonder if they can hold the line on commitments that seemed solid weeks ago. Everything depends on Washington's response to the parade of school officials demanding delays.

The administration's handling of a recent South Carolina case is instruc-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive. When a federal court asked HEW to prepare plans for twenty-one South Carolina districts, HEW technicians drew up proposals calling for elimination of separate schools this fall. At the last minute, however, politics prevailed and the 1969 deadlines were scribbled out and replaced by penciled "1970s" on the documents presented to the court. NAACP Legal Defense Fund attorneys found other flaws built into the HEW plans. Some plans lacked effective protection of the jobs of black teachers and administrators. The plans often said that local authorities "should" rather than "will" meet explicit requirements. The plans lacked effective reporting systems to permit the judge and the litigants to evaluate local implementation.

In Clarendon County (one of the districts involved in the original 1954 Supreme Court decision) and in a number of other areas, HEW's normal requirement for substantial progress this fall was abandoned. In Sumpter, HEW proposed to leave more than 80 per cent of the black students and all but a handful of teachers in segregated schools this school year. Black students would be transferred only where there were unused spaces in white schools. This was the administration's interpretation of the Supreme Court's directive for the speediest possible elimination of separate schools.

Decisions handed down in the South Carolina cases by four federal district judges have proved even weaker than HEW's severely compromised plans. Three of the judges have left open the possibility that delay will be permitted even beyond the 1970-71 school year. Litigation is no more immune to politics than the HEW guidelines were.

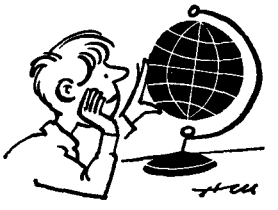
Under the new guidelines, however, the major burden of enforcement shifts from the HEW fund-withholding process to Justice Department litigation. Attorney General John N. Mitchell claims that returning the issue to the courts, where it was mired between 1954 and the 1964 Civil Rights Act, will speed progress. But Mitchell, who has consistently pressed for weakening the guidelines, must approve the filing of suits. Suits can only be filed where local black parents brave community pressure to file a complaint. If the Justice Department decides to recommend weak desegregation plans, the probability is high that many Southern federal judges will happily acquiesce. Justice has the power to decide whether or not bad decisions by segregationist federal district judges will be appealed to higher courts. Then, too, the Nixon administration's consultations with Deep South Republicans in filling federal court vacancies will profoundly affect the quality of civil rights enforcement in the future.

Announcement of the new guidelines undermined HEW's attempt to write tougher desegregation plans for thirty-seven Louisiana districts. Under a federal court order, HEW experts drew up strong plans with 1969 deadlines, only to have the federal district judge, Ben C. Dawkins, Jr., throw them out as incompatible with the new guidelines. The judge expressed his gratitude to President Nixon for the change and then ordered HEW to prepare plans allowing more time. HEW initially refused, but after harassment by Judge Dawkins, the department gave in on the advice of a Justice Department attorney. The judge indicated that he intended to allow as much as two more years of delay. Facing lower court intransigency and lacking the support of the national administration, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has given up on the effort to enforce a 1969 deadline.

The uninspiring administration performance in the South Carolina and Louisiana cases suggests some of the dangers inherent in the state-wide lawsuit Justice filed August 1 against the Georgia State Board of Education. Announced as a dramatic indication of the administration's continuing commitment to desegregation, the suit, which seeks a court order forcing Georgia to develop a state-wide desegregation plan, actually promises delay, compromise, and serious weakening of the Georgia enforcement effort. Many local officials in Georgia knew that desegregation is generally slower in court-order districts and had asked the State Department of Education and the Georgia School Boards Association how they could get under a court order like neighboring Alabama's. They knew that in Alabama, the only state now under a state-wide order, all school systems continue to receive federal subsidies even though desegregation is at one-third the level of the rest of the South.

Justice may not even win a state-wide order in Georgia. Georgia's school system is not so unambiguously centralized as Alabama's. State Superintendent Jack Nix argues that the state board of education has no constitutional authority over desegregation, and Georgia officials promise a fight all the way to the Supreme Court.

A lawsuit would be unnecessary, Superintendent Nix said, if the federal government would just make its requirements clear and thus end the "untenable position" local officials are put in by Washington's "inconsistency and confusion." "I for one," he told reporters, "would like the federal government to make up its mind as to what it's going to do, and how, and get on with it so the administrators can get on with the job of education."



Even if Justice wins in Georgia, it will be faced with the task of monitoring implementation in 194 school districts and bringing further legal actions should localities violate their plans. Justice's Civil Rights Division has neither the manpower nor the administrative expertise to cope effectively with this task, and the Attorney General has recently testified that he is prepared to accept Congressional cutbacks on administration requests for new personnel.

The immediate impact of the suit is great confusion and a virtual destruction of HEW leverage over local school districts. The thirty-six districts that had funds terminated know that they will be automatically restored as soon as a court order is issued. Georgia's 121 districts still negotiating with HEW now have no real incentive to deal seriously, since it is highly unlikely that more funds will be cut off while litigation is pending.

Across the South, school officials are tired of the protracted desegregation struggle and want it ended. Georgia's Deputy State Superintendent Allen Smith says that years of needed leadership have already been lost in most school districts. "The longer the uncertainty is prolonged," he says, "the longer the adverse impact on education will continue."

Some Southern observers believe that the administration's decision to support tacitly a House appropriations amendment nullifying what remains of the HEW guidelines is a sign that a decision has been made to turn back the clock. President Nixon's recent Supreme Court choice, Clement Haynsworth, Jr., a South Carolina conservative who fought against some of the most important principles of school desegregation law, offers further encouragement to Southern resistance.

The impression of federal backdown was heightened by the administration's decision to postpone desegregation in Mississippi. On August 11, HEW had submitted desegregation plans calling for abolition of separate school systems in thirty-three Mississippi districts. Days before the plans were scheduled to take effect, HEW Secretary Finch took the unprecedented step of writing to the federal court to request a delay. Although HEW's education experts had drafted the plans, Finch now claims that they would

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"produce chaos, confusion, and a catastrophic educational setback." The reversal, underlined by Vice President Agnew's remarks that the Civil Rights Act requirements should be suspended in school districts damaged by Hurricane Camille, was a clear change of signals from the top levels of the administration.

Federal retreat brought a historic break between the Justice Department and the civil rights movement. The NAACP Legal Defense Fund claimed that Justice had abandoned its legal responsibility to defend the constitutional rights of black children and asked the Mississippi federal court to change Justice's legal status from that of a defender of the children concerned to that of an ally of the segregationist local school boards. Within the Justice Department, many of the attorneys in the Civil Rights Division, angry and disillusioned, joined in drafting a protest against the administration's turn backward.

In a way, the lawyers of the Legal Defense Fund and the Civil Rights Division represent the best hope for peaceful racial change. These attorneys have had enough confidence in the American system to invest years in the process of gradually building up and enforcing a body of desegregation law. They, and the black leaders in communities across the South who believed in them and worked with them year after year, now feel that they are being cynically abandoned by national leadership.

Beneath a cloud of rhetoric and behind a procession of confusing actions, the Nixon administration has chosen to slow and perhaps to reverse the desegregation process. Deprived of governmental support, the courts have begun to retrench their efforts. In attempting to reward the South, Nixon has undermined the best Southern leadership, both political and educational. Just when many schoolmen were belatedly accepting the objectives of a tested compliance program, that program has been emasculated.

The future promises only years of difficult and often futile litigation, laced with political skirmishes. The new atmosphere in Washington will encourage a multitude of evasive tactics at the local level. Without national pressure, a good many Deep South communities will search for ways to create segregated programs within nominally desegregated schools. The economic and social future of the South will surely be impaired. So too, perhaps, will be the political future of an administration that seems determined to betray the law-abiding school officials and the black and white children of the South.

Bristol Township

Continued from page 71

feelings, often in violent fashion, in an effort to encourage mutual understanding.

In contrast to an emphasis on personal growth and development, the third approach stresses interpersonal understanding aimed at improving work efficiency among employees or colleagues. It is this latter approach that Professor Birnbaum and his staff at the Boston University Lab employ.

The training program Birnbaum and his colleagues developed for Bristol Township's schools was based on several clearly defined assumptions about the nature of change and the ways in which resistance to change—both personal and institutional—can be overcome. First, the training program must be strongly and consistently supported by the district's educational leaders—the superintendent and his top staff. Second, the program must include the entire school community. The superintendent, his staff, and the entire teaching force must participate; ideally the program should include important lay members of the community as well. Piecemeal efforts at reform addressed to small groups within the educational system—a limited number of teachers, for instance—cannot be effective. As Birnbaum has written, "no institutional change will occur until all, or nearly all, of the individuals who must implement change have accepted the need for innovation." Third, training must be focused on personal growth *for organizational adaptation to change,* rather than on personal growth alone. This is a program of applied human relations training that seeks simultaneously to remove both institutional and personal resistance to change. It is focused, therefore, on actual problems faced by individuals in their respective schools rather than on a therapeutic approach to individual development. In this way, participants not only become more conscious of the sources of their own attitudes and actions on the job but also come to appreciate more fully the pressures—both personal and institutional—that influence the actions of their colleagues.

Unlike some sensitivity training, the questions and problems to be explored become highly specific. The group experiences emphasizing interpersonal sensitivity and personal growth do not pretend to deal with educational change in socially charged areas. The currently fashionable "touching and feeling groups," for example, or the more traditional T-groups in which issues of authority and intimacy are "explored" and "worked through," are not necessarily dysfunctional, but seem less suitable for the needs of most school systems requiring change. It is Birnbaum's belief, moreover, that, at this point in our history, "confrontation sessions" where angry blacks intimidate whites are no longer as functional as they may have been two or three years ago. The growing resistance of whites to the black challenge today tends to reinforce the natural defensiveness induced by such sessions, and makes participants even less willing to accept change or to see the confrontation in the context of daily school relationships.

It is for these reasons that a complete school system approach is stressed, and emphasis is placed on specific professional problems. The overarching strategy is to work on major resistances to change in all school personnel. Where prejudices reinforce the status quo, they must be gently exposed, and then examined as part of the normal human condition to reduce the defensiveness, the fear of exposure,

Parents crowd around speaker's platform at a Bristol high school to sign up for inter-racial discussion groups to analyze racial incidents in the schools.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the feeling of guilt. They can then be dealt with in terms that will make some change possible. The major goal of the laboratory sessions, therefore, is to help administrators and teachers reduce their fears of (and resistance to) "appropriate" and "needed" changes in teacher-administrator, teacher-student, and administrator-student relationships.

The plan for Bristol Township called for each of aproximately 800 people (700 staff and 100 community representatives) to participate in one of two kinds of training groups. For selected school administrators, teachers, and principals, five-day workshops centered on skills in leadership and special sensitivities for handling so-called minority group problems. According to the plan, these people would return to their schools where they would act as trained cadres working "actively to create a climate of mutual respect and good will [and also make] themselves available to staff, students, and the school community when problems arise in the human relations areas."

These cadres were to be the nucleus to which teachers subsequently going through training sessions would orient themselves. The cadre members were chosen in part because they were neither ultra conservative nor excessively liberal in their racial attitudes. Their job is a difficult one, for as one teacher suggested in laughing over the seeming impossibility of modeling himself after his instructor, "we were supposed to be miniatures of Birnbaum, 'mini-Maxes,' as it were."

Two-day workshops were designed for all other school personnel as well as selected parents and community leaders, including members of the police force. Ideally, even these quickie sessions would "heighten staff awareness of human relations problems," and increase the individual's capacity "for dealing with tensions and incidents that arise from majority-minority relations."

Here then lay not only a plan for dealing with unrest but a rather representative example of the majority of American schools' reaction to it and a circumscribed philosophy for treating it. Presently, the name of the game is to reduce racial incidents, avoid police intervention, keep schools open, and ameliorate as best as one can situations where "overly angry" demands result in harsh disciplining. Some argue that modern techniques such as group sessions maintain the status quo, and hence merely lessen the frequency of beatings and expulsions. Others feel that perhaps these techniques are a first step in real change, change that might mean the birth of new programs, new curriculums, new life. Still others can't see any connection between the techniques, as elaborate as they may appear, and radical community change that ultimately would render violent protestations obsolete and human relations training laboratories comically anachronistic.

A two-day workshop last April, which the author attended as an observer, was typical of the abbreviated training sessions. No one could tell for sure just what thoughts entered the minds of the thirty people who assembled that Thursday morning in the large dining room on the second floor of a Bristol motel. About 9 o'clock in the morning they came, a bit nervous, to commence whatever it was they were about to commence. The group consisted of sixteen teachers, one principal, eight district education specialists such as librarians and music teachers, and five laymen from the community. It was a group with mixed background and experience. For instance, there were teachers for whom Negroes, and Jews, and the very concept of welfare were totally foreign before their arrival in Bristol not so many years earlier. Others had lived their whole lives in the community.

Slowly they chose chairs placed around tables arranged in a large rectangle with the center open. In front of them were name cards, and at one end, in casual dress, sat their two leaders, Birnbaum and his associate, Jim Small. Along one side of the room a waitress arranged coffee, tea, and sweet rolls on a small table. This observer sat removed from the group, but still in full view.

To describe in detail what transpired in the course of the next two days would be a violation of ethics, a disclosure of materials that are confidential. Without breaking a trust, however, some things may be reported.

Max and Jim, as they were instantly called, spent the entire first day, from 9 in the morning until 10 at night, interviewing all thirty people, one by one. The purpose of the interviews was twofold: to offer the participants an opportunity to introduce themselves to the group and give some idea of their background, and to start building a group agenda by identifying those problems and issues in the school and community that each felt to be important. The individual interviews within the group setting, as all the others listen, make it easier to speak of ethnic and racial differences and attitudes without some of the tensions normally felt in everyday social intercourse. They also help the participants to understand how influential their own religious and ethnic backgrounds have been in shaping their attitudes and actions—and how diverse these backgrounds are. And, finally, the interviews bring out personal information that helps to generate mutual trust among individuals, and contributes to the growing cohesiveness of the group.

Reluctant, at first, to reveal much of themselves, the participants were influenced, persuaded, and sometimes prodded into speaking more freely. Occasionally an important aspect of the interviewing technique would involve "role-modeling," in which the leaders honestly admitted to their own prejudices, ambivalences, and insecurities, and thereby helped participants admit to their failings and uncertainties. Gradually, as trust developed and the leaders revealed so much of themselves, the others could not help but speak of the poverty they had experienced, their anger at being called a wop or a kraut, the brittle tensions between people of hard and soft coal mining regions, their ambivalence toward blacks, or toward young people generally. They spoke too, in these interviews, of trying to be fair with all students, taking and treating them one by one as they came along, and of their assurance that prejudice is learned in the home, rarely in the school.

Ideally, group interviewing brings out the singular identity of each participant, only to have these identities merge into a web of enduring trust and promise for change. A delicate technique, group interviewing requires a special skill in encouraging openness while avoiding psychotherapeutic kinds of intervention. The personalities and temperaments of the leaders, perhaps even their charisma, may be essential energy that ignites and maintains the force of such a procedure. But the energy is clearly wasted if for even a moment the objective of change within the context of school is lost or submerged. For the goal is not sensitivity training for personal growth, but is always problem oriented.

As the participants' confidence in each other increased, others joined in the interviewing, reacting, probing, asking, seeking new understanding. Gradually the discussion turned to the

Photo Credits
Page 19: Michael J. Garemba, Cleveland Plain Dealer; Page 21: Michael J. Garemba, Cleveland Plain Dealer; Page 37: courtesy Harold Strauss; Page 39: courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.; Page 44: from "the Empress Brown"; Page 49: courtesy French Embassy; Page 53: Ilfeld-Bauman; Page 58: Fujihira, Monkmeyer; Page 59: (left) Bob Verlin, Black Star; (right) Raymond Depardon-Gamma, Pix, Inc.; Page 60: Wide World Photos; Page 67: courtesy United States Department of Education; Page 68: Rex Lyons, Newsday; Page 69: Morseman, Newsday; Page 70: Bucks County Courier Times; Page 71: Hugh Rogers, Monkmeyer; Page 73: Eric Brown, Monkmeyer; Page 75: courtesy Urban Corps; Page 79: Bucks County Courier Times.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inevitable tensions of black and white, rich and poor, old and young, male and female, teacher and student, parent and child, single and married, and always the leaders seeking the sources of conflict, without opening personal scars. Just enough so that by the next day one could ask about such matters as inter-racial dancing and dating, or could describe one's own experience with prejudice. Just enough persuasive joking and nagging, advancing and receding, to make it almost possible to imagine what it is like to be the single black person in a classroom, the boy called kike, or the girl not asked for a date. Just enough to permit people to tell why regulations mean so much, and why manners and order often overshadow human expansiveness, creativity, and adventure in the classroom.

A noticeable relief spills into the room when the leaders consent to a coffee break or lunch time or Coke time. Somehow the group, the all-of-them-together, has been born. The hours since the morning now mean history, the medium for recollection and trust. The hours in the future mean the moment when the interviewing radar will get to oneself. In the afternoon, television and newspapers are blamed for exacerbating racial tensions, which now, like a theme or irrepressible melody, dance in and out of the discussion, returning unexpectedly under topics like athletics or the meaning of manhood.

Just before dinner, members of the group turn to speak of their home towns where prejudice rarely existed, or at least was unrecognized. They also speak of a town's Jew Hill or its Italian ghetto. Then the undercurrent of blackness-whiteness returns. It comes back in terms of social mobility, ethnic groupings, patronage systems, rural-urban comparisons, and status inconsistencies, and the leaders spend a moment lecturing on the multiplicity of values endemic in a pluralistic society.

During the evening session, as the men and women in the motel bar below sip drinks and speak of themselves, and perhaps the world, discussion in the group upstairs returns to racial tensions. The group is just now starting to label differences and "get these differences out on the table." The leaders move with special prudence, abiding by their own sense of where one can push and where one cannot. They hunt focal persons, all the while watching for others who listen more to one member than to another. Aware of the resistances, they work to pump the bubbles of energy and understanding out from the wells of self-consciousness. For the moment, however, the group moves slowly. People are tired, anxious to leave, forgetting momentarily that tomorrow means resuming.

Fresh the next morning, "old friends" convene, some seeking new seating arrangements almost as if their identities might somehow be strengthened in a different location. They are quickly at work, the discussions more open, more penetrating, their anger and defiance direct and exposed, their resistance melting a bit around the edges. The focus is on immediate problems, with the long and revealing experience of the previous day providing understanding and a context for specific issues. They are back at a brand of work they had never known, with an energy and drive that seems to them almost magical. Soon it is afternoon. Participants seem to be sensing the end, the pieces begin to fit together. Abruptly, a discussion of prayer in the public schools explodes. Everyone's talking. They've caught on. They've gotten it. It has taken many hours and four coffee breaks, but suddenly they are appreciating human differences and needs and the fact that while some men will kill to eliminate these differences, others might kill just to preserve them. They're listening, laughing, making sure they don't forget certain special phrases.

Then it is over. Some are glad to leave. Max and Jim have shaken hands and departed. Everyone moves out, trying to figure out just what has happened in these upstairs rooms—and whether the future will be altered by these two days.

To speak later with teachers is to learn that for some the impact of the experience doesn't diminish even months afterward. For the cadres, the effect remains uncertain and the feeling of inadequacy endures. "But still we've got to do something. At least things have been put on the table, and we can speak openly of black and white issues." Although their immediate concerns lie primarily with race, the effect of social class, religion, and ethnic differentiations are also more clearly understood.

Reactions to these groups are yet to be studied systematically. On the basis of a few conversations, it seems that some find the experience too blunt, wasteful, and irrelevant. Others find it valuable, useful, morale building, though anxiety provoking. Many teachers argue that the training groups have been instrumental in bringing some schools over a hump of racial unrest. And many, too, point to the dramatic example of Joe Ruane as one "who got a lot out of the group."

Joseph John Ruane, the principal of FDR Junior High School, did indeed get a lot out of the group. The story of the change in "Karate Joe," as he once was called, is far from typical; it almost borders on the apocryphal, and no one treasures this more than Joe. It was in his office that the suspension of the three girls took place. It was in his schoolyard that police stalked about keeping the Cobras away from an already "too tense situation."

Years ago, Joe Ruane was a tough man, a man who'd just as soon shove a kid up against a locker as speak with him. There were no discussions, no negotiations with Karate Joe in those days. The door to his office stayed tightly shut, opening only for disciplinary problems. Then a teacher would come in, complain or cry, and Joe would storm out to settle the matter. But no more. Discipline problems persist naturally, but Joe Ruane has changed. His door stays open, and when he cannot negotiate with tolerance, he's likely to turn to an assistant principal "who'll inevitably be seen by the kids as 'Mr. Nasty'."

More often, however, Joe will turn over discipline problems to his Intergroup Advisory Council, a group of twenty-two thoughtful ninth-graders. Several times this past year, this group of black and white students has had to make serious decisions regarding school disruptions. Once it was about fighting in the halls, another time skirmishes after basketball games. In both cases, the council, given full control by Ruane and teacher Arnold Hillman, who sits as faculty representative, devised disciplinary procedures that worked.

To generate the council, Ruane, Hillman, and science teacher Albert Ulbinsky—all graduates of the five-day leadership workshop—aided several student leaders in planning a general student election, replete with area redistricting in order to achieve greater black representation. In the end, fifteen whites and eight blacks were elected. The actions of the council, their deliberations over drug taking, racial unrest, smoking, quality of teaching, and physical discipline have been their own, not their advisers'. A highly respected group, it remains eager to tackle any school problem, from the Cobras to filth in the cafeteria.

"No one used to be more bullheaded

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than I," Joe will announce publicly. "The muscle worked. Now I see it's bad. I can deck 'em, but it isn't going to prove anything except that the kids are right about the Establishment." Apparently others agree. When flare-ups occurred at a neighborhood school last spring, the principal asked Ruane to speak with the parents. Quite a tribute from one principal to another.

The story of Karate Joe is told with relish in Bristol Township as dramatic proof of the effectiveness of the human relations program, but Birnbaum demurs. "Obviously," he says, "such a miraculous conversion was a long time in preparation. Joe Ruane just happened to be ready for change, and his training group showed him how. There's nothing magical in human relations training—if there were, we would have to be suspicious of it."

As dramatic as the story of Joe Ruane is, another event provides better evidence of the social efficacy of the program. During a 1969 football game between archrivals Woodrow Wilson and Bishop Egan, several black youths were arrested for stealing. Presumably they had snatched purses and then had been seen "walking mysteriously" through the parking lot. The police arrived and seven persons were arrested. Five of these, juveniles, were released in custody of their parents. Another two were given disorderly conduct charges; in addition, one was charged with resisting arrest and threatening a police officer. Bail for him, originally set at $2,000, was reduced substantially after black leaders intervened.

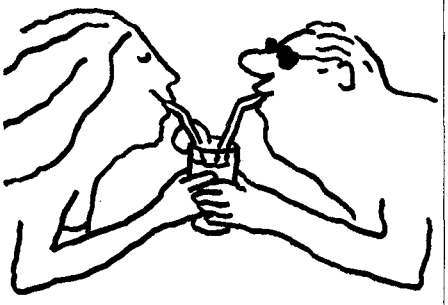
The incident, however, was handled gently and compassionately by teachers and administrators. They were able to "hang loose" and let "the kids" handle their own behavioral reactions within the schools. After a fretful weekend in which adult activists tried to stir up action in the black community, it was the students, on Monday morning, who resolved the problem. They ran closed meetings to discuss the issues, inviting school and community officials as they saw fit. The situation was touch and go, but it never did erupt. A sufficient number of students had developed faith in the fairness of some administrators and teachers to resist the call for militant action.

Despite these promising results, for Knute Larson the Bristol Township experiment can never be totally successful. "The training groups," he says, "can do just so much." Many problems do remain. The cadres are constrained by their lack of experience in human relations work and by other teachers' natural resentment at being "guided by their colleagues."

Larson doesn't fear dress styles, music fads, beads, granny glasses, underground newspapers, long hair, or even Students for a Democratic Society. He's proud of the 35 per cent of Woodrow Wilson High School graduating seniors who go on to some form of higher education, and the fact that Bristol Township is willing and able to hire good teachers, black and white. The content of his apprehension is predictable: "Things are bad, let's face it. Nobody is doing anything about the cities, and if they go down, we will all go with them. At least we're trying to do something about our problems."

More generally, results of programs like the one in Bristol Township are always tentative, always in balance. As they say on almost every campus, "things could blow next week." So far the approach taken has worked, racial tensions have not erupted even in areas where hostilities and anger lurk almost everywhere, but no one can yet claim that the training groups significantly reduce individual prejudice, though they do seem to increase awareness and get the problems "out in the open" where they can be seen and discussed. Hopefully, this means that little understood attitudes and feelings will not continue to control individual behavior and organizational decisions. One must ask whether political and social institutions will reinforce these changes, or will work to maintain that status quo the groups have sought to challenge. Social change is difficult to bring about, but it just may be occurring in Bristol Township.

Learn French where the homework is fun.



Spend 2 weeks with Berlitz in Haiti, Puerto Rico, or Mexico and we'll teach you French or Spanish and give you plenty of time to use it. (We arrange parties, sightseeing, trips, etc.) Is it a language course? Or is it a vacation? Who knows. But it's fun.

Berlitz

Mail to Berlitz® Dept. B1,866 3rd Ave. N. Y. 10022

Tell me more. I want to learn French in ☐ Haiti. Spanish in ☐ Puerto Rico, ☐ Mexico. (Check one)

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Zip_____ Phone_____

La Bisquera

...ESCLUSIVO—FROM ITALY!

makes top round taste like T-bone!

BROILS BIG STEAK FOR TWO!

Delizioso new way to pan broil and tenderize

without fat, grease, water or softeners

La Bisquera, crafted by a patented process, of porous earthenware that draws off fat and bitter acids, while keeping meat, fish and poultry moist and succulent, simmering in their own natural juices. No condiments, no basting needed!

USE LA BISQUERA on top of any range—forget the oven. Broils fast over medium heat—never shrinks meat. Cleans easily. Order today—you'll lick your chops (and everything else you broil) or your money refunded!

LA BISQUERA—Complete with Simple Instructions and FREE: Continental Recipes—Only **$9.95** (plus 75c postage and handling)

Prompt Shipment. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send check or money order—no C.O.D.'s Send for FREE gourmet catalog.

MAISON MICHEL, ltd.

Dept. SR-99, Michel Bldg., New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040

GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS

IOLANI SCHOOL

. . . for boys since 1863—Kindergarten—Grade 12 Advanced Placement Program, Headmaster, Burton A. MacLean, Yale University, B. A., B.D.

IOLANI SCHOOL, HONOLULU, HAWAII 96814

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kibbutz Dream

Continued from page 73

panionship, and expression of affection. Putting the children to bed, for example, entailed a good half-hour of animated talk, singing, cuddling, and kisses; the overall impression was of a lovers' parting protracted as long as possible on both sides.

Bettelheim viewed the same experience in an altogether different light:

> In theory, the policy of putting the children to bed was adopted . . . to make for more intimacy between parent and child. But how can intimacy deepen at a moment when both partners know it has to end by official decree?
>
> I found that most parents defend themselves by relating to it little. Most of them, from the moment they enter the children's house, feel very self-conscious, and so do the children.
>
> Most of all, the parents feel pressured and rushed; guilty as much about hurrying the child to bed as about keeping the other children waiting. It becomes an ordeal, even for the most loving and conscientious parent, and an empty routine for the parent less emotionally involved.
>
> Matters are even worse for the children. . . . During this time, the child must come to hate his mother and siblings, particularly since he has to watch two or three of his roommates being put to bed by their parents while he waits by himself in his loneliness—or he would come to hate them if he did not repress it. Finally, the mother (or father, or both) comes, for at best half an hour. This half-hour the child must now grab, because it's all he is going to get. That is why he cannot

WIT TWISTER #131

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The lass _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
her lover at the inn,
Asserting he has
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ her soul
with sin,
And that her _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
mother, long since dead,
Wished that, _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
of sinning, they would wed!

—Contributed by JOHN C. PRYOR.

(*Answer on page 85*)

"Please take care of my sister..."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA — *Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(And if you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: Taiwan, India, Brazil, Thailand and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. SR 991

Canadians:
Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shhh!
Games for Thinkers

A NEW DIMENSION IN EDUCATION
Designed by university professors to teach and challenge those who enjoy BRAIN — TO — BRAIN COMBAT.

WFF 'N PROOF (logic)	$8.75*
EQUATIONS (mathematics)	5.50
ON-SETS (set theory)	5.50
PROPAGANDA (social studies)	6.50
CONFIGURATIONS (geometry)	5.50
5-GAME SPECIAL (the above)	27.95

*Postage included
Send check to: WFF 'N PROOF
Box 71-GA, New Haven, Conn. 06501
Free Catalog — Dealer inquires invited
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Perfect Gifts

Keep it handy
ONE DROP CLEARS UP SMOKER'S BREATH.

Binaca®
CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH DROPS

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $3. at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

afford to hate the mother or to act out his emotions. Because if he does the half-hour will be gone, and nothing will be left.

On similar grounds, Bettelheim dismisses as essentially superficial, and even counter-productive, the two hours the child spends daily in the home:

> A place that offers a haven of closeness for a few discrete hours a day is not much of a physical or emotional haven. A warm hearth from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, even with a few minutes leeway, cannot offer much security, however nice a time and place the parents try to make it. Because a place that offers the kind of security that stops by the hand of the clock merely rubs in how precarious a haven it is.

Since Bettelheim's impressions contrasted so markedly with my own, I felt the need for additional evidence. Accordingly, on a recent trip to Israel in connection with some research on kibbutz upbringing, which my colleagues and I are now beginning there, I asked several leading educators and social scientists, both in and outside the kibbutz movement, to comment on the major theses of Bettelheim's book. In general, their reactions were highly critical. In particular, they took issue with Bettelheim's assumption that kibbutz children are being raised away from their mothers with "basic security provided not by their parents but the kibbutz."

Dr. Menachem Gerson, director of the Institute of Research on Kibbutz Education at Oranim and a founding member of Kibbutz Hasorea, writes that although "at an early stage of kibbutz development, the family was regarded as a potential danger . . . this stage did not last for long." Strong familistic tendencies soon became apparent as documented in systematic research by the late Dr. Yonina Tolman (a highly respected Israeli sociologist). Additional support for Dr. Gerson's views comes from a recent study by two psychologists at Hebrew University (Kugelmass and Breznitz). Working with a sample of adolescents from seven kibbutz settlements, these investigators examined the young people's perceptions of their parents and found that "the pattern of the perception of parental sex roles had not changed radically" from that observed previously in a non-kibbutz group.

As for Bettelheim's diagnosis of "emotional shallowness," this conclusion, writes Gerson, "makes kibbutzniks laugh and cry at the same time." As evidence of "their capacity for emotional communication," Gerson calls attention to two recently published books. The first, *Children under Fire*, documents the reactions of youngsters in border kibbutzim during the Six Day War. The second is a collection (soon to be published in English) of informal conversations among kibbutz soldiers that "reveals a wealth of profound human emotions." Gerson acknowledges that the kibbutznik does not wear his heart on his sleeve. He puts it more eloquently with a quote from Nietzsche: "*Ich liebe die Scham Eurer Herzlichkeit.*" ("I like the modesty of your affection.") But the *Herzlichkeit*, he insists, is there.

Regarding Bettelheim's conclusion that kibbutzniks are characterized by dogmatic self-righteousness and lack the capacity for "flexible evaluation,"

Dr. Joseph Marcus, a child psychiatrist with extensive clinical and research experience in the study of the kibbutzim, calls attention to recent research by Antonovsky and himself on soldiers in the Israeli Army. Kibbutz and city-raised youth were compared on a number of personality variables including dogmatism. "The results," writes Dr. Marcus, "showed that there was almost no difference in scores between the kibbutz and city samples." Both scored "low on dogmatism," were similar to a university group, and scored "much lower than a sample of Yeshiva students" (those preparing for the rabbinate).

Bettelheim's thesis that kibbutz children are conforming to pressures from both parents and peers is called directly into question by some results of experiments currently being conducted by this reviewer in cooperation with colleagues at the University of Tel Aviv. The experiments measure the readiness of twelve-year-old children to engage in adult-disapproved behavior under threat of exposure first to adults and then to peers. Although data are available as yet from only half a dozen kibbutzim, they indicate that kibbutz-born youngsters are much more ready to engage in misconduct than age mates, for example, brought up in Soviet boarding schools, or even German or American school children. Moreover, rather than exerting a repressive influence, the kibbutz peer group appears to encourage acting against adult-approved norms.

As for the presumed unfitness of the kibbutznik soldier for "the lonely deed when it requires not heroism but unusually complex decisions," Gerson calls attention to the unduly high pro-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portion and superior performance—documented in the research of Yehuda Amir and others—of kibbutz youngsters in such often solitary and hardly simple assignments as fighter pilot, commando, and paratrooper.

In summary, it would seem that many of Bettelheim's conclusions are called into question by the results of other research. This in turn raises the issue of the nature of his own evidence. His findings are based on observations primarily at the one kibbutz in which he lived. In justification, he writes:

> I was told again and again how different the various kibbutz movements are and how unique was each one of its settlements. . . . I soon found that my worries were unjustified as to whether the study, principally, of one single kibbutz would invalidate my findings. . . . I found the more or less random sample of kibbutzim I visited, in all the other three movements, astonishingly similar to the one I studied intensively.

Bettelheim also found homogeneity among kibbutz members themselves: "Despite differences among them in regard to politics, and some economic and other arrangements, the inner attitudes of kibbutzniks are most similar."

This has not been my own experience, or that of any of the Israeli educators and social scientists I consulted. Data from our own research on effects of collective upbringing, limited as yet to half a dozen kibbutzim, show wide variation from one settlement to the next. Indeed, in the body of the text, Bettelheim himself, from time to time, acknowledges such differences: "There is, on the other hand, considerable variety among the various movements—and sometimes kibbutzim of the same movement—as to how parents separate from their children at bedtime, after their daily visits."

Another limitation of Dr. Bettelheim's study is the absence of a control group of non-kibbutz families. As a result, the question arises how Professor Bettelheim would have known whether the characteristics he saw in kibbutz families and personalities were not common to Israeli society in general. The issue is particularly relevant in view of the fact, pointed out in a penetrating review by Henry Near in the Jerusalem *Post*, that "the stereotypic image of the town-bred *sabra* (the native born Israeli) contains many of the traits which Dr. Bettelheim sees as characteristic of the kibbutznik."

So much for the experimental design. As to the evidence itself, there isn't much of it. The book is long on interpretation but short on data. What little there is, is anecdotal in character. Often, as in the case of the combat performance of kibbutzniks, a broad generalization is documented only by a quotation from a single interview. Yet, it turns out that Bettelheim had much more data at his disposal, a good deal of it of an objective nature, that he deliberately chose not to present. In a passage, which to this reviewer epitomizes the self-contradiction and bypassing of evidence so characteristic of this work, Bettelheim writes:

> The objective data consisted of interviews with several hundred persons, as recorded on tape, and other materials such as projective tests ("three wishes," "draw-a-person"). These tests were given to 191 children drawn from four different kibbutzim, and at all grade levels from the second to the highest. I do not report here on the results of these tests for the same reason that I was critical of the results of the academic tests. . . . Because these tests, too, are standardized for a culture that values different traits from the kibbutz. This qualification apart, the test findings strongly support the views presented in this book on the results of kibbutz education and the personality it produces.

Bettelheim would have his cake and eat it too, which leaves the rest of us little substantial to digest. It is all the more regrettable, since he is entirely correct in his view that both science and mankind have much to learn from the kibbutz experiment. But the learning must begin with an explicit and accurate description of the phenomenon, preferably on a comparative basis. How are children raised on a kibbutz? Do kibbutz parents in fact treat their children differently from Israeli parents generally? What part do upbringers and other adults actually play? How does the kibbutz peer group influence the individual child? What kind of personality emerges from the process, and what, if any, are its special weaknesses and strengths? All these are questions to which objective answers are obtainable. Regrettably, few of them are to be found in Bettelheim's book, and the consequent uncertainty of the effects of the kibbutzim prevents any judgment about the importance of their implications for change in American education.

All in all, *The Children of the Dream* comes closer to being a Dream of the Children, imbued with the qualities that Bettelheim's field of psychoanalysis has taught us are characteristic of dream work: logical inconsistencies, secondary elaborations, and the manifest and latent content that reveals less of objective reality than of the mind of the dreamer.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 83: detains, stained, sainted, instead.

INTERESTED & INTERESTING

faculty members are only one of the many reasons why you may be interested in attending The College of Saint Rose. A small, independent, four-year, co-educational liberal arts college in Albany, N.Y., Saint Rose offers B.S. and B.A. degrees in 14 fields. We offer specialized programs for junior college graduates, and all of our students share in the co-operative academic and social programs with area colleges.

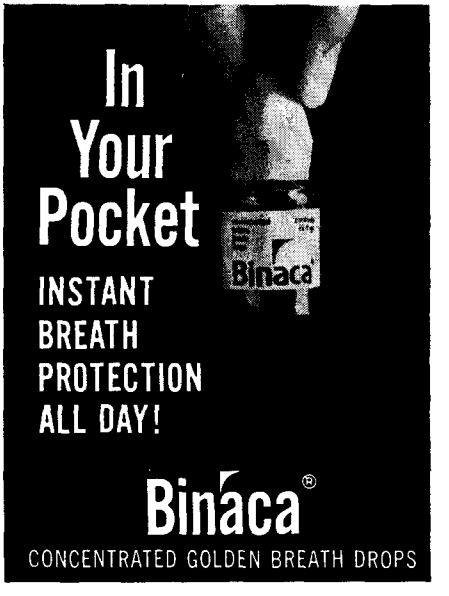
The Albany area, just 150 miles from New York City, is rich in recreational and cultural opportunities and is close to many famous ski centers.

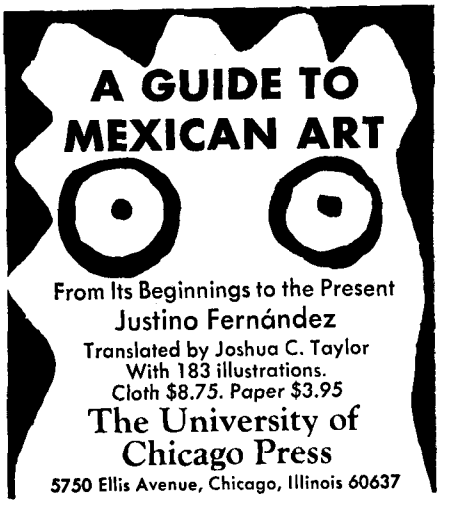
If you're looking for a small college that is moving ahead, a college that will offer you a chance to prepare yourself to meet the challenges of tomorrow's world, then you'll want to learn more about Saint Rose. ***For information write:***

Director of Admissions Box 101

The College of Saint Rose

Albany, New York 12203




A GUIDE TO MEXICAN ART
From Its Beginnings to the Present
Justino Fernández
Translated by Joshua C. Taylor
With 183 illustrations.
Cloth $8.75. Paper $3.95
The University of Chicago Press
5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Forum

Continued from page 34

sometimes the editors arrange for a dual review in those special cases where it might be manifestly unfair or inadequate to present a single view. In this case, however, the conflicting opinions were not deliberately fostered but were the result solely of an effort to give particularized attention to an important work.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Rogge is justified in asking for a clarifying statement. We have examined the volumes and agree not just with Mr. Glixon but with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who said that the "Annals" are the most comprehensive collection of American documents brought together in a single set. Adding to the value of the work is a large assortment of varied readings on American problems and issues over the years. Some of these selections and documents—for example, those dealing with various aspects of the place of the Negro in American society—come from out-of-print sources and represent significant research materials. We agree with Professor Boorstin, however, when he calls attention to the inadequacy of the index. Also, the editors of the "Annals" might have been better advised to leave to others any pronouncements concerning the virtues of the work. And it is quite possible that some specialists in American history would prefer to work with the full, original materials.

Professor Boorstin is a distinguished American historian and contributor to SR. This note must in no way be interpreted as anything but a respectful dissenting opinion.

Distress

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY must surely be "distressed at the sloppy proofreading" of his review of Dave Randall's *Dukedom Large Enough* [*SR*, Sept. 6]. Or was the great Gold-in-Your-Attic bibliophile nodding when he referred to the current series of sales at Parke-Bernet as the "Thomas W. Street's library of Americana"?

SHIRLEY B. LEBO,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Bradley meant the Streeter Library.*

Unforgivable Inaccuracy

I FIND BASIC INACCURACY in a review unforgivable. I refer to the review of Joe Gores's book in the Criminal Record [*SR*, Aug. 30]. Not only is the title of the book given incorrectly—it should be *A Time of Predators*—the reviewer has misstated one of the facts of the plot. It was the wife, not the husband, who had witnessed the assault and reported it to the police.

SHIRLEY DICKENSHEET,
San Francisco, Calif.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere, miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue, NYC 10021. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING; RESEARCH. Contact our service manager for personal attention to your particular needs. Northern Exposure Corporation, Box 658, Montpelier, Vermont 05602.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box N-693.

RESEARCH. WRITING, SPEECHES for business, professional people. Researchers Associated. Box N-680.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS REPORTS. Experienced university researcher. Bookworm, 938 Marlyn Road, Philadelphia 19151.

WRITERS' BUREAU—Helene Erickson Associates. Research-library, editing, IBM executive and magnetic tape selectric automatic typing. 212-291-9514, Box R-220.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR will write, rewrite, edit. Any subject, any media. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

NONFICTION EDITING, REWRITE SERVICE. Greater reader involvement through tested attention techniques. Syntax streamlined. Professional Editor, 780 Madison Avenue, NYC. 212-861-6553.

BEST SELLER McGraw-Hill author will write speeches, edit manuscripts. Box R-236.

BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

ANNUAL BOOK SALE—50,000 used books half price until December 15th. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, 10-4:30. Westchester-Fairfield Bookhouse, 125 Main Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06901.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

QUALITY USED PAPERBACKS. Free lists. Harco, Box 52-SR, Carmel, Indiana 46032.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 270 pages, 15,000 titles, subject indexed. $1.00, credited toward order. Visit and save! N.Y. Book, 4C West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

"FIVE YEARS in Mental Hospitals," by Arthur Wellon. The best layman's book about psychiatric practices today. More balanced and informative than "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." 155 pages. $5.50. Exposition Press, 50 Jericho Turnpike, New York.

BOOKS

DREADNOUGHT RETURNS, a pictorial essay on the recommissioning of the battleship New Jersey. For 256 pages (70 in full color), Neil Leifer's incredible photographs trace her whole amazing story . . . from the mothball fleet in Philadelphia to the firing line off Vietnam. Surely a collector's item! $17.50. Send to Kaye Publications, Inc., Dept. SR, Berkley and Green Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19144. Add $1.00 for postage and handling plus 6% if Pennsylvania resident.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

UNIQUE GIFT for all occasions. Handsome antique or contemporary bookplates. Personal Imprints. Free Catalogue. Berliner-McGinnis, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP, Temple, N.H. Books on anything and everything. Try our search service for that certain book.

CINEMA, OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

GIANT Fiction-Literature Catalogue! $1.00. Deductible. Panos Bookshop, Whitman, Massachusetts 02382.

CAN'T FIND THAT BOOK? Personal worldwide book search for hard to find books. Write M. C. Wilson, P.O. Box 25117, Los Angeles, California 90025.

ART

DALI, MIRO, CHAGALL: Illustrated brochure etchings, lithographs. 50¢. Atlas Arts, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022. Our 35th year.

PICASSO, MIRO, MODIGLIANI. Limited Edition prints, hand-numbered. Free catalogue. Ariane Gallery, 65 Hawthorne Avenue, Suite 10, Los Altos, California 94022.

RECORD MART

UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

HISTORICAL REISSUES BY HELIODOR—Works conducted by DeSabata, Furtwaengler. Ask for catalogue containing many fine imports. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

BECHSTEIN—Comparison shoppers—you are our best customers. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway Avenue, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

CLASSIC AND FLAMENCO guitars. Elizabethan lutes. Wittmayer harpsichords. Noah Wulfe. 212-866-7418.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

ADULTS—CHILDREN. Technique, interpretation, keyboard-harmony. NYC area. 212-426-3922.

LANGUAGES

WORLD PEACE REQUIRES ESPERANTO. Text, record loaned Free. Esperanto Library, Dept. SR, Middleton, Wisconsin 53562.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-99, *Los Angeles, California* 90025.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711. Dept. SR.

GRADUATE STUDIES

THE INTERNATIONAL CAREER TRAINING Program is accepting applications from college graduates for classes beginning February 16th, 1970. The one year program combines cross-cultural and organizational studies with internships in the U.S. and abroad. Exciting opportunity to enter the international field. Write: International Career Training Program, The Experiment in International Living, Putney, Vermont 05346.

HOBBIES

COLLECT POLITICAL campaign buttons. A fascinating hobby! Photo list, 25¢. Buttons, Etc., Box 1460-X, Los Gatos, *California* 95030.

FOR THE GOURMET

ANY RECIPE $1—(refunded if unavailable). Recipe Research, 14737 Leadwell, Van Nuys, California 91405.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 9-9, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

WINE MAKING KIT—$4.95 postpaid. Free catalogue. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

BEER, like bread, is better homemade. New Homebrew Kit makes it for 2¢ a bottle. Easy step-by-step manual and hydrometer for perfect carbonation, no guesswork. $3.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Evinco-C, Box 1432, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

PERSONALS

CITRUS SEASON begins in November. Send for free brochure. Shipping Florida's Finest Grapefruit and Oranges to 47 states, Canada, and Europe. Airport Fruit Shipper, *Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.*

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

TRAVELERS TO NEW ENGLAND: *Stop* at Carol Brown's Putney, Vermont, US 5 and 91, for a treat of handwoven sturdy Irish tweeds and blankets; Metsovaara (Finnish), Boussac (French), "African" printed cottons; lovely silks from India. Order your coat or cape. Buy that wedding gift. Upholster that chair.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of *American Companies Overseas" and special reports* on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

AN OPEN LETTER OF APOLOGY to Residents of New York: I deeply regret that we at Gurney's Inn "On the Brink O' the Beach" at Montauk, Long Island, cannot offer the convenience of high-priced parking lots and/or garages with the associated interminable waiting period and the blessings of downright rude attendants who drive your car in a manner that makes Hell's Angels seem like Boy Scouts; we cannot offer mediocre food and beverages at exorbitantly high prices; the warmth of insolent cab drivers, the dirt and the smog, the noise *and confusion, the traffic jams. Sorry about that!* All we can offer is a sumptuous International cuisine served lavishly by a well-trained and courteous staff in clean, tasteful, appointed surroundings—free of dust, dirt, smog, and if you feel that you can survive the shock of fresh, clean, unadulterated air and water, with a tang of salt spray—you are welcome to visit. Call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn . . . Gurney's Inn . . . "On the Brink O' the Beach" . . . Oceanfront Cottages and Hostels, Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954 . . . U.S.A. . . . Planet Earth. Open All Year.

PLAY "EGO", the Group Therapy Card Game. $3.25 postpaid from Barry Enterprises, 89-22R 218th Place, Queens Village, N.Y. 11427.

SHAKESPEAREAN CONSTRUCTION MODELS. Globe Theatre, $4.95. Shakespeare's birthplace, Hathaway's cottage, $2.95 each. Set $9.95. Bernstone Inc., 4 East Ohio, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 9-9-C, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

BE A BETTER SHOPPER. This Cornell University publication shows you how to save at least 15% on your food buying. Send $1.50 (check or money order) to: *Better Shopper, Box 191, Ithaca, New York 14850.*

COLLOQUY—a dynamic new magazine for education in church and society. Send for free copy: Colloquy, Room 804, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108.

MEN ON THE MOON keepsake. San Francisco Chronicle front page, permanently laminated plaque, 12" x 8". $4.50 each, postpaid. Berliner-McGinnis, Nevada City, California 95959.

ADULT RESPONSIBILITY ANYONE? Use your own ideas, initiative and independence at Franconia. A liberal arts college for people who have what it takes to be in charge of their own education. Franconia College, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

THINKING MAN'S BUMPER STRIP: "Eschew Obfuscation," *2/$1.00; 6/$2.50. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.*

AMAZING NEW WAY to own your own business. Send for free copy. Modern Franchising Magazine, 1033-SR First Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois.

GEMSTONES, opal, jade, garnet, lapiz, etc. Free price list. Transworld Trading, 565 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

PERSONALS

HARVARD STRIKE SHIRT—seen on LIFE and NEWSWEEK covers . . . Giant red fist, black letters . . . "T" shirt $2.50 . . . sweatshirt $3.50. Sizes: Sm-34/36, Med-38/40, Lg-42/44, XL-46. Prepaid. Strike Shirt, Box 6-SR, Glencoe, Illinois 60022.

A GENUINE COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR $5? Absolutely! The beautiful closing program distributed to the last audience at the old Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway and the magnificent gala opening-night program of the new Metropolitan at Lincoln Center. Mint condition. Packaged together in polyethylene for your library or as a gift. Only a limited supply left. After that, no more. *Postpaid. Check, money order to METPROGRAM, 19th* Floor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

USE OUR CAMP *(Art & Music) when we don't!* Private School? Workshop? Therapy Groups? Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey 08318.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

"UNITED NATIONS FLAG" decals. *3" x 5", 3/$1.00.* C.D. Enterprises, Box S28, Riverside, Connecticut 06878.

INSTANT SPANISH. Actual conversation. Free lesson. Mayco, Dept. J-6, 257 Chloride Star, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

SOCK IT TO ME—over 225 underground buttons 1/25¢, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumper stickers, beads and jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Stores: free sample. Big-Little Store, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

FOR PARTIALLY SIGHTED PEOPLE. Xerox prints Reader's Digest 2½ times larger than original size. To send a gift subscription, mail us your address and the name and address of the recipient. Enclose a $48.60 check for a year ($25.65 for 6 months). Or we can bill you later. Write: Xerox Systems Center, Dept. #4, P.O. Box 3300, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

DISTINCTIVE WORLDWIDE GIFTS. Free catalogue. Lake House, Box 722, Springfield, Illinois 62705.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

HANDWOVEN IRISH TWEEDS. Gentle woolens in rainbow colors for dresses, suits. Write for free samples giving colors, weights. House of Ireland, Box 1224, *Aspen, Colorado* 81611.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

HEX SIGNS—Ideal for decorating basements, bedrooms, garages, cars. 20 line drawings ready for tracing. Send $1.00. HEXAWAY, 5009 Blythewood Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21210.

CASHMERE SWEATERS—Turtleneck $27.95, V-neck $25.95. Telesis International, P.O. Box 2338, Providence, R.I. 02906.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, presidents, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, royalty, etc. bought and sold. Correspondences, collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kingston Galleries, 620 Bristol Road, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144. Tel. 617-776-3872.

RADICAL EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHER seeks highly creative manuscripts in the humanities for elementary or *secondary classrooms. CSCS, Inc., 60 Commercial Wharf,* Boston, Massachusetts 02110.

(Continued on page 88)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 87)

ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR. The Philadelphia Museum of Art presents The Animal Kingdom for 1970. A potpourri of animals from the 7th through 20th centuries in vivid color and black and white. A distinctive gift, 53 illustrations. $2.95 (plus 50¢ shipping). Send to: Calendar, Box 7646, Philadelphia 19101.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

BEER, like bread, is better homemade. New Homebrew Kit makes it for 2¢ a bottle. Easy step-by-step instructions and hydrometer for perfect carbonation, no guesswork. $3.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Evinco-A, Box 1432, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

NAVAJO ARTISTS CHRISTMAS CARDS and note paper. Proceeds used for health, education and welfare of American Indians. Free brochure. American Indian Foundation, 26265 West River Road, Grosse Ile, Michigan 48138.

THE TEACHER PAPER, the provocative magazine published and written by teachers only (K-12). No jargon. Subscription (four issues) $2.00. Single copies 75¢. Manuscripts accepted, 1¢ word. 280 North Pacific, Monmouth, Oregon 97361.

FREE SAMPLES . . . Personalized stationery. Perfect for gift. Bargain priced. Write States A3, 4201 Groveland, Baltimore, Maryland 21215.

EXCELLENT STENOGRAPHER available assignments evenings and/or weekends. NYC. 212-724-5790 evenings.

CONTEMPORARY BUT TIMELESS! That's our definition of a First-Rate Film. Is it yours too? Have you a screenplay or a property to be developed? We'd like to read it. Excalibur Productions, Ltd., 141 East 55th Street, Suite 8G, New York, N.Y. 10022.

1,000 RAISED PRINT business cards. $5.95 ppd. Samples free. RO-MAR, Box 733R, Levittown, Pennsylvania 19058.

SITUATIONS WANTED

RESEARCH LIBRARIAN—Female, mature, experienced editor, many years association publishing field, interested New York City connection. Box R-214.

ANGLOPHILE, BIBLIOPHILE—Female, 39, 16 years biochemical research experience, up on art, desires interesting position, Boston area. Top-notch references. Box P-867.

UNIVERSITY AFFILIATION to write, teach. Journalist, author. Pulitzer, Headliner, etc. Box R-242.

EDUCATOR, Ph.D., bachelor, 31, seeks challenging opportunity. Will relocate, travel. Box R-244.

CLERGYMAN, liberal, successful, Master's. Desires new career: administrative; personnel; teaching. Box R-232.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—Aide to live with elderly couple in New England college town. Must drive. Write Box 299, Hanover, N.H. Tel. 212-OR 9-5520, Ext. 844, days.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CW, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

STENOS, TYPISTS EXPERIENCED! Needed immediately to work temporarily for Manpower Inc. High hourly rate. Assignments available in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston—over 400 cities throughout the country. See telephone directory for address in your city.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

"HOW TO GET OVERSEAS JOBS"—Well paying—Europe, Asia, worldwide; lists hiring organizations. 143 pages, $3.98, Rush. Refundable. Stadrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

EDITOR—ACQUISITION. Permanent position with growth opportunity for experienced editor or individual willing to be trained, with one of America's outstanding publishing companies in the Life Science area. Salary open; benefits. Location, St. Louis. Need to travel is part of the position. Send detailed resume to Box R-237.

OVER 30 and with it. Camp director for southeastern boys' camp. Salary open. Camp Minnehaha, 720 Kenmore Road, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

POUND RIDGE, SOUTH SALEM, N.Y. area. New 3 bedroom, bath, fully carpeted ranch home with terrace, garage. Over an acre wooded, landscaped plot. 15 minutes to r.r. Excellent school system. Low interest rate. SR Box R-218.

RETIREMENT HOME, custom built 1964, for year round comfort, easy care, minimum maintenance, air conditioned. 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths, large hobby room. 2 acres, 100 feet Lake Michigan frontage, full riparian rights, beachcombing, birdwatching, swimming, golf, fishing, hunting, skiing, canoeing nearby. Bendle Realty, Inc., Box 100, Manistee, Michigan 49660.

FOR ARTIST, antique shop or just gracious living. Remodeled schoolhouse, large studio, comfortable living quarters. Basement apartment rented. College town. $22,000. Fulop, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

For Rent—Furnished

"AT HOME ABROAD" Holiday rentals: Jamaica, Barbados, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal. Many with staff included. Brochure: 136 East 57th, #1901, NYC 10022. 212-HA 1-9165.

HOUSE WANTED

Unfurnished

CONSULTANT desires 4 bedroom house to rent,, unfurnished, within 3 hours Manhattan. 303-757-2941.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

GRENADA OCEANFRONT APARTMENT—Fully equipped, 2 bedrooms, maid. $100 week. December-April, 3 months, $1,000. Box 171, Grenada, West Indies.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BARGAINS IN PARADISE—You know what oceanfront real estate costs today, when it's available at all. It makes you shudder to think of it. But today you can buy property just off the oceanfront, only a house or two between you and the shore, and it's still at a sensible price. With it, you get the use of a private beach, private roads, power and telephone, protective covenants. All are over an acre, sometimes two or more, some with spectacular views. In select resort communities in the famous Bar Harbor area such as Winter Harbor, Sullivan, Prospect Harbor. Only $2,800 to $5,000 with 25% down. That's a cash outlay of only $700 to $1,250. At these prices, friends and family members can buy adjoining acres. Smart investment! Call Whitecaps at 207-667-5956 or write Box 45-GG, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

ASHEVILLE, N.C. country estate. $64,000. 8.5 acres. Brick and stone home known as 7 Gables. 5 bedrooms. Sitting on a knoll with views and beautiful landscaping. Ideal climate. Write Dillard Realty Company, Realtors, 31 Page Avenue, Asheville, N.C. 28801.

MAINE WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel. 207-778-2852.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

ON THE OPEN ATLANTIC overlooking Roque Island are 4 magnificent properties on Cow Point. They range from 200 ft. frontage (1½ acres) at $10,000 to 550 ft. frontage (5 acres) at $27,500. Roads, electricity and protective covenants, of course. Help available for the budget minded. Englishmans Bay Company, Box 1090, Ellsworth, Maine 04605. 207-667-5900.

CRYSTAL LAKE, ILLINOIS—Artist's tiny all electric, glass and cedar studio-house on 5 wild forest acres. $39,500. 312-381-3732.

SABBATHDAY HARBOR, Islesboro Island, Maine. The former Drexel estate in Islesboro has been made available for partition into a few parcels for fine summer homes. The half-mile of deepwater shorefront on Sabbathday Harbor will be divided among seven 4 acre properties. Each is being offered at $30,000. There will also be several hillside parcels with incomparable views, 3 acres at $10,000, each with the use of a private sand beach, tennis courts and deepwater moorings. Deeds will contain restrictive covenants to protect this unusually attractive environment. Call 207-667-5956 or write Box 45-GG, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

HISTORIC FARMINGTON VILLAGE—3½ acre lots on heavily wooded hillside with western view, approximately 1 mile from village center, $12,500 to $18,000. Call 203-677-1691 or write Don Hammerberg, 30 Wells Drive, Farmington, Connecticut 06032.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

COSTA RICA offers great advantages for retired people! Write for free information folder to Instituto Costarricense de Turismo, Box 777, San Jose, Costa Rica.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting. Natural Foods. Brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

MIMOSA INN—and furnished log cabin—Tryon, N.C. 28782. Thermal Belt antebellum plantation. Charming, best food, golfing privileges. Folder. Peter J. Gilmore, Chef-Manager.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theatre, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

PUERTO RICO. Luxury efficiency apartment with pool in tourist area. Economically priced. Box P-891.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $15 to $20 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too. Motels even.

THE INN at Mt. Sunapee—small country lodge on beautifully landscaped estate. Spectacular fall foliage, all sports, gourmet food, lounge. DEXTER'S, Sunapee 2, N.H. 03782.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S"—VERMONT: Improbable name . . . informal inn . . . overlooking 60 miles of mountains, near Manchester. Vermont's glorious fall color lifts the spirit. Tranquillity . . . good food . . . fine court, pool and golfing. Children welcome. Folder. 802-824-5533. Peru, Vermont 05155.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Country inn. Tranquillity. Comestibles. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiences. Pool. Brochure.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

VACATIONS

THIRTEEN ACRES—Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, all year resort. Dietary laws.

MILLER'S COTTAGE—Tunbridge, Vermont. Away from hurrying world. Fully equipped. Sleeps 8. $80 week. Henry Swayze. Tunbridge, Vermont 05077.

FLORIDA WITHOUT AGORAPHOBIA. Efficiencies, private beach, pool, amenities . . . near Palm Beach yet secluded. Ocean Terrace Motel, Juno Beach, 33403.

JAMAICA—Great house, private beach. Warm, friendly atmosphere. Apartments, single, double rooms. SR Box R-250.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language-Literature-Art.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY." 9th Grade through B.A. In Alpine setting above Lake Geneva: (1) Leysin American School: 4 year university preparatory high school, semester system; Advanced Placement. College Testing Center; full guidance program, small classes, high academic standards; affiliated with but on separate campus from (2) American College of Switzerland: member AJCA; B.A. and A.A./A.Sc degree programs; quarter system; liberal arts college stressing humanities, languages, arts, international business administration. Both schools: Coed, progressive American administration and faculty (native language professors). Curriculum-related tours, winter sports. Excellent transfer record to U.S. universities. Applications now being accepted for all terms. Write Registrar (respective institution): 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland, or U.S. Representative; 330 East 49th Street, New York 10017.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY FOREIGN STUDY Programs—Study abroad. Spring semester in France, Italy and the Netherlands. 1970 Summer Sessions in Italy: language and literature, studio art, art history; England: education; Switzerland: music; Germany: photography; Amsterdam: comparative law. Write for catalogue: Foreign Study Programs of Syracuse University, Dept. SR, 335 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, N.Y. 12310.

TRAVEL

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TRAVEL

CASTLE-HOTELS, FLEA MARKETS. Delightful European guidebooks. New revised 1969 "Castle-Hotels of Europe"—450 castles-monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. $2.95 paperback, $4.50 hardbound. "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 markets, 10 countries, street maps. $2.95 paperback. Both paperbacks $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZEH Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

ENRICH YOUR NEXT VACATION ABROAD by speaking their language. Enroll in our 3 week intensive language course in Southern Vermont, January 4th-24th, 1970. The Experiment's School for International Training has successfully taught 33 languages to 5,400 persons in these intensive programs. Open to students and adults; elementary and intermediate French, German, Spanish and Portuguese; elementary Italian and Japanese. Write: Interim Term, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $998. Departures October 6th and November 3rd. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $15 daily; Double $12; Single $7. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—PUTNEY (Rts. 5 & 91); MANCHESTER (Rt. 7); VENICE, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but *no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and* "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

AUTOS IN EUROPE—Buy or rent a new European car for your trip abroad. Complete information. Europe By Car, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020 or 9000 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.

WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISES—"Barefoot." Adventurous. Little, secluded, tropical islands. 11 days, $240. Windjammer, Dept. 119, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $120 month ($30 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for fall. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1850

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Principle of physics stating that within the elastic limit, strain is proportional to stress (2 wds.)	23 41 44 176 193 20 79 92 117
B. Change in velocity.	138 171 3 27 112 125 154 173 190 16 45 89
C. The pouring of wine in honor of a deity.	113 126 26 31 34 38 51 97
D. Visual aid invented by Benjamin Franklin.	106 128 141 166 19 24 120 124
E. Converse of anaphora.	135 165 6 30 37 62 72 81 85 95
F. Timber tree of New Zealand having hard, dark red wood.	197 4 17 36
G. Second largest city of Greece, capital of Greek Macedonia.	80 96 122 129 144 147 46 63
H. Shinbone.	64 75 91 140 184
I. Toy dog with a dense red or gray coat, also called monkey dog.	188 2 7 28 101 13 21 156 161 61 104 110 143
J. Remedy; dose.	87 105 121 145 66 68 83 150 8 162
K. Sameness.	116 174 11 73 118 69 59 158 169 182
L. State of nonexistence; nothingness.	10 78 149 100
M. "I should have ——— all the region kites/With this slave's offal," says Hamlet.	151 12 47 54 58 181
N. Not likely to arouse animus.	18 178 29 52 76 42 55 82 99
O. Complete failure.	179 14 119 186 195 70
P. Attitude of aloofness from or disdain for worldly affairs (2 wds.)	77 132 53 93 114 157 60 164 177 9
Q. System for determining a position at sea by exploding a charge under water; as 2 wds.: until now.	136 142 152 90 108
R. Handles.	48 107 39 84 172
S. This comes after Liberté, in a slogan.	196 94 146 167 32 134 153
T. Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, Neptune, and Quirinus, for instance.	189 198 65 22 168 180 127
U. Paper nautilus, for instance.	1 137 194 88 67 131 57
V. Baby who drummed with King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, et al.	33 123 98 175 25
W. Partner, mate.	71 115 102 49 74 86 5 15 191 183
X. Ermine in its brown summer coat.	148 103 133 111 43
Y. Frail; make light of.	185 139 160 109 35 159
Z. Town in Campania, S. Italy, dominated by a medieval castle.	163 192 130 187 50
Z¹. Exclamation of surprise or pain.	40 170 56 155

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 U	2 I		3 B	4 F	5 W	6 E	7 I	8 J	9 P	10 L	11 K	12 M	
13 I	14 O	15 W	16 B	17 F	18 N	19 D	20 A		21 I	22 T		23 A	24 D	25 V		26 C	27 B
28 I	29 N		30 E	31 C	32 S	33 V		34 C	35 Y	36 F	37 E		38 C	39 R		40 Z¹	41 A
42 N		43 X	44 A	45 B	46 G		47 M	48 R	49 W		50 Z	51 C	52 N	53 P		54 M	55 N
56 Z¹		57 U	58 M	59 K	60 P	61 I	62 E	63 G	64 H	65 T	66 J		67 U	68 J	69 K	70 O	71 W
	72 E	73 K	74 W	75 H	76 N	77 P	78 L	79 A	80 G		81 E	82 N	83 J		84 R	85 E	86 W
87 J		88 U	89 B		90 Q		91 H	92 A	93 P	94 S	95 E		96 G	97 C	98 V		99 N
100 L	101 I	102 W		103 X	104 I	105 J		106 D	107 R	108 Q	109 Y	110 I		111 X	112 B	113 C	
114 P	115 W	116 K		117 A	118 K	119 O	120 D	121 J		122 G	123 V	124 D	125 B		126 C	127 T	
128 D	129 G	130 Z	131 U		132 P	133 X	134 S	135 E	136 Q		137 U	138 B	139 Y	140 H	141 D	142 Q	143 I
144 G	145 J	146 S		147 G	148 X		149 L	150 J	151 M	152 Q	153 S	154 B	155 Z¹	156 I	157 P		158 K
159 Y		160 Y	161 I		162 J	163 Z	164 P		165 E	166 D	167 S	168 T	169 K	170 Z¹	171 B	172 R	
173 B	174 K	175 V		176 A	177 P	178 N	179 O	180 T	181 M	182 K		183 W	184 H	185 Y		186 O	187 Z
188 I	189 T		190 B	191 W		192 Z	193 A		194 U	195 O	196 S	197 F	198 T				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You used to invest your whole week's allowance to see us at the Saturday Matinee.

We shared a lot of thrills in those days. And you cheered for us as our stagecoach escaped from the Bad Guys.

Well, you've come a long way since then.

And so have we.

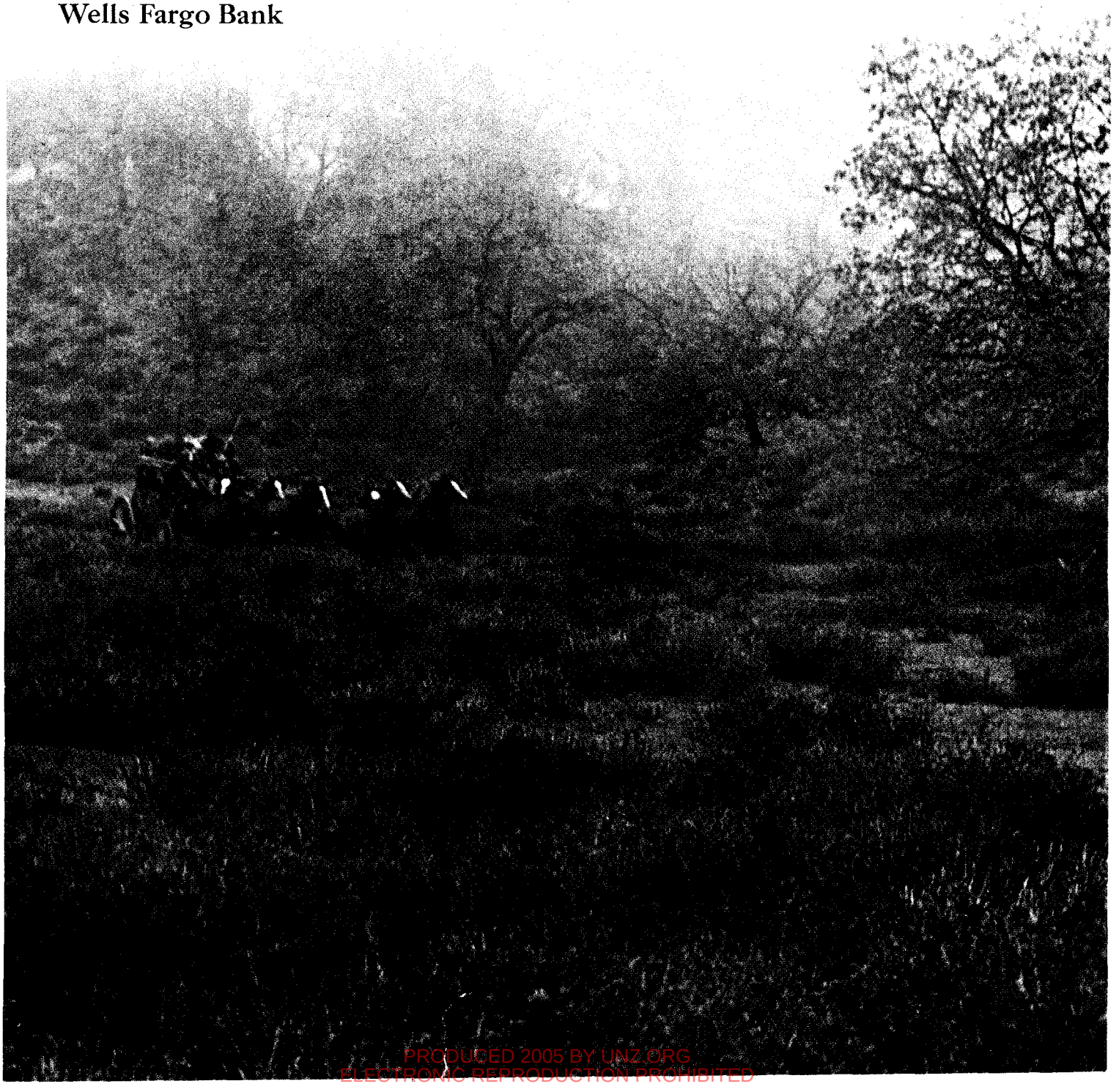
Today, we're not only the oldest bank in the West, but one of the nation's largest. With world-wide capabilities. We have more than $5 billion in assets. Over 250 branches throughout California. And one of the most advanced computer systems in the West to tailor specific services for your specific requirements.

In short, we have what it takes to serve you.

So shouldn't we be seeing more of each other? After all, we grew up together.

(Administrative Headquarters, 464 California St., San Francisco 94120; So. Calif. Headquarters, 415 West Fifth St., Los Angeles 90054. Member F.D.I.C.)

Wells Fargo Bank



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Action Frontier in The Arts

There's a flourish to the arts in our four-state area.

In Atlanta, the new $13-million Memorial Arts Center attracts thousands to its symphony hall, theater, art school and the High Museum, with its paintings by Bellini, Tiepolo, Corot, Monet, Gottlieb and numerous other masters.

Birmingham has begun a $34-million civic center that will cover four city blocks and house a lavish concert hall and theater, among other facilities.

The growing Birmingham Art Museum is home to a $15-million collection, including paintings by Rubens, Tintoretto and Canaletto and one of the largest collections of Wedgwood in the world. In all, there are 18 community art museums in our territory.

In music, our area has attracted such names as Robert Shaw and Blanche Thebom as resident leaders. We have 15 symphony orchestras and six opera companies. And for half a century, New York's Metropolitan Opera has come South for a week of performances in the spring.

Across the region—in cities large and small—there are 17 civic ballet groups, 60 theater organizations and more than 100 art associations.

In the arts, as well as industry, here is America's Action Frontier. And The Southern Company system provides abundant, low-cost electric power for progress in this 120,000-square-mile area.

The Southern Company

Providing electric power through Alabama, Georgia, Gulf and Mississippi power companies

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED